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STUDIES IN READING

BY

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PREFACE

READING with appreciation is a fine art. This volume contains some of the gems of literature which the race has learned to love. Some of the best "old-fashioned" selections, and some of the most charming new short classics, are offered as a basis for study and appreciation.

The average pupil will study his reading lesson with zest if he is given some definite work to do. In these studies, the brief introduction to each selection is intended to whet the pupil's "appetite," thus awakening a proper incentive to study the selection. The "Exercises" following each study are arranged to make his study definite and to the point. Helpful "Notes" are added wherever necessary, and "Additional Readings" are given to afford the means of broadening and deepening the impressions gained in directed study. Each study presents a definite problem to the pupil, with sufficient helps and suggestions to enable him to work out a solution.

The pupil must be taught how to use the dictionary intelligently. Word-lists are given on each study. Other words and phrases should be added as the needs of the class demand. All

words not clear to pupils should be studied by means of the dictionary. The intelligent use of the dictionary enables the child to become independent in enlarging his own vocabulary. The best teachers of reading agree that it is better to teach pupils of this grade to use the dictionary intelligently than to permit them to rely on pronouncing vocabularies in their readers.

All methods, devices, and helpful exercises usually employed in teaching reading are brought to bear the best fruit when reinforced by well-directed study.

The authors desire to acknowledge their indebtedness to the school men and school women who have tried and proven these studies in schoolroom practice. Especial thanks are due Superintendent A. H. Waterhouse, Fremont, Nebraska; Superintendent Alice Florer, York County, Nebraska; President J. W. Crabtree, River Falls, Wisconsin; Professor E. L. Holton, of the Department of Sociology and Rural Education, in the Kansas State Agricultural College, for helpful criticisms and suggestions; and to former State Superintendent W. K. Fowler of Nebraska, for expert care, criticisms, and corrections in the preparation of this volume.

J. W. SEARSON.

G. E. MARTIN.

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THE WHISTLE

EACH of us at some time has spent money foolishly for some trifle which pleased us very much at the time. Some of us, under the spell of enthusiasm, have purchased red balloons at the circus only to have them come to nothing later.

Benjamin Franklin in his autobiography tells us of a similar experience he had when a child of seven. The following simple incident in his life is similar to that in the life of every boy and girl who has to learn by experience. The lesson learned by the young Franklin was a profitable one.

When he grew to manhood and became a great philosopher and statesman he never failed to profit by this experience. When he represented the United States at the court of France, where he saw all sorts of gayety and frivolity, he could not help but feel that people were making too great a sacrifice for what they got out of court life and court honors in that gay city. They were "paying too much for the whistle."

THE WHISTLE

When I was a child seven years old, my friends on a holiday filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and, being charmed with the sound of a whistle, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family.

My brothers and sisters and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me that I had given four times as much for it as it was worth; put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of my money; and laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

This experience, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing in my mind; so that often when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *Don't give too much for the whistle*; and I saved my money. As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who *gave too much for their whistles*.

When I saw one too ambitious of court favor, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his

friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, *This man gives too much for his whistle.*

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, *He pays indeed*, said I, *too much for his whistle.*

If I knew a miser who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of kindly friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, *Poor man*, said I, *you pay too much for your whistle.*

When I met with a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations, and ruining his health in their pursuit, *Mistaken man*, said I, *you are providing much pain for yourself, instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle.*

If I see one fond of appearance, or fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in a prison, *Alas! too much*, say I, *he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.*

When I see a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl married to an ill-natured brute of a husband, *What a pity*, say I, *that she should pay so much for a whistle.*

In short, I conceive that a great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things, and by their *giving too much for their whistles*.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

NOTES

1. Read other extracts from Franklin's autobiography. It is known as one of the most interesting, and one of the best autobiographies ever written.
2. Be prepared to give the meanings of the following words and expressions: coppers, disturbing, folly, reflection, chagrin, impression, continuing, tempted, unnecessary, ambitious, vexation, court favor, levees, repose, virtue, political bustles, benevolent, accumulating, laudable, improvement, corporeal sensations, equipages, conceive, false estimates.

EXERCISES

1. How old was Franklin when this incident occurred?
2. What caused the young Franklin to offer all his money for the whistle?
3. How did the other members of the family regard the whistle?
4. Why did it please him more than it pleased them?
5. How did the others regard his bargain?
6. What caused him to cry with vexation?
7. How did Franklin afterwards profit by this experience?
8. Just what did he mean by saying to himself, "Don't give too much for the whistle"?
9. In what way did the men he met in the world give "too much for the whistle"?
10. How many kinds of people did Franklin mention who had paid too much for the whistle?
11. Explain in what sense each had paid too much for his whistle.
12. In how many ways are boys and girls around us to-day giving "too much for the whistle"?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

FRENEAU: On the Death of Benjamin Franklin.

FRANKLIN: Autobiography—Turning the Grindstone, Trip to Philadelphia.

The Choice of Hercules.

GILDER: The Parting of the Ways.

KIPLING: The Recessional.

THE BOYS

HOW much of inspiration we owe to those with whom we come in close personal contact! Sometimes it takes a long separation from our friends to give us the proper appreciation and the true estimate of the value of their lives. One of the keenest of the pleasures of a college man is that of the class reunions that occur after the regular college course has been completed. Then notes are compared, successes and failures are canvassed, and the value of classmates to themselves and to the world is estimated. Most colleges base much of their prestige upon the record of their alumni. Harvard College is no exception and points with much pride to the Class of 1829, of which Oliver Wendell Holmes was a member. He was regularly appointed class poet at the annual reunions for many years. On the occasion of the thirtieth anniversary of the graduation of this class, he wrote the following poem. Its quaint humor, graceful style, and touching pathos make it unique. Not less remarkable is the work of his classmates as enumerated in the lines.

THE BOYS*

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's
spite!

Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are
more?

He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!—Show him the
door!

“Gray temples at twenty?”—Yes! *white*, if we
please;

Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's noth-
ing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close,—you will see not a sign of a flake!

We want some new garlands for those we have
shed,—

And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have
been told,

Of talking (in public) as if we were old:—

That boy we call “Doctor,” and this we call
“Judge”;

It's a neat little fiction,—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the “Speaker,”—the one on the right;
“Mr. Mayor,” my young one, how are you to-night?

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That's our "Member of Congress," we say when
we chaff;

There's the "Reverend"—what's his name?—don't
make me laugh!

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the *Royal Society* thought it was *true*!
So they chose him right in; a good joke it was too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker
brain,

That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him the "Justice," but now he's the
"Squire."

And there is a youngster of excellent pith,—
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
Just read on his medal; "My country, . . . of
thee!"

You hear that boy laughing?—You think he's all
fun;

But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest
of all!

Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue or
with pen;

And I sometimes have asked, Shall we ever be
men?

Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and
gay,

Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, *The Boys.*

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

NOTES

1. It is comforting to know that Dr. Holmes lived to see the sixtieth anniversary of the graduation of his class, when he wrote "After the Curfew."
2. The charming wit and grace suggested in this poem remained with its genial author until his death in 1894. He met death bravely with a smile, while carrying on a conversation with his son.
3. The Royal Society is the oldest scientific society in Great Britain. The function of this society is to encourage scientific research in every possible way. To it is entrusted a large sum each year to be distributed as prizes to eminent scholars, who have made some remarkable contribution to scientific knowledge.
4. Define as here used: Catalogue, garlands, fiction, fudge, logical chain, syllabled fire, pith.

EXERCISES

1. What word should receive particular stress in the first line?
2. What is meant by "the Catalogue's spite"? By "the Almanac's cheat"?
3. About how old was the youngest man there that night?
4. Where does the first bit of seriousness creep in?

5. What does he mean by "Where the snow-flakes fall thickest," etc.?
6. Why were garlands awarded in competitions?
7. Was it really "a neat little fiction"?
8. What does the author's witty nonsense as to the pretense of calling these men so, make more noticeable?
9. What do you understand that the laughing boy had done?
10. How does it seem to you that men differ from boys?
11. What does he hint is his wish as to their becoming men?
12. What does he mean by, "its gold and its gray"?
13. By "our life-lasting toys"?
14. Describe the feeling you think this poem must have created when it was read by the author.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

HOLMES: The Last Leaf, After the Curfew.

BEECHER: The Memory of Our Fathers.

ANON.: Twenty Years Ago.

B. F. TAYLOR: The Isle of Long Ago.

TENNYSON: Break, Break, Break.

MRS. E. A. ALLEN: Rock Me to Sleep.

D. G. MITCHELL: Dream Life.

MOORE: The Light of Other Days.

LONGFELLOW: The Old Clock on the Stairs.

WHITTIER: The Barefoot Boy.

THE PEN

Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword. Behold
The arch enchanter's wand!—itself a nothing
But taking sorcery from the master's hand
To paralyze the Cæsars and to strike
The loud earth breathless! Take away the sword—
States can be saved without it.

—*Edward Bulwer-Lytton.*

THE OLD PURITAN LAWMAKER

GENERAL Robert E. Lee, a general who was great enough to bear defeat heroically, wrote the following in a letter to his son, G. W. Curtis Lee, while his son was attending college. The letter contains such good advice from an eminent father to his son that we are naturally anxious to read it closely. The incident told of the old Puritan legislator is one of the best illustrations we have of faithful adherence to duty.

THE OLD PURITAN LAWMAKER

You must study to be frank with the world. Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted you mean to do right. If a friend asks a favor, you should grant it, if it is reasonable; if not, tell him plainly why you cannot; you would wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind.

Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one; the man who requires you to do so is dearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal kindly, but firmly, with all your classmates; you will find it the policy which wears best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not.

If you have any fault to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain; there is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should live, act, and say nothing to the injury of any one. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but it is a path of peace and honor.

In regard to duty, let me, in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that nearly a hundred years ago there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness,—still known as “the dark day,”—a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished, as if by an eclipse.

The Legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as its members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day—the judgment day—had come. Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment.

Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport, of Stamford, and said that, if the last day had come, he wished to be found at his place doing his duty, and therefore moved that candles be brought in, so that the house could proceed with its duty.

There was a quietness in that man's mind, the quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty. Duty, then, is the

sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things like the old Puritan. You cannot do more; you should never wish to do less. Never let your mother or me wear one gray hair for lack of duty on your part.

—*Robert E. Lee.*

NOTES

1. General Robert E. Lee was born in Virginia in 1807, and died in 1870, after a most brilliant career as commander-in-chief of the Confederate Army during the Civil War. As a military leader, he was dashing and brilliant; as a student, he was highly educated; and as a father, he was kind and sympathetic.
2. *Davenport, of Stamford.* The incident as given here is historically correct.
3. Look up the meaning of the following words: frankness, principle, equivocation, experiment, extinguished, sacrifice, unaccountable, consternation, adjournment, inflexible, sublimest.

EXERCISES

1. What is the meaning of the first direction given to the son?
2. What other principles of right conduct are in the first paragraph?
3. What policy wears best in dealing with others?
4. Explain the "dangerous experiment" mentioned in paragraph 3.
5. What principle makes possible "the path to peace and honor"?
6. What "dark day" is mentioned?
7. Does this letter appear to you "hasty"? Explain.
8. How did many regard the day? Who were the Puritans?
9. What motion was first made?
10. What motion did the old Puritan legislator make?
11. What reason did he give for his motion?
12. Explain "Duty is the sublimest word in our language."
13. What final caution was given the son?
14. Write out in your own words the five best rules of conduct contained in this letter.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

WASHINGTON: Rules of Civility.

JEFFERSON: Ten Rules.

FRANKLIN: Autobiography, Chapter on Self-Examination.

WHITTIER: Abraham Davenport.

SMILES: Character, Duty.

LORIMER: Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son.

LANIER: Power of Prayer.

WORK DONE SQUARELY

The longer on this earth we live
And weigh the various qualities of men,
The more we feel the high stern-featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty,
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
But finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days.

—James Russell Lowell.

Alas! it is not till time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the Book of Human Life to light the fires of passion with from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number.—Longfellow.

THE RISING IN 1776

WE may well believe that the colony of Virginia, which produced a Patrick Henry with his stirring "Give me liberty or give me death," could easily produce a "fighting preacher." The story of the "fighting preacher" is told in Read's "The Rising in 1776," and the incident upon which the poem is based is aptly told by Professor Waitman Barbre, associate professor of the English language and literature in the University of West Virginia.

"The pastor of the Lutheran Church at Woodstock, in the Valley of Virginia, at the beginning of the American Revolution, was John Peter Gabriel Muhlenberg, who had settled there in 1772. On the Sunday following the receipt of the news of the battle of Lexington and Concord he went into his pulpit wearing the full uniform of a colonel, completely covered by his clerical gown. The sermon was a stirring one, in which he said there was a time to preach and a time to fight, and that the time to fight had come. Then he threw off his gown, read his commission as colonel, ordered the buglers and the drummers, whom he had stationed outside

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SPIRIT OF '76

of the church, to sound the call to arms, and asked his congregation how many of them would volunteer. Many of them did so, and joined his regiment, the Eighth Virginia, afterward noted for its courage and good discipline. This regiment, led by the "fighting preacher," participated in many important battles. Muhlenberg was made brigadier-general, and major-general at the close of the war. After the war he returned to his native state of Pennsylvania, served three terms in Congress, was elected to the United States Senate, was supervisor of revenues for the state, and held other offices."

THE RISING IN 1776*

Out of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.
And there was tumult in the air,

The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere

The answering tread of hurrying feet;
While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington;
And Concord, roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

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Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkeley Manor stood;
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet with loitering tread
Passed 'mid the graves where rank is naught;
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
The vale with peace and sunshine full
Where all the happy people walk,
Decked in their homespun flax and wool!
Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom;
And every maid with simple art,
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
A bud whose depths are all perfume;
While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

The pastor came; his snowy locks
Hallowed his brow of thought and care;
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
He led into the house of prayer.
The pastor rose; the prayer was strong;
The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might,—
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;

Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
 And grasping in his nervous hand
 The imaginary battle brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause,—
 When Berkeley cried, “Cease, traitor! cease!
 God's temple is the house of peace!”
The other shouted, “Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause;
 His holiest places then are ours,
 His temples are our forts and towers,
 That frown upon the tyrant foe;
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
 There is a time to fight and pray!”

And now before the open door—

The warrior priest had ordered so—
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
Its long reverberating blow.
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.

And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
The great bell swung as ne'er before;
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, “War! War! War!”

“Who dares?”—this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came,—
“Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?”
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered, “I!”

—*Thomas Buchanan Read.*

NOTES

1. In any good school history look up the account of these stirring times. Read Patrick Henry's “The Call to Arms,” and Longfellow's “Paul Revere's Ride.”
2. *David's Song.* Psalm 20.

3. *Berkeley Manor.* The Berkley estates.
4. *Berkeley.* Not Governor Berkley, who had long since been dead. Perhaps an imaginary character introduced to show the feeling of the Tories.
5. *Boreal light.* The northern light.
6. *Baptismal name.* The meaning of Concord is *peace*.
7. *Republic of the dead.* The cemetery. All are equal there.
8. Be prepared to give the meanings of each of the following words and expressions: boreal light, startled skies, baptismal name, loitering tread, republic of the dead, homespun, lavender, imaginary battle brand, fiercer life, ardor, striding, desk, jubilant, warrior's guise, reverberating blow, dusty death.

EXERCISES

1. Upon what incident is the poem based?
2. What important events had just taken place in the colonies?
3. What was "the wild news from the north"?
4. How had Concord forgotten "her old baptismal name"?
5. What tells of peace and quiet at the church of Berkeley Manor?
6. What is "the lesson taught in that republic of the dead"?
7. What shows the reserve power of the pastor?
8. What was the burden of his sermon?
9. Why "startled pew" and "breathless choir"?
10. With what dramatic incident did the sermon reach its climax?
11. What objection was raised by Berkeley?
12. Is the pastor's reply consistent with the religion of peace?
13. How many things seemed to stir the hearts of the patriots at this time?
14. What shows the extent to which the fighting preacher's appeals had reached patriot hearts?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

PIERPONT: Warren's Address to the American Soldiers.

LONGFELLOW: Paul Revere's Ride.

HOLMES: Old Ironsides, Lexington.

BRYANT: Song of Marion's Men, Stanzas on Freedom.

PRINCE: Who are the Free?

WORDSWORTH: Character of the Happy Warrior.

PATRICK HENRY: The Call to Arms.

WEBSTER: Supposed Speech of John Adams.

CALVERT: Bunker Hill.

SCOLLARD: On the Eve of Bunker Hill.

EMERSON: Concord Hymn.

BARRIE: The Little Minister.

HAWTHORNE: The Gray Champion.

WE SEEK FOR BEAUTY

We seek for beauty on the height afar;

But on earth it glimmers all the while;

'Tis in the garden where the roses are;

'Tis in the glory of a mother's smile.

We seek for God in every distant place;

But lo, beside us He forever stands:

We meet Him guised as sunlight face to face;

We touch Him when we take a brother's hand.

—*Anonymous*.

SOMEWHERE

Somewhere the spirit will come to its own,

Through tear-mist or star-dust, from circle to

zone;

In the scent of dead roses, in winds, or in waves,
From the gold of the sunset to flower-kissed
graves.

Sing on and trust ever! be steadfast! for, see!

The true and the lovely are allies with thee.

Stretch up to the heights the brave toilers have
trod;

Somewhere there is recompense — everywhere
God! —*Helen Hinsdale Rich.*

THE YOUNG WITNESS

EVERY boy and girl hates a tattler. The tattle-tale is the object of contempt on any playground. But every one respects a truth-teller when wrong has been done, or when crime has been committed. Below is a clear-cut example of what it is to *testify* as contrasted with *tattling*. This is a simple story of how a wise judge showed that a young witness was able to tell the truth as she knew it. The plain, simple honesty of the little witness impressed every one, and her truthful story struck terror to the heart of the guilty prisoner.

THE YOUNG WITNESS

A little girl of nine years of age was brought into court, and offered as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for a crime committed in her father's house.

“Now, Emily,” said the counsel for the prisoner, “I wish to know if you understand the nature of an oath?”

“I don't know what you mean,” was the simple answer.

“Your honor,” said the counsel, addressing the judge, “it is evident that this witness should be

rejected. She does not understand the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the judge. "Come here, my daughter."

Assured by the kind tone and manner of the judge, the child stepped toward him, and looked confidingly in his face, with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank that it went straight to the heart.

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge. The little girl stepped back with a look of horror; and the red blood rose and spread in a blush all over her face and neck, as she answered, "No, sir." She thought he intended to ask if she had ever used profane language.

"I do not mean that," said the judge, who saw her mistake; "I mean were you ever a witness?"

"No, sir; I never was in court before," was the answer.

He handed her the Bible open. "Do you know that book, my daughter?"

She looked at it and answered, "Yes, sir; it is the Bible."

"Do you ever read in it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; every evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the judge.

"It is the word of the great God," she answered.

"Well," said the judge, "place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say;" and he repeated slowly and solemnly the following oath:

“Do you swear that in the evidence which you shall give in this case, you will tell the truth; and nothing but the truth; and that you will ask God to help you?”

“I do,” she replied.

“Now,” said the judge, “you have been sworn as a witness; will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?”

“I shall be shut up in the state prison,” answered the child.

“Anything else?” asked the judge.

“I shall never go to heaven,” she replied.

“How do you know this?” asked the judge again.

The child took the Bible, turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, and, pointing to the one which reads, “Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor,” said, “I learned that before I could read.”

“Has any one talked with you about being a witness in court here against this man?” inquired the judge.

“Yes, sir,” she replied, “my mother heard they wanted me to be a witness; and last night she called me to her room, and asked me to tell her the Ten Commandments; and then we kneeled down together and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before him.”

“And when I came up here with father, she kissed me, and told me to remember the Ninth Commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said.”

“Do you believe this?” asked the judge, while a tear glistened in his eye, and his lip quivered with emotion.

“Yes, sir,” said the child, with a voice and manner which showed that her conviction of the truth was perfect.

“God bless you, my child,” said the judge, “you have a good mother. The witness is competent,” he continued. “Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such a witness as this. Let her be examined.”

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was; but her voice and manner carried conviction of her truthfulness to every heart. The lawyers asked her many perplexing questions, but she did not vary in the least from her first statement. The strength that her mother prayed for was given her; and sublime and terrible simplicity,—terrible to the prisoner and his associates,—was like a revelation from God himself.—*S. H. Hammond.*

NOTES

1. Look up the method by which men accused of crime are tried in court. Consult any good judge or lawyer, or attend a trial.
2. Find the meaning of such court terms as defendant, witness, prisoner, crime, counsel, oath, “Your Honor,” judge, competent, charge, examined, cross-examination, perjury, testimony, evidence.

3. Look up also the meaning of the following: committed, rejected, assured, confidently, artless, profane language, befall, glistened, quivered, conviction, perplexing, sublime, revelation.

EXERCISES

1. What is the difference between a *tattler* and a *witness*?
2. Why did the counsel for the prisoner object to Emily as a witness?
3. What was her idea of an oath?
4. Did the judge show himself prejudiced in any way?
5. How did the judge prove her to be a competent witness?
6. What about Emily's answers makes us feel she is truthful?
7. How did she impress the judge?
8. What was the immediate effect of her simple story?
9. How did the severe cross-examination affect her testimony?
10. What was the final effect of her testimony?
11. What are the strongest traits of character of little Emily as shown by the story?
12. What are the strongest characteristics of the judge?
13. Under what conditions only is it right for one pupil to tell on another?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

HOLLAND: The High Court of Inquiry.

Daniel Webster's First Case.

SMILES: Duty.

HAWTHORNE: Little Annie's Ramble.

LONGFELLOW: The Children.

GILDER: A Child.

FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies:—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower, but if I could understand,
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

Alfred Tennyson.

TELLING THE BEES

IN Whittier's day in New England there was a pretty custom of telling the bees when any member of the household died, in order that the bees would not fly away. It was believed that if the bees were not told of the death in the household they would not stay at home, and hence, some one was obliged to go out and tell them of the bereavement.

The following poem is Whittier's interpretation of this quaint custom:

TELLING THE BEES

Here is the place; right over the hill
Runs the path I took;
You can see the gap in the old wall still,
And the stepping-stones in the shallow brook.

There is the house, with the gate red-barred,
And the poplars tall;
And the barn's brown length, and the cattle yard,
And the white horns tossing above the wall.

There are the bee-hives ranged in the sun;
And down by the brink
Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed-o'errun,
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone as the tortoise goes,
Heavy and slow;
And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows,
And the same brook sings of a year ago.

There's the same sweet clover-smell in the breeze;
And the June sun warm
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.

I mind me how, with a lover's care,
From my Sunday coat
I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed my hair,
And cooled at the brookside my brow and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed,—
To love, a year;
Down through the beeches I looked at last
On the little red gate and the well-sweep near.

I can see it all now,—the slantwise rain
Of light through the leaves,
The sundown's blaze on her window-pane,
The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before,—
The house and the tree,
The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door,—
Nothing changed but the hives of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,
Forward and back,
Went, drearily singing, the chore-girl small,
Draping each hive with a shred of black.

Trembling, I listened; the summer sun
Had the chill of snow;
For I knew she was telling the bees of one
Gone on the journey we all must go!

Then I said to myself, "My Mary weeps
For the dead to-day:
Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps
The fret and the pain of his age away."

But her dog whined low; on the doorway sill,
With his cane to his chin,
The old man sat; and the chore-girl still
Sang to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since
In my ears sounds on:—
"Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence!
Mistress Mary is dead and gone!"
—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

NOTES

1. Read a sketch of the life of John Greenleaf Whittier.
2. See if you can find any other quaint New England customs.
3. Look up the following words and expressions: stepping-stones, tossing, ranged, well-sweep, slantwise, sundown's blaze, drearily, chore-girl, draping, haply, whined.

EXERCISES

1. Who is speaking in this poem?
2. Why does he remember so vividly everything that took place?
3. What details does he notice concerning the house, barn, beehives?
4. For whom does his heart mourn?
5. Why did the year go "heavy and slow"?
6. How many things remain the same as a year ago?
7. How many things have changed?
8. Why is the chore-girl draping the beehives with black?
9. For whom did the speaker think the household mourned?
10. How did he discover his mistake?
11. What song did the chore-girl sing?
12. Why does the speaker say the song ever since sounds on?
13. How do you think such a custom as this originated?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

MRS. HEMANS: *Bernardo del Carpio.*

DICKENS: *Death of Little Nell, Death of Paul Dombey.*

HELEN HUNT JACKSON: *Not as I Will.*

MRS. BROWNING: *He Giveth His Beloved Sleep.*

POE: *Ulalume.*

MOORE: *The Light of Other Days.*

STODDARD: *It Never Comes Again.*

LANIER: *The Bee.*

WE LIVE IN DEEDS

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not
breaths;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs. He most
lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

—*Philip James Bailey.*

HOW THE CRICKETS BROUGHT GOOD FORTUNE

AMONG the poor people of France there is a superstition that a cricket singing in the house brings good luck. The following is a story of how a little French boy's belief in this superstition worked a miracle and brought peace and happiness to the heart of his poor overworked mother. Thus all of us who believe that horse-shoes bring good luck, or that finding a pin with the point toward one is a good sign, may find a helpful secret in the following story of the little French boy:

HOW THE CRICKETS BROUGHT GOOD FORTUNE

My friend Jacques went into a baker's shop one day to buy a little cake which he had fancied in passing. He intended it for a child whose appetite was gone, and who could be coaxed to eat only by amusing him. He thought that such a pretty loaf might tempt even the sick. While he waited for his change, a little boy six or eight years old, in poor, but perfectly clean clothes, entered the baker's shop. "Ma'am," said he to the baker's wife, "mother sent me for a loaf of bread."

The woman climbed upon the counter (this happened in a country town), took from the shelf of four-pound loaves the best one she could find, and put it into the arms of the little boy.

My friend Jacques then observed the thin and thoughtful face of the little fellow. It contrasted strongly with the round, open countenance of the great loaf, of which he was taking the greatest care.

“Have you any money?” said the baker’s wife.

The little boy’s eyes grew sad. “No, ma’am,” said he, hugging the loaf closer to his thin blouse; “but mother told me to say that she would come and speak to you about it to-morrow.”

“Run along,” said the good woman; “carry your bread home, child.” “Thank you, ma’am,” said the poor little fellow.

My friend Jacques came forward for his money. He had put his purchase into his pocket, and was about to go, when he found the child with the big loaf, whom he had supposed to be half-way home, standing stock-still behind him.

“What are you doing there?” said the baker’s wife to the child, whom she also had thought to be fairly off. “Don’t you like the bread?”

“Oh yes, ma’am!” said the child.

“Well, then, carry it to your mother, my little friend. If you wait any longer, she will think you are playing by the way, and you will get a scolding.”

The child did not seem to hear. Something else absorbed his attention.

The baker's wife went up to him, and gave him a friendly tap on the shoulder. "What *are* you thinking about?" said she.

"Ma'am," said the little boy, "what is it that sings?"

"There is no singing," said she.

"Yes!" cried the little fellow. "Hear it! Queek, queek, queek, queek!"

My friend and the woman both listened, but they could hear nothing, unless it was the song of the crickets, frequent guests in bakers' houses.

"It is a little bird," said the dear little fellow; "or perhaps the bread sings when it bakes, as apples do."

"No, indeed, little goosey!" said the baker's wife; "those are crickets. They sing in the bakehouse because we are lighting the oven, and they like to see the fire."

"Crickets!" said the child; "are they really crickets?"

"Yes, to be sure," said she, good-humoredly.

The child's face lighted up. "Ma'am," said he, blushing at the boldness of his request, "I would like it very much if you would give me a cricket."

"A cricket!" said the baker's wife, smiling; "what in the world would you do with a cricket, my little friend? I would gladly give you all there are in the house, to get rid of them, they run about so."

"O ma'am, give me one, only one, if you please!" said the child, clasping his little thin hands under the big loaf. "They say that crickets bring good luck into houses; and perhaps if we had one at home, mother, who has so much trouble, wouldn't cry any more."

"Why does your poor mamma cry?" said my friend, who could no longer help joining in the conversation.

"On account of her bills, sir," said the little fellow. "Father is dead, and mother works very hard, but she cannot pay them all."

My friend took the child, and with him the great loaf, into his arms, and I really believe he kissed them both. Meanwhile the baker's wife, who did not dare to touch a cricket herself, had gone into the bakehouse. She made her husband catch four, and put them into a box with holes in the cover, so that they might breathe. She gave the box to the child, who went away perfectly happy.

When he had gone, the baker's wife and my friend gave each other a good squeeze of the hand. "Poor little fellow!" said they both together. Then she took down her account book, and, finding the page where the mother's charges were written, made a great dash all down the page, and then wrote at the bottom, "Paid."

Meanwhile my friend, to lose no time, had put up in paper all the money in his pockets, where fortunately he had quite a sum that day, and had begged the good wife to send it at once to the

mother of the little cricket-boy, with her bill receipted, and a note, in which he told her she had a son who would one day be her joy and pride.

They gave it to a baker's boy with long legs, and told him to make haste. The child, with his big loaf, his four crickets, and his little short legs, could not run very fast, so that, when he reached home, he found his mother, for the first time in many weeks, with her eyes raised from her work, and a smile of peace and happiness upon her lips.

The boy believed it was the arrival of his four little black things which had worked this miracle, and I do not think he was mistaken.

—*From the French of P. J. Stahl.*

NOTES

1. Make a list of the superstitious beliefs you know people hold to-day.
2. *Jacques.* The French name for Jack or John.
3. Look up the meanings of the following words and expressions as here used: fancied, change, contrasted, blouse, stock-still, absorbed, guests, clasp, squeeze, received, arrival, miracle, fortunes.

EXERCISES

1. What is shown about Jacques in the opening paragraph?
2. What is told us of the boy who entered the bakehouse?
3. Explain "The little boy's eyes grew sad."
4. Why did the child remain after getting the loaf?
5. What absorbed his attention?
6. What explanation of the cricket's song did the little boy offer?
7. Explain "The child's face lighted up."
8. Why did he desire a cricket?
9. What did he tell of his mother in his explanation of his desire for the cricket?
10. How did the incident affect Jacques?

11. What is shown of the baker's wife in having her husband get four crickets for the little boy?
12. What tells how the baker's wife was affected by the incident?
13. How was Jacques affected also?
14. Why did they tell the baker's boy, with the long legs, to make haste?
15. Why did the boy find his mother with a smile of peace and happiness upon her lips?
16. What did the boy believe had worked the miracle?
17. In what sense was he not mistaken?
18. What do you regard as the most important miracle worked in this chapter?
19. What do you think was the real cause of the miracle?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

The Water Fairy and the Woodman.

ARNOLD: Self-Dependence.

HUNT: Abou Ben Adhem.

JEAN INGELOW: A Singing Lesson.

The Day is Done.

THE FLAG

I have seen the glories of art and architecture and of river and mountain. I have seen the sunset on the Jungfrau and the moon rise over Mont Blanc. But the fairest vision on which these eyes ever rested was the flag of my country in a foreign port. Beautiful as a flower to those who love it, terrible as a meteor to those who hate, it is the symbol of the power and the glory and the honor of fifty millions of Americans.—*George F. Hoar.*

SONG OF MARION'S MEN

THE author has given us, in this poem, the spirit of enthusiasm for a great leader as that leader led his men to resist the British forces during the Revolutionary War.

Francis Marion, a native of the colony of South Carolina, came of adventurous French stock and early became an adventurer and Indian fighter. In 1775 he was elected a member of the South Carolina Provincial Congress which adopted the Bill of Rights and voted money for troops to resist Great Britain. He was first chosen captain of a company of state troops, and was rapidly promoted to the position of major, then to that of lieutenant-colonel, and finally raised to the rank of brigadier-general. As brigadier-general, in those dark days of 1780 and following, when the British forces had apparently subdued the South, Marion raised and maintained a band of patriots. Beginning with less than twenty trusted patriots, he gathered about him fearless riders, expert marksmen, and dauntless adventurers, who formed the famous "Marion's Brigade."

The soldiers of the band lived quietly on their

farms or rallied against the foe at the word of their leader. Sometimes they fled to the swamps or forests and sallied forth from ambush to put to rout the surprised British soldiers. The British sent a special detachment to capture Marion dead or alive. Colonel Tarleton who went with an ample force to capture the "Outlaw," returned after a vain pursuit and named Marion the "Swamp Fox." Marion's methods were those of the outlaw but he was a true patriot leader. He was a man of attractive personality, slight figure, capable of great endurance, and accustomed to abstinence. As a leader he was admired and beloved by all who caught the enthusiasm of his dauntless spirit.

This poem sets forth the spirit of the heroic band, shows that this spirit was a purely patriotic one, and gives us the wild, free breath of those stirring revolutionary days.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN*

Our band is few, but true and tried,
 Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
 When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
 Our tent the cypress tree;
We know the forest round us

*Reprinted from Bryant's Complete Poetical Works, by permission of D. Appleton & Co.

As seamen know the sea;
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear,
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again,
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil;
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,

And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlight plain;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away,
Back to the pathless forest
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee—
Grave men with hoary hairs;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton
Forever from our shore.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

NOTES

1. Look up the story of the life of Marion. Look up also the lives of Sumpter, Pickens, and Lee, who carried on similar warfare.
2. *Fiery barb.* Fiery steed. *Barb* is a contraction of *Barbary*, hence means *Barbary horse*. The *Barbary horses* were among the choicest of the *Arabian stock*.
3. *The broad Santee.* The principal river of South Carolina. See map.
4. Look up carefully the meanings of the following words and expressions: *glades, reedy grass, dark morass, release, spoil, grieves, scampering, pathless forest, grave*.

EXERCISES

1. Who was Francis Marion?
2. Who is speaking as the poem opens?
3. Explain "The British soldier trembles when Marion's name is told."
4. What are the tent and fortress of this band?
5. How intimate are these patriots with their surroundings?
6. Where were the "safe and silent islands"?
7. What is shown of Marion's method of fighting?
8. What is "life" to these men as shown in stanza 4?
9. How is Marion regarded as a leader?
10. When only shall such warfare cease?
11. With what motive does Marion carry on this warfare?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

BROWNING: An Incident of the French Camp, *Hervé Riel*.

TENNYSON: Charge of the Light Brigade.

READ: The Rising in 1776, The Brave at Home.

HOLMES: Lexington.

HALLECK: Marco Bozzaris.

LONGFELLOW: Paul Revere's Ride.

EMERSON: The Concord Hymn.

W. G. SIMS: The Swamp Fox.

ARTHUR'S PRAYER AT RUGBY

EVERY one admires the boy who sticks to what he knows to be right. Among college boys, there is a tendency to ridicule any one who does not conform to the customs of the gang. When one enters the gang, and is strong enough to defy the rules of the gang in order to do right, every member respects him.

The following incident is taken from Hughes' "Tom Brown's School Days" and is doubtless an incident in the life of Thomas Hughes himself when he was a Rugby boy. Rugby is one of the great public schools of England. It is situated at Rugby in Warwickshire, near Birmingham. Little Arthur had just entered college. He was a stranger to college customs and sweetly innocent in the practice of the simple habits of his early bringing-up. He had never been with so many strange boys before. This account tells us of his courage during his first great college trial, and of the influence he exerted in the hearts of the boys who admire real grit and pluck.

ARTHUR'S PRAYER AT RUGBY

The little fellows went quietly to their own beds and began undressing and talking to one another in whispers, while the elder boys, among whom was Tom, sat about chatting on one another's beds, with their jackets and waistcoats off.

Poor little Arthur was overcome with the strangeness of his position. The idea of sleeping in the room with strange boys had clearly never crossed his mind before, and was as painful as it was strange to him. He could hardly bear to take his jacket off. However, presently with an effort, off it came, and then he paused and looked at Tom, who was sitting at the bottom of his bed, talking and laughing.

"Please, Brown," he whispered, "may I wash my face and hands?"

"Of course, if you like," said Tom, staring. "That's your wash-hand stand, under the window, second from your bed. You'll have to go down for more water in the morning if you use it all."

And on he went with his talk, while Arthur stole timidly from between the beds out to his wash-hand stand, and began to bathe, thereby drawing for a moment on himself the attention of the room.

On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing, and put on his night-gown. He then looked round more nervously than

ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed, sitting up with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear, the noise went on.

It was a trying moment for the poor little lonely boy. However, this time he didn't ask Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped on his knees by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood.

Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed unlacing his boots, so that his back was toward Arthur, and he didn't see what had happened, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered, and a big, brutal fellow, who was standing in the middle of the room, picked up a slipper, and shied it at the kneeling boy. Then Tom saw the whole, and the next moment the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm and catch it on his elbow.

"Confound you, Brown, what's that for?" roared he, stamping with pain.

"Never mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping on to the floor, every drop of blood in his body tingling; "if any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it."

What would have been the result is doubtful, for at this moment the sixth-form boy came in, and not another word could be said. Tom and the others rushed into bed and finished their unrobing there, and the old verger, as punctual as the

clock, had put out the candle in another minute, and toddled on to the next room, shutting their door with his usual, "Good night, gen'l'm'n."

There were many boys in the room by whom that little scene was taken to heart before they slept. But sleep seemed to have deserted the pillow of poor Tom. For some time his excitement, and the flood of memories which chased one another through his brain, kept him from thinking or resolving. His head throbbed, his heart leaped, and he could hardly keep himself from springing out of bed and rushing about the room.

Then the thought of his own mother came across him, and the promise he had made at her knee, years ago, never to forget to kneel by his bedside and give himself up to his Father before he laid his head on the pillow, from which it might never rise; and he lay down gently and cried as if his heart would break. He was only fourteen years old.

When Tom first came to the school he did not kneel down because of the noise, but sat up in bed till the candle was out, and then stole out and said his prayers in fear, lest some one should find him out. So did many another poor little fellow.

Then he began to think that he might just as well say his prayers in bed, and then that it didn't matter whether he was kneeling, or sitting, or lying down. For the last year he had probably not said his prayers in earnest a dozen times.

Poor Tom! the first and bitterest feeling which

was like to break his heart was the sense of his own cowardice. How could he bear it? And then the poor little weak boy, whom he had pitied and almost scorned for his weakness, had done that which he, braggart as he was, dared not do.

The first dawn of comfort came to him in swearing to himself that he would stand by that boy through thick and thin, and cheer him, and help him, and bear his burdens, for the good deed done that night. Then he resolved to write home next day and tell his mother all, and what a coward her son had been. And then peace came to him as he resolved, lastly, to bear his testimony next morning.

Next morning he was up and washed and dressed, all but his jacket and waistcoat, just as the ten minutes' bell began to ring, and then in the face of the whole room knelt down to pray. Not five words could he say—the bell mocked him; he was listening for every whisper in the room—what were they all thinking of him?

He was ashamed to go on kneeling, ashamed to rise from his knees. At last, as it were from his inmost heart, a still small voice seemed to breathe forth the words of the publican, “God be merciful to me a sinner!” He repeated them over and over, clinging to them as for his life, and rose from his knees comforted and humbled, and ready to face the whole world. It was not needed. Two other boys besides Arthur had already followed his example, and he went down to the great School

with a glimmering of another lesson in his heart—the lesson that he who has conquered his own coward spirit has conquered the whole outward world.

He found, too, how greatly he had exaggerated the effect to be produced by his act. For a few nights there was a sneer or a laugh when he knelt down, but this passed off soon, and one by one all the other boys but three or four followed the lead.

—*Thomas Hughes.*

NOTES

1. Read Hughes' "Tom Brown's School Days."
2. Give incidents from the school or the playground showing how one may stand up for the right against a "gang" who are wrong. Give incidents from public life.
3. *Publican.* Luke xviii, 10-14.
4. *Rugby.* Look up the history of this great English free school; also the life of Thomas Arnold, Rugby's greatest head master. What is "Rugby" football?
5. Look up the following words and expressions: chatting, wash-hand stand, nervously, trying moment, sudden silence, sneered, shied, stamping, tingling, verger, excitement, flood of memories, throbbed, cowardice, braggart, vowing, testimony, conquered, exaggerated, followed the lead.

EXERCISES

1. Describe the opening scene.
2. What shows that Arthur was a "new boy"?
3. Why did Arthur draw on himself the attention of the room by washing his face and hands?
4. Explain, "He then looked round more nervously than ever."
5. Why was it a "trying moment"?
6. Why did he not ask Tom what to do?

7. What does "as he had done every day from his childhood" show?
8. What is shown of the fellow who shied a slipper at the kneeling boy?
9. Why should Tom throw his boot at the fellow?
10. Why didn't Tom explain what he meant?
11. What ended the scene?
12. What "flood of memories" made Tom's head throb and his heart leap?
13. Why did he cry as if his heart would break?
14. How had he gotten out of the habit of saying his prayers?
15. What, by way of contrast, had made Tom think of his own cowardice?
16. What three resolutions brought comfort and peace to Tom?
17. Why did he kneel down to pray in the face of the whole room?
18. Why was he now ready to "face the whole world"?
19. Why did not Tom have to "face the whole world" in defense of his act?
20. What new lesson came to his heart?
21. Who is the real hero of this story? Why?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

HUGHES: Tom Brown's School Days, Tom Brown at Rugby.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: Second Inaugural Address.

WEBSTER: Reply to Hayne.

FELICIA D. HEMANS: The Hour of Prayer.

HOLLAND: Arthur Bonnicastle.

EGGLESTON: The Hoosier Schoolboy.

EMERSON: Heroism.

ALL IS BEAUTY

O world, as God has made it! All is beauty:
And knowing this, is love, and love is duty.

What further may be sought for or declared?

—*Robert Browning.*

THE SLEEP

WE so often think lightly of the universal privileges of mankind that many authors have sought to cause serious thought along these lines. It is well to read frequently those things that bring us to value highly all that ministers to the comfort and well-being of the race. It has come to be a matter of common remark that a privilege is appreciated only as it is about to be taken away. Shakespeare shows that the guilty Macbeth's great regret is that he may sleep no more. How precious to him seems this simple privilege when his cringing soul hears the mysterious voice declare through his mad delirium, "Sleep no more! Macbeth doth murder sleep!" In telling of this awful experience, he estimates the value of that which he is about to lose, in the beautiful words,

"The innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

The same thought is frequently repeated throughout the great English bard's work, one

of the most notable being the famous soliloquy of the king in King Henry IV.

It is small wonder, then, that other and later poets have, from time to time, dealt with this

FERUZZI MADONNA

same subject. Elizabeth Barrett Browning was a character admirably fitted to feel and to express in the happiest manner this great thought.

In the following poem the loftiest form of faith is breathed into the same line that pours forth

the tenderest gratitude for the privilege so commonly overlooked. She sees in it a veritable thought of God that should be an ample reward for all it was hers to suffer, although she suffered more than falls to the ordinary lot.

THE SLEEP

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto the souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this:
"He giveth his belovèd—sleep"?

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows?
He giveth his belovèd—sleep.

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake:
He giveth his belovèd—sleep.

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
Who have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:

But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth his belovèd—sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold, the wailer's heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth his belovèd—sleep.

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap:
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth his belovèd—sleep.

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say, and through the word
I think their happy smile is *heard*—
“He giveth his belovèd—sleep.”

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the murmurs leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would child-like on his love repose
Who giveth his belovèd—sleep.

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
 Let One, most loving of you all,
 Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall!
He giveth his belovèd—sleep."

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

NOTES

1. Collect other instances than those given in the introduction to show a higher appreciation of sleep.
2. "He giveth His beloved sleep."— Psalm cxxvii.
3. Be prepared to explain clearly the meanings of the following: surpassing, star-tuned harp, undisproved, overweep, blasted, doleful, wailing, delvèd gold, wailer's heap, confirmed, erst, wearied vision.

EXERCISES

1. What is the meaning of "afar," in line 2?
2. Define "o'erace" as used in line 5.
3. Do we find any answer to the question in line 7?
4. Are there any suggested answers?
5. What is the inference to be drawn from line 12?
6. Explain carefully the meaning of, "A little faith all undis- proved!"
7. How do we give our friends, "A little dust to overweep"?
8. What do the questions in the second stanza concern?
9. The statements in stanza 3?
10. What is the emphatic word in lines 12 and 18?
11. What things are compared in stanza 4?
12. What are the things calculated to do, which we find men- tioned in stanza 5?
13. What is told us of God's power in this stanza?
14. What is done in stanza 6?
15. What is the central thought in the first two lines of stanza 7?
16. How do the angels account for the phenomenon?
17. What words do they render emphatic?

18. What characteristic of the author is shown in stanza 8?
19. Why does she leave her injunction to the most loving of them all?
20. Why leave such a wish at all?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

WHITTIER: The Eternal Goodness.

DICKENS: The Death of Little Nell, Death of Paul Dombey.

The Sleeping Beauty.

ROSSETTI: Sleep at Sea.

POE: A Dream Within a Dream.

SERVICE

All service ranks the same with God:
If now, as formerly he trod
Paradise, his presence fills
Our earth, each only as God wills
Can work—God's puppets, best and worst,
Are we; there is no last nor first.

—*From Browning's "Pippa Passes."*

LOW AIM IS CRIME

Life is a leaf of paper white
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night;
Greatly begin! Though thou hast time
But for a line, be that sublime!
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

—*Anonymous.*

THE DEATH OF THE DAUPHIN

THERE is something humorous in the awe with which almost every one views the rich man or the man of lofty station. The world recognizes the folly of empty titles or falsely acquired wealth, yet the world makes its best bow to the purse and to the sceptre. Notwithstanding this, there is one reckoning that must be made in common by millionaire and clown; by prince and peasant. When Death approaches, gold, station, pride, all earthly vanities appear in their true values and help not at all to ward off the threatened stroke. This pathetic little story tells us of the powerlessness of even the most powerful to resist death, and sets forth the emptiness of titles, place, and authority in the presence of the Great Messenger. The little Dauphin (d^u fin) is the prince royal heir to the throne of France. He is guarded and cared for like a king. He has been educated to succeed his father as king. He has been trained to put his trust in cannons, in swords and in soldiers, in titles and in money. This story tells the extent to which he can rely on these things to keep Death from him.

THE DEATH OF THE DAUPHIN

The little Dauphin is ill; the little Dauphin is dying. In all the churches of the kingdom the Holy Sacrament remains exposed night and day, and great tapers burn, for the recovery of the royal child. The streets of the old capital are sad and silent, the bells ring no more, the carriages slacken their pace. In the neighborhood of the palace the curious townspeople gaze through the railings upon the beadle, who converse in the courts and put on important airs.

All the castle is in a flutter. Chamberlains and majordomos run up and down the marble stairways. The galleries are full of pages and of courtiers in silken apparel, who hurry from one group to another, begging in low tones for news. Upon the wide perrons the maids of honor, in tears, exchange low courtesies and wipe their eyes with daintily embroidered handkerchiefs.

A large assemblage of robed physicians has gathered in the Orangery. They can be seen through the panes waving their black sleeves and inclining their periwigs with professional gestures. The governor and the equerry of the little Dauphin walk up and down before the door awaiting the decision of the Faculty. Scullions pass by without saluting them. The equerry swears like a pagan; the governor quotes verses from Horace.

And meanwhile, over there, in the direction of the stables, is heard a long and plaintive neighing;

it is the little Dauphin's sorrel, forgotten by the hostlers, and calling sadly before his empty manger.

And the King? Where is his Highness, the King? The King has locked himself up in a room at the other end of the castle. Majesties do not like to be seen weeping. For the Queen, it is different. Sitting by the bedside of the little Dauphin, she bows her fair face, bathed in tears, and sobs very loudly before everybody, like a mere draper's wife.

On the bed embroidered with lace the little Dauphin, whiter than the pillows on which he is extended, lies with closed eyes. They think that he is asleep; but no, the little Dauphin is not asleep. He turns towards his mother, and seeing her tears, he asks:—

“Madame la Reine, why do you weep? Do you really believe that I am going to die?”

The Queen tries to answer. Sobs prevent her from speaking.

“Do not weep, Madame la Reine. You forget that I am the Dauphin, and that Dauphins cannot die thus.”

The Queen sobs more violently, and the little Dauphin begins to feel frightened.

“Halloa!” says he, “I do not want Death to come and take me away, and I know how to prevent him from coming here. Order up on the spot forty of the strongest lansquenets to keep guard around our bed! Have a hundred big cannons

watch day and night, with lighted fuses, under our windows! And woe to Death if he dares to come near us!"

In order to humor the royal child, the Queen makes the sign. On the spot the great cannons are heard rolling in the courts, and forty tall lansquenets, with halberds in their fists, draw up around the room. They are all veterans, with grizzly mustaches. The little Dauphin claps his hands on seeing them. He recognizes one, and calls,—

"Lorrain! Lorrain!"

The veteran makes a step towards the bed.

"I love you well, my old Lorrain. Let me see your big sword. If Death wants to fetch me you will kill him, won't you?"

Lorrain answers: "Yes, Monseigneur."

And two great tears rolled down his tanned cheeks.

At that moment the chaplain approaches the little Dauphin, and pointing to the crucifix, talks to him in low tones. The little Dauphin listens with astonished air; then, suddenly interrupting him—

"I understand well what you are saying, Monsieur l'Abbe; but still, couldn't my little friend Beppo die in my place, if I gave him plenty of money?"

The chaplain continues to talk to him in low tones, and the little Dauphin looks more and more astonished.

When the chaplain has finished, the little Dauphin resumes, with a heavy sigh:—

“What you have said is all very sad, Monsieur l’Abbe; but one thing consoles me, and that is that up there, in the Paradise of the stars, I shall still be the Dauphin. I know that the good God is my cousin, and cannot fail to treat me according to my rank.”

Then he adds, turning toward his mother:

“Bring me my fairest clothes, my doublet of white ermine, and pumps of velvet! I wish to look brave to the angels, and to enter Paradise in the dress of a Dauphin.”

A third time the chaplain bends over the little Dauphin, and talks to him in low tones. In the midst of his discourse the royal child interrupts him angrily.

“Why, then,” he cries, “to be Dauphin is nothing at all!”

And refusing to listen to anything more, the little Dauphin turns toward the wall and weeps bitterly.

—*Alphonse Daudet.*

NOTES

1. *Dauphin.* Oldest son of the French King, direct heir to the French throne.
2. *Chamberlain.* An officer of the court who had the responsibility of guarding and caring for the private chambers of a prince or king.
3. *Majordomos.* Stewards or royal attendants in the king’s palace, masters of the house.
4. *Perrons.* Landings or balconies.

5. *Orangery.* A conservatory where orange trees and other tropical plants are kept.
6. *The Faculty.* The consulting physicians.
7. *Equerry.* A royal officer charged with the care of the king's horses.
8. *La Reine.* The Queen.
9. *Monseigneur.* My Lord.
10. *L'Abbé.* The Abbot.
11. *Lansquenets* (läns'-kĕ-nĕts). Foot soldiers.
12. Look up the pronunciation and meanings of the following words: Dauphin, Holy Sacrament, tapers, beadles, chamberlains, majordomos, courtiers, Orangery, perrons, equerry, the Faculty, la Reine, lansquenets, halberds, doublet, ermine, pumps, brave, pagan.

EXERCISES

1. Why should the people of the whole kingdom be so much concerned about a single child?
2. What places are mentioned in the first paragraph as affected by the sad news?
3. What classes of people show interest and grief as shown in the second paragraph?
4. Are money and trouble being spared in the effort to save the child?
5. Why should the scullions pass the governor and equerry without saluting them?
6. Why does the author tell us of the neighing of the horse?
7. What is told us in the Queen's weeping?
8. Is the Dauphin serious when he says he cannot die?
9. Upon what does the child depend?
10. Why does the chaplain approach when he does?
11. What is the substance of what the chaplain tells as to Beppo's dying for him?
12. What does he tell the Dauphin when he speaks for the third time to him?
13. Why does the child declare it is nothing to be Dauphin?
14. What error had been made in the little Dauphin's training?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

DICKENS: The Death of Little Nell, The Death of Paul Dombey.

BROWNING: Prospice.

TENNYSON: Crossing the Bar.

BRYANT: Thanatopsis.

WHITTIER: At Last.

EMERSON: Terminus.

THACKERAY: Death of Colonel Newcome.

GREENE: The Baron's Last Banquet.

HAYNE: In Harbor.

LONGFELLOW: In the Harbor, Victor and Vanquished.

WORDSWORTH: Intimations on Immortality.

THE BLIND WEAVER

A blind boy stood beside the loom
And wove a fabric. To and fro
Beneath his firm and steady touch
He made the busy shuttle go.

And oft the teacher passed that way
And gave the colors, thread by thread;
But by the boy the pattern fair
Was all unseen; its hues were dead.

“How can you weave?” we, pitying, cried.
The blind boy smiled. “I do my best;
I make the fabric firm and strong,
And one who sees does all the rest.”

Oh, happy thought! Beside life's loom
We blindly strive our best to do;
And He who marked the pattern out
And holds the threads will make it true.

—*Beth Day.*

DAWN

IN this busy workaday world, with its whir and hurry and hum, we need to have our eyes opened to the exquisite beauties of God's out-of-doors. Perhaps no bit of word painting has ever surpassed that in this famous extract from Edward Everett. The passage here given is a portion of an address on "The Uses of Astronomy" delivered at the inauguration of the Dudley Observatory at Albany, New York. Although Edward Everett was merely describing a commonplace journey taken by thousands of travellers whose eyes were closed to such exquisite beauty, yet he saw in shifting cloud and radiant sunrise the power and wisdom and glory of the great Unseen. With soul attuned to nature's loveliness and beauty, and with a heart sensitive to truth, he leads us to see through the glories of nature the majesty and power of nature's God.

A few years ago, a party of care-free sight-seers were starting on this same journey when one of their number, a gifted speaker, recited the first two paragraphs at the station platform. All stopped their conversation to hear the music of his voice and turned instinctively to study the

heavens. As the train sped through the Blue Hills the party implored the speaker to recite the entire extract amidst the “flash of purple fire” of sunrise, and a deep quiet seemed to fall upon the hearts of all. There was not one who alighted from the train at Boston who was willing after such an experience to say, “There is no God.”

DAWN

I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston; and for this purpose rose at two o’clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapped in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene, midsummer’s night,—the sky was without a cloud,—the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral luster but little affected by her presence.

Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly discovered glories from the naked eye in the south; the steady Pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of

twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister-beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn.

The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy teardrops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds, the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians, who, in the morning of the world, went up to the hilltops of Central Asia, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of his hand. But I am filled with amazement, when I am told, that, in this enlightened age and in the heart of the Christian world, there are

persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator, and yet say in their hearts, "There is no God."

—*Edward Everett.*

NOTES

1. Look up the life of Edward Everett.
2. Locate on any good map: Providence, Boston.
3. *Jupiter*. The largest planet in our solar system, and, next to Venus, the brightest.
4. *Pleiades* (plē'-ya-dēz). A group of seven small stars in the constellation of Taurus. According to a Greek myth, Jupiter turned the seven daughters of Atlas and the nymph Pleione into a constellation.
5. *Lyra, Andromeda*. Two brilliant star-groups in the northern heavens.
6. *Pointers*. The two stars in the Great Dipper in line with the polar star.
7. *Blue Hills*. A group of picturesque low hills southwest of Boston.
8. *Magians*. The Persian worshippers of fire and sun as representations of Deity.
9. Be prepared to give clearly the meaning of each of the following expressions as here used: unearthly clank, serene, whist, spectral luster, herald, sovereign, timid approach, perceptible, sister-beams, wondrous transfiguration, watch-stars, celestial concave, superstition, amazement, enlightened age, manifestation.

EXERCISES

1. On what occasion was this address delivered?
2. What experience of the speaker is referred to?
3. What tells us the mood of that early morning?
4. Trace clearly the steps by which Edward Everett pictured to us this beautiful sunrise?
5. Explain "turned the dewy teardrops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds."
6. To what is the rising sun likened?
7. Who were the ancient Magians?

8. Why did not Everett wonder that these ancients worshipped the sun?
9. What most filled him with amazement?
10. What great truth of life is revealed through Nature to the open-hearted observer?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

EVERETT: Washington, Gettysburg Address.

RUSKIN: Modern Painters.

DISRAELI: Description of a Storm.

COLERIDGE: Ode to Mt. Blanc.

BROWNING: The Year's at the Spring.

JAMES THOMSON: Sunrise.

WILSON FLAGG: The Morning Oratorio.

STEVENSON: Morning Prayer.

WORDSWORTH: Star-gazers.

MOORE: I Saw the Moon Rise Clear.

WHAT MAKES A NATION

What makes a nation? Is it ships or states or flags or guns?

Or is it that great common heart which beats in all her sons—

This makes a nation great and strong and certain to endure,

This subtle inner voice that thrills a man and makes him sure;

Which makes him know there is no north or south or east or west,

But that his land must ever stand the bravest and the best.

—W. D. Nesbit.

THE WONDERFUL ONE-HOSS SHAY

FEW poems of American authors have made people think more and smile more than has this wonderful bit of humor of Holmes. Oliver Wendell Holmes was himself a clear, scholarly thinker, who wrote excellent works pertaining to his profession of medicine, but whose reputation is especially secure in the field of literature. Doctor Holmes was a graduate of Harvard College who was loved by all his associates so that one of them said of him, "He made you think you were the best fellow in the world and he was the next best." Although his father was a sedate, dull, Congregational minister, the son was full of humor, bright, clever, with that happy faculty of teaching the truth while he caused a ripple of laughter. The following poem taken from the charming "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," is the cleverly told story of a pious old deacon who believed that the way to keep a chaise from breaking down is to avoid having a "weak spot" and hence,

"Is only jest

T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

Although "Logic is logic" and theories may be

perfect, work and practice are carried on in the human way; hence we are intensely interested in the deacon's plan and its outcome. The humor of the poem is so rich and so satisfying that the truth subtly and agreeably revealed does not admit of serious argument.

THE WONDERFUL ONE-HOSS SHAY*

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay;
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five:
Georgius Secundus was then alive,—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,

*Used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, the authorized publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company.

In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will,—
Above or below, or within or without,—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
That a chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*,")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun'!
It should be so built that it *could n'* break daown;
—"Fur," said the Deacon, " 't's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
 Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke,—
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;
The panels of whitewood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"—
Last of its timber,—they couldn't sell 'em.

Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,

Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and lynchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through,"—
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew."

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren,—where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

Eighteen hundred!—it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten;—
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came;—
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then came fifty, and *fifty-five*.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,

So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

First of November,—the Earthquake day,—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be,—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out*!

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went they.
The parson was working his Sunday's text,—
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,

Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill,—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock,—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!

—What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once,—
All at once, and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

NOTES

1. Read Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."
2. *Shay.* Chaise. Be prepared to name all the essential parts of a chaise or carriage.
3. *Georgius Secundus.* George II of England, who was born in Hanover and was German in speech and ideas.
4. *Lisbon-town saw the earth open.* The great Lisbon earthquake occurred November 1, 1755. Look up a complete account of the disaster.
5. *Braddock's army was done so brown.*—A reference to the defeat of the British and the death of General Braddock in the expedition against Fort Duquesne. (Du kāne.)
6. *Swore.* Declared emphatically. The words in Yankee dialect following tell what the Deacon "swore" he would do.

7. *Settler's ellum.* An elm-tree planted by the original settler of the town.
8. *The pit.* The pit in the tannery.
9. *Encore.* Also.
10. *Working his Sunday text.* Preparing his sermon.
11. *Fifthly.* The fifth division of his sermon.
12. Be prepared to give the meanings of the following words and expressions as here used: logical, snuffy old drone, felloe, thill, thoroughbrace, lancewood, crossbars, lynchpin, boot, Deacon's masterpiece, flavor of mild decay, nothing local, whipple-tree.

EXERCISES

1. Tell something of the author of the poem.
2. In what spirit is the poem written?
3. With what historic events is the incident in the poem associated?
4. Upon what theory did the Deacon construct "The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay"?
5. Explain in detail how he worked out the theory.
6. What was the result of his work?
7. What incidents are introduced to show the wonderful lasting qualities of the "shay"?
8. Explain the truth in the stanza beginning "Little of all we value here."
9. What traces of age at last appear?
10. Explain "nothing local."
11. Explain "There wasn't a chance for one to start."
12. Why have the parson working on his sermon when the end came?
13. Explain,

"All at once, and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst."

14. To what extent had the truth in the Deacon's theory kept its youth?
15. To what objection is "Logic is logic" the answer?
16. What truth is revealed so playfully?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

HOLMES: Chambered Nautilus, The Voiceless, The Old Man Dreams.

LONGFELLOW: The Builders, Ladder of St. Augustine.

HOLLAND: Gradatim.

ELLIOTT: The Builders.

HUBBARD: A Message to Garcia.

PIATT: The Gift of Empty Hands.

MARK TWAIN: Whitewashing the Fence.

EMERSON: Essays—Self-Reliance, Intellect.

ARNOLD: Self-Dependence.

BACON: Of Vicissitude of Things.

PORTIA'S PLEA

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: It is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

—William Shakespeare.

LEONAINIE

NOTHING moves our hearts to grief like the death of a little child. The poetry and pathos of Dickens' "Death of Little Nell" will always touch the hearts of child-lovers. The great teacher, Froebel, was right when he said, "The child is the living witness of the presence of God." So when a child dies, it seems that a part of heaven is gone from earth. No one in our day seemed to feel this so keenly as did our Hoosier poet, James Whitcomb Riley. Although he never had children of his own, Riley sang charming child-songs. In this exquisite child-poem, he has given a grown-up's interpretation of childhood, and has hinted that sorrow for the death of a child is too deep for even the consolation of prayer.

The following incident connected with the first publication of "Leonainie" and with Riley's rise to favor with the eastern magazines, is of interest to all. The account is given by Mr. J. W. Iden, of Parsons, Kansas, an enthusiastic disciple of the "Hoosier Poet":

"James Whitcomb Riley, the 'Hoosier Poet,' while deservedly popular in his native state and throughout the West, was unable to gain recogni-

tion from the eastern magazines. He felt that this was an injustice to him, and ascribed it to the prevailing eastern prejudice against those who have had the misfortune to be born west of the Allegheny Mountains.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

“Eastern literary doors were closed, locked, and bolted against him, and so it came about that he resolved to capture by strategy that which successfully resisted assault.

“He secured an old and well-worn copy of Ainsworth’s Latin Dictionary, wrote Edgar Allan Poe’s name on one of the fly leaves, and on the other wrote the now famous poem, ‘Leonainie,’ and took the book to the editor of a weekly newspaper in one of the smaller cities of eastern Indiana. He made this editor acquainted with his plans, and the next issue of this Indiana weekly contained an account of the finding of an old dictionary with Poe’s name on one of its fly leaves and an unpublished poem on another. It was suggested editorially that it was barely possible the book had once been the property of Edgar Allan Poe, and that the poem, which was published in full, might prove to be the work of the famous author of ‘The Raven.’

“Apparently by the merest accident, a copy of this paper fell into the hands of the literary editor of a prominent eastern magazine, and proved to be a veritable literary bomb-shell. It was heralded as the literary ‘find’ of that generation, and the Indiana editor was made the subject of much adverse comment because of the obtuseness that had prevented him from recognizing this literary pearl.

“During all this time Riley and his friend, the editor, maintained a discreet and misleading silence. Letters began to pour in upon the editor’s table from the publishers of the leading magazines, which were ample evidence that the plan was working well.

"After consultation with Riley, the editor, in a subsequent issue, gave out, through his editorial columns, the facts connected with the first publication of 'Leonainie.' The literary gods who dwelt along the Atlantic coast were shocked, surprised, and a bit angry, but it was now too late. The poem had been extensively copied by both American and English reviewers, and had been frequently declared to be not only the genuine literary offspring of Poe, but one of his best, if not his very best. In fact, after the name of the real author was disclosed, so good an authority as Edmund Clarence Stedman maintained with considerable warmth that the poem was unquestionably written by Poe.

"Since that time the 'Hoosier Poet' has been warmly welcomed by those who once subscribed without reservation to the doctrine that no good poem can come from the pen of a native of the uncultured West."

LEONAINIE*

LEONAINIE—angels named her;

And they took the light
Of the laughing stars and framed her

In a smile of white;

And they made her hair of gloomy
Midnight, and her eyes of bloomy
Moonshine, and they brought her to me
In the solemn night.

*From *Armazindy*, by James Whitcomb Riley, copyright 1894.
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In a solemn night of summer,
When my heart of gloom
Blossomed up to greet the comer
Like a rose in bloom;
All forebodings that distressed me
I forgot as Joy caressed me—
(*Lying Joy!* that caught and pressed me
In the arms of doom!)

Only spake the little lisper
In the Angel-tongue;
Yet I, listening, heard her whisper,—
“Songs are only sung
Here below that they may grieve you—
Tales but told you to deceive you,—
So must Leonainie leave you
While her love is young.”

Then God smiled and it was morning.
Matchless and supreme
Heaven’s glory seemed adorning
Earth with its esteem:
Every heart but mine seemed gifted
With the voice of prayer, and lifted
Where my Leonainie drifted
From me like a dream.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

NOTES

1. *Leonainie.* Pronounce the name many times until you can appreciate its real music.
2. Read and re-read the entire poem with no thought of analyzing it closely. See how its meaning grows on you.

3. After you have become well acquainted with the message of the poem, read and study Eugene Field's *Little Boy Blue*.
4. Be prepared to give the meanings of the following words and expressions as here used: Smile of white, gloomy midnight, bloomy moonshine, solemn night, blossomed up, forebodings, caressed, lying joy, arms of doom, lisper, Angel-tongue, matchless, supreme.

EXERCISES

1. Tell all you can of Leonainie as shown in this poem.
2. Explain the meaning of the first four lines.
3. What were the "forebodings that distressed me"?
4. Explain "Joy caressed me."
5. Then, why say "*Lying Joy!*"?
6. What was the "Angel-tongue"?
7. In what sense did he hear her whisper the message?
8. Just what is the message whispered?
9. What is the meaning of the first line of the last stanza?
10. What tells us of the nature of the morning?
11. What strong contrast in the last stanza?
12. Why was not the speaker's heart "gifted with the voice of prayer"?
13. What delicate touch closes the poem?
14. What in this poem shows Riley's deep love for children?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

TENNYSON: *Sweet and Low*.

FIELD: *Little Boy Blue*, *The Lyttel Boy*.

POE: *Ulalume*.

MACDONALD: *Baby*.

RANKIN: *The Babe*.

GILDER: *A Child*.

RILEY: *Bereaved*, *The Lost Kiss*.

LOWELL: *The Changeling*.

THAYER: *The Waiting Choir*.

GEORGE BARLOW: *The Dead Child*.

PIERPONT: *My Child*.

BROWNING: *Evelyn Hope*.

HOOD: *The Deathbed*.

REALF: *The Children*.

SWINBURNE: *Mourning*, *A Baby's Death*.

HOHENLINDEN

HOHENLINDEN means tall linden trees. It is the name of a great forest in upper Bavaria, in the midst of which stands the village of Hohenlinden.

The battle of Hohenlinden referred to in this poem occurred December 3, 1800, during one of Napoleon's campaigns. The battle was fought between the French under Moreau on the one side, and the Austrians under Archduke John on the other side. A blinding snow-storm raged during the battle and covered, as a winding sheet, the thousands who were slain.

Charles A. Dana places this poem as one of the ten best poems in the language, and it is certainly one of the best of war poems. When one reads the history of the stirring campaigns of Napoleon, he can easily picture the vivid scenes set forth. Linden's hills of stained snow, the waving banners, the fierce charge of the cavalry, and the awful destruction of the fierce fires of death are vivid pictures artistically blended with an effect that thrills every heart.

HOHENLINDEN

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly:

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven
Then rushed the steed to battle driven;
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hill of stained snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulcher.

—*Thomas Campbell.*

NOTES

1. *Linden.* Linden is an abbreviated form of Hohenlinden, the name of the forest where the battle was fought. It is situated between the river Iser and the river Inn.
2. *Fires of death.* The vivid flashes of the artillery.
3. *War clouds, rolling dun.* The clouds of battle smoke.
4. *Sulphurous canopy.* Another reference to the smoke of battle.
5. *Frank.* The French.
6. *Hun.* The Austrians.
7. *Munich.* City of Germany nineteen miles east of Hohenlinden.
8. *Chivalry.* Cavalry.
9. *Winding-sheet.* The snow covering the dead bodies is spoken of as if wrapped around them preparing them for burial.
10. Look up the following words and expressions: untrodden, fires of death, scenery, battle blade, neighed, dreadful revelry, riven, bolts of heaven, level sun, sulphurous, chivalry, sepulcher, winding sheet.

EXERCISES

1. To what battle does this poem refer?
2. In any good school history, look up the battle of Hohenlinden and tell what you can concerning the battle.
3. What tells us of the condition of the battle-field before the battle took place?
4. What time was this battle fought?

5. Under what conditions did the soldiers prepare for the fierce battle?
6. Explain "dreadful revelry."
7. What tells us of the fierceness of the battle?
8. How long did the battle last?
9. Between what parties was it fought?
10. From this poem, upon which side do you think the author's sympathies were?
11. With what feeling do we leave the reading of the poem?
12. Why do you think this poem is regarded as a great war poem?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

COLLIN: How Sleep the Brave.

BOKER: Dirge for a Soldier.

SCOTT: Soldier, Rest.

WILSON: Such is the Death the Soldier Dies.

RILEY: The Silent Victors.

BYRON: The Night Before Waterloo, Destruction of Sennacherib.

PROCTER: The Overthrow of Belshazzar.

KIPLING: Hymn Before Action.

A GOOD NAME

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:

Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to
thousands;

But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

—William Shakespeare.

A CALL TO ARMS

IN the stirring days just preceding the Revolutionary War, the second Revolutionary Convention of Virginia assembled at Richmond, March 20, 1775. It was evident that unless Great Britain took immediate steps toward conciliation, American colonial war was inevitable. Many of the colonies had already taken steps to raise troops, some of the settlements in Virginia had done this also. As yet Virginia had taken no general action. None but the boldest were ready to admit that war could not be averted. Three days after the first meeting of the convention, Patrick Henry introduced three resolutions calling for the establishment of a colonial militia, and for an appointment of a committee to put the colonies in a state of defense. The famous speech of March 23, 1775, made in defense of these resolutions, is a definite declaration that the time for conference had passed, and that war was actually begun.

A very interesting account of the speech, related by an eye-witness, has come down to us:

When Patrick Henry said, "Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery?" he stood in the attitude of

a condemned galley-slave loaded with fetters, awaiting his doom. His form was bowed, his wrists were crossed, his manacles were almost visible, as he stood the embodiment of helplessness.

PATRICK HENRY

ness and agony. After a solemn pause he raised his eyes and chained hands toward Heaven, and prayed, in words and tones which thrilled every heart, "Forbid it, Almighty God." He then turned toward the timid loyalists of the House,

who were quaking with terror; he slowly bent his form yet nearer to the earth and said, "I know not what course others may take," and accompanied the words with his hands still crossed, while he seemed to be weighed down with additional chains. The man appeared transformed into a suppressed, heart-broken, and hopeless felon. After remaining in this posture of humiliation long enough to impress the imagination with the condition of the colonies under the iron heel of military despotism, he arose proudly to exclaim, "but as for me," and the words hissed through his clenched teeth, while his body was thrown back, and every muscle and tendon was strained against the fetters which bound him. With his countenance distorted by agony and rage, he looked for a moment like Laocoön in the death struggle with coiling serpents, then the loud, clear, triumphant notes, "give me liberty," electrified the assembly. It was not a prayer, but a stern demand which would submit to no refusal or delay. Each syllable of the word "liberty" echoed through the building; his fetters were shivered; his arms were hurled apart; and the links of his chain were scattered to the winds. When he spoke the word "liberty," with an emphasis never given it before, his hands were open, and his arms elevated and extended; his countenance was radiant; he stood

erect and defiant; while the sound of his voice and the sublimity of his attitude made him appear a magnificent incarnation of Freedom. After a momentary pause, only long enough to permit the echo of the word "liberty" to die away, he let his left hand fall powerless to his side, and clenched his right hand firmly, as if holding a dagger with the point aimed at his breast; and closed the grand appeal with the solemn words, "or give me death." And he suited the action to the word by a blow upon the left breast which seemed to drive the dagger to the patriot's heart.

In spite of strong opposition, the resolutions were carried, and Virginia was raised to leadership in the great Revolutionary struggle. The speech of Patrick Henry should be known and appreciated by every citizen of our country.

A CALL TO ARMS

Mr. President: It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may

cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British Ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation,—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those

chains which the British Ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the Ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves

never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of Nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of

**Boston! The war is inevitable, and let it come!
I repeat it, sir, let it come!**

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace! peace! but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

NOTES

1. Look up the story of these times in any good history.
2. Memorize the address. Read it, keeping in mind the manner in which it was delivered.
3. Read any good, short account of the life of Patrick Henry.
4. Study carefully the following words and expressions: illusions, salvation, temporal, siren, insidious smile, subjugation, martial array, petition, demonstrated, supplicated, inviolate, estimable, formidable, irresolution, supinely, delusive, phantom, election, extenuate.

EXERCISES

1. On what occasion was this speech delivered?
2. What spirit does the speaker show in the first paragraph?
3. How does he think the conduct of the British minister may be judged?
4. Explain "Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss."
5. What causes Great Britain to marshal armies and navies?
6. What have the colonies so far done toward conciliation?
7. What answer did they get in each case?

8. What alternative only remains?
9. Explain the meaning of "an appeal to arms and to the God of hosts."
10. Explain "We shall not fight our battles alone."
11. Explain "We have no election."
12. Explain carefully the manner in which the last part of the speech was delivered.
13. What do you think makes this oration so strong?
14. What was the final effect of the oration throughout the colonies?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

LONGFELLOW: Paul Revere's Ride.

BRYANT: Seventy-six.

McMASTER: The Old Continentals.

READ: The Rising in 1776, Our Defenders.

EMERSON: Conquered.

HAWTHORNE: The Gray Champion.

WEBSTER: Supposed Speech of John Adams.

DARE TO DO RIGHT

Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell.

Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
Other men's failures can never save you;
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your
faith;
Stand like a hero, and battle till death.

—George L. Taylor.

MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY

NEXT to the name of William Tell stands that of Arnold von Winkelried in the great struggle for Swiss liberty. The Swiss people were fighting to free their country from the oppressive rule of Austria. The well-trained Austrian cavalry met those brave Swiss mountaineers in the pass of Sempach, July 9, 1386. As the Austrians were unable to manage their horses to good advantage in the narrow pass, they dismounted and stood shoulder to shoulder, forming a human wall protected by the bristling line of spears pointed toward the Swiss patriots. At a certain moment, when the Swiss had repeatedly failed to break the serried ranks of the Austrian knights, a knight of Unterwalden, Arnold von Winkelried by name, came to the rescue. Consigning his wife and children to the care of his comrades, he rushed toward the Austrian line, and gathering a number of their spears against his breast, he fell pierced through and through, thus opening the way for his patriot-comrades into the ranks of the enemy. The Swiss were victorious, the Austrians were driven from the land, and Switzerland was free!

MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY

“Make way for Liberty!” he cried;
Made way for Liberty, and died!

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood!
A wall, where every conscious stone
Seemed to its kindred thousands grown;
A rampart all assaults to bear,
Till time to dust their frames shall wear;
A wood like that enchanted grove,
In which, with fiends, Rinaldo strove,
Where every silent tree possessed
A spirit prisoned in its breast,
Which the first stroke of coming strife
Would startle into hideous life:
So dense, so still, the Austrians stood,
A living wall, a human wood!

Impregnable their front appears,
All horrent with projected spears,
Whose polished points before them shine,
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,
Bright as the breakers’ splendors run
Along the billows to the sun.

Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contended for their native land;
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke,

LION OF LUCERNE

Carved in the face of a cliff at Lucerne, Switzerland, in commemoration of the heroic sacrifices of the Swiss Guards.

And forged their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords;
And what insurgent rage had gained,
In many a mortal fray maintained:
Marshaled once more at Freedom's call,
They come to conquer or to fall,
Where he who conquered, he who fell,
Was deemed a dead, or living, Tell!

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burned within;
The battle trembled to begin;
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for attack was nowhere found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;
That line 't were suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrant's feet;
How could they rest within their graves,
And leave their homes the homes of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread
With clanking chains above their head?

It must not be: this day, this hour,
Anniliates the oppressor's power;
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly, she cannot yield;
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast,

But every freeman was a host,
And felt as though himself were he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one, indeed:
Behold him! Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked he stood amid the throng,
In ruminations deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;
And by the motion of his form,
Anticipate the bursting storm;
And by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.
But 't was no sooner thought than done;
The field was in a moment won.

“Make way for Liberty!” he cried:
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp:
“Make way for Liberty!” he cried.
Their keen points met from side to side;
He bowed among them like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly;
“Make way for Liberty!” they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,

As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart;
While instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic scattered all.
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.
Thus Switzerland again was free,
Thus death made way for liberty.

—James Montgomery.

NOTES

1. Look up the story of William Tell.
2. *Rinaldo*. The famous warrior figuring in the romantic tales of Italy and France. In a transport of rage he killed Charlemagne's nephew Berthlot. For this crime he was banished from France. After various adventures and disasters he went to the Holy Land and on his return succeeded in making peace with the Emperor.
3. Look up the story of the struggle for Swiss liberty in any good history. The incident here retold is one of splendid sacrifice, and one of the most heroic in the annals of patriotism.
4. Look up the meanings of the following words and expressions: rampart, ignoble, humiliate, unmarked, rumination, instantaneous, horrent.

EXERCISES

1. Upon what story is this poem based?
2. What do the first two lines of the story tell us?
3. Explain "living wall" and "human wood."
4. Explain "conscious stone."
5. Describe the appearance presented by the Austrian line.
6. What forces were opposed to the Austrians?
7. In what spirit did this little band oppose the Austrians?
8. Why did not the Swiss patriots begin the battle at once?
9. Why did they not rush at once to their death?
10. Why would the Swiss forces not retreat?
11. Why must they not fail?

12. Explain "Every freeman was a host."
13. What act fired the Swiss army in this critical moment?
14. What effect had this act on the Austrian phalanx?
15. In what sense did death make way for liberty?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

KNOWLES: William Tell.

HALLECK: Marco Bozzaris.

BROWNING: Incident of a French Camp.

DE AMICIS: The Sardinian Drummer Boy.

MACAULAY: Horatius at the Bridge.

PRINCE: Who Are the Free?

CROLY: Death of Leonidas.

McMURRY: William Tell.

BROWNING: The Patriot.

DESMOULINS: Live Free or Die.

MRS. HEMANS: The Cavern of the Three Tells.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR: The Hero.

ARNOLD: Self-Dependence.

BRYANT: William Tell.

TENNYSON: Charge of the Light Brigade.

DR. JOHNSON'S LETTER TO HIS DYING MOTHER

DEAR HONORED MOTHER:—You have been the best mother, and I believe the best woman, in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness of all that I have done ill, and all that I have omitted to do well. God grant you His Holy Spirit, and receive you to everlasting happiness, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. I am, dear, dear mother, your dutiful son,

Samuel Johnson.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

THE following incident is familiar to every reader of the history of the times preceding the Revolutionary War. The great American historian, Bancroft, has told us vividly the story of one of the early acts which led to the Revolutionary War. The following story ought to be read by every young American who believes in his country; for in this story he can catch the spirit of those patriots who deliberately resisted oppression and who, having put their hands to the plow, did not think of looking back until they had established the colonies as free and independent states.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

The most celebrated tea party ever known was that which was held in Boston Harbor late one evening in December, 1773. There was at that time no great nation of the United States, as there is now, but between the Atlantic Ocean and the Allegheny Mountains there were thirteen colonies which had been founded by the English and some other peoples of Europe, and were still under the control of the British government.

George the Third, King of England, and some

of his noblemen had done all that they could to oppress the people of these colonies. They had forbidden the colonists sending their own goods to any other country than England. They would not allow the Americans to cut down pine trees outside of enclosed fields, or to manufacture iron goods. They had tried in every way to tax the people of this country, while at the same time they would not allow them to take any part in the making of the laws governing the colonies.

At length a tax was laid on all tea sold to the colonies, and several ships were loaded with that article and sent from England to the American ports of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston. But the colonists did not like to be taxed in that way, and everywhere they made agreement among themselves to drink no more tea until the tax should be removed. Not being represented in Parliament, they were unwilling to be taxed by Parliament.

About the first of December, one of the three tea ships which had been sent to Boston arrived and anchored in the harbor. A town-meeting was held in the Old South Meeting-house, at which nearly five thousand persons were present. It was the largest assembly that had ever been known in Boston. All the people were opposed to allowing the tea to be landed, and by a vote of every one at that great meeting, it was resolved that it should be sent back to England, and that no duty should be paid on it.

The merchants to whom the tea had been sent, and who expected to make some profit out of it, promised not to land the cargo, but asked for time to consider the matter before sending the ship back to England.

“Is it safe to trust to the promises of these men, who by their acts have already shown themselves to be the enemies of their country?” asked some one in the assembly.

“Let the ship be guarded until the merchants have had time to make up their minds and give an answer,” said another.

“I will be one of the guard, myself,” said John Hancock, “rather than that there shall be none.”

So it was decided that a party of twenty-five men should guard the tea ship during the night, and that on no account should the merchants postpone their answer longer than till the next morning.

The next morning the answer of the merchants was brought: “It is entirely out of our power to send back the tea; but we are willing to store it until we shall receive further directions.”

Further directions from whom? The British government? The wrath of the people was now aroused, and the great assembly resolved that it would not disperse until the matter should be settled.

In the afternoon both the owner and the master of the tea ship came forward and promised that the tea should return as it had come, without

touching land and without paying duty. The owners of the two other tea ships, which were daily expected, made a like promise. And thus it was thought that the whole trouble would be ended.

When the expected tea ships arrived, they were ordered to cast anchor by the side of the first, so that one guard might serve for all; for the people did not put entire confidence in the promises of the ship-owners; and, besides this, the law would not allow the vessels to sail away from Boston with the tea on board.

Another meeting was called, and the owner of the first tea ship was persuaded to go to the proper officers and ask for a clearance; but these officers, who owed their appointment to the king, flatly refused to grant a clearance until the cargo of tea should be landed.

On the sixteenth of December seven thousand men were present at the town-meeting, and every one voted that the tea should not be landed. "Having put our hands to the plough," said one, "we must not now think of looking back." And there were many men in that meeting who thought that they foresaw in this conflict the beginning of a trying and most terrible struggle with the British government.

It had been dark for more than an hour. The church in which the leaders of the movement were sitting was dimly lighted. The owner of the first tea ship entered and announced that not only

the revenue officers but the governor had refused to allow his ship to leave the harbor. As soon as he had finished speaking, Samuel Adams rose and gave the word: "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country."

At that instant a shout was heard on the porch. A yell like an Indian war-whoop answered it from the street, and a body of men, forty or fifty in number, dressed in the garb of Mohawk Indians, passed by the door. Quickly reaching the wharf, they posted guards to prevent interruption, went on board the three tea ships, and emptied three hundred and forty chests of tea—all that could be found—into the waters of the bay.

The people around, as they looked on, were so still that the noise of breaking open the tea chests was plainly heard. "All things," said John Adams, who became afterward the second President of the United States, "all things were conducted with great order, decency, and perfect submission to government." After the work was done, the town became as still and calm as if it had been a holy day of rest. The men from the country that very night carried back the great news to their villages.

This was one of the first acts which led to the war with England that gave this country its independence. Only a little more than a year afterward, the first battle was fought at Lexington, not far from Boston; and in less than ten years

the colonies had become free and independent states.—*George Bancroft.*

NOTES

1. Look up the events immediately preceding, and those immediately following, the Boston Tea Party.
2. Be sure in your reading to find how this event was interpreted from the English point of view.
3. Be prepared to locate on any good map the places mentioned.
4. Look up the meanings of the following words: celebrated, oppress, manufacture, agreement, guarded, postponed, confidence, represented, Parliament, clearance, wharf, interruption, submission.

EXERCISES

1. Just when and where did this incident take place?
2. Why is this incident called a "Tea Party"?
3. What measures did England enforce against the colonies?
4. Why did the colonies resist the tax on tea?
5. How did they first attempt to avoid paying tax on tea?
6. What reception was given to the first ship that brought tea to this country?
7. How anxious was John Hancock, patriot leader, to enforce the desire of the people?
8. What answer did the merchants give the colonists?
9. What was done with the other two ships that came into the harbor?
10. Why did not the revenue officers permit the vessels to depart without unloading the tea?
11. What unanimous decision did the town-meeting of seven thousand men make?
12. What announcement was made by the owners of the tea ships?
13. What was the real point at issue in this controversy?
14. Explain the announcement of Samuel Adams.
15. Describe the "Tea Party."
16. What shows that this resistance was deliberate and definitely planned?
17. What other events figure with this incident as causes of the Revolutionary War?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

KIPLING: Hymn Before Action.

HAWTHORNE: The Gray Champion.

PIERPONT: Warren's Address at Bunker Hill.

LONGFELLOW: Paul Revere's Ride.

PATRICK HENRY: A Call to Arms.

EARL OF MANSFIELD: On the Right of England to Tax America.

LORD CHATHAM: On the Right of Taxing America.

LIFE

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me's a secret yet,
But this I know, when thou are fled,
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
No clod so valueless shall be
As all that then remains of me.

Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;
 Then steal away, give little warning,
 Choose thine own time;
 Say not "Good night," but in some brighter
 clime
Bid me "Good morning!"

—Anna Letitia Barbauld.

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

THE ancient city of Rome was threatened by an Etruscan invasion. The Etruscans, led by King Porsena, had made a sudden attack upon the Romans and had succeeded in capturing the hill Janiculum on the north side of the river. The Romans were fleeing in confusion, throwing away their arms as they ran. Horatius, who had been set to guard the bridge, cried loudly to his men, "Men of Rome, it is to no purpose that ye leave your post, and flee; for if you leave this bridge behind you, for men to pass over, ye shall soon find that you have more enemies in your city than in Janiculum. Do ye therefore break down the bridge with axe and fire, and I, with two others, will stay the enemy." With the brave warriors Lartius and Herminius, Horatius ran forward to the further end of the bridge and for a time stayed the onset of the enemy. Meanwhile the Roman workmen were cutting down the bridge. Before the last beams were cut, the workmen called to the three brave warriors, bidding them come back. Horatius bade Lartius and Herminius return, but he himself remained on the further side. The Etruscan soldiers looked in awe upon the daring Horatius.

“No one dared fight the Roman Chieftain singlehanded, and so, for very shame, they all ran forward, raising a great shout, and threw their javelins at him. These all he caught upon his shield nor stood the less firmly. Suddenly, a great shout was heard on the Roman side, and the bridge fell with a crash into the river. The Etruscans taunted the dauntless hero and called upon him to yield.”

The rest of the story is told vividly in the following extract from Macaulay’s “Horatius at the Bridge.” One cannot read this poem without being fired with admiration for the heroes who defended their native city in the brave days of old.

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.

“Down with him!” cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face;
“Now yield thee,” cried Lars Porsena,
“Now yield thee to our grace.”

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;

But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome:

“Oh, Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman’s life, a Roman’s arms,
Take thou in charge this day!”
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard on either bank:
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain;
And fast his blood was flowing,
And he was sore in pain;
And heavy with his armor,

And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin. . . .

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn land,
That was the public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plow from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day,
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

—*Thomas Babington Macaulay.*

NOTES

1. *Etruscans.* (Tuscans). A strong warlike people who dwelt in ancient times in the valley of the Po, according to legendary history. The Tarquin kings had been expelled from Rome, and Lars Porsena, king of Clusium, consented to espouse the cause of the Etruscans. Porsena therefore marched upon Rome with the idea of placing the Tuscan king on the throne of Rome.
2. *Janiculum.* A hill on the north side of the Tiber opposite the city of Rome.
3. This event is said to have occurred at Rome about 405 B. C.
4. "As much as two strong oxen could plow (*around*) from morn till night."
5. Look up carefully the following words and expressions: grace, harness, rapturous, denying, gory hands, corn land, Comitium, deigning, craven ranks, sheathed, I ween.

EXERCISES

1. Why were the Etruscans anxious to capture Rome?
2. Give, in your own words, the events leading up to the story of the poem.
3. In what situation do you find the brave Horatius?
4. Why did he say nothing in reply to their jeers?
5. What had just happened that made his remaining longer certain death?
6. What was the prayer he uttered to the River Tiber?

7. What effect was produced on friends and foes by his sudden plunging into the river?
8. What effect on either side as they saw his crest appear upon the waves?
9. How many things were against his landing safely?
10. How only could his safe landing be accounted for?
11. Why did the Roman Fathers throng around him?
12. Why did the joyous crowd bear him in triumph with shouts, clapping, and noise of weeping?
13. What real service had he performed for his country?
14. What reward did his country bestow in return?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

HUBBARD: *A Message to Garcia.*

MACAULAY: *Lays of Ancient Rome.*

EMERSON: *Essays—Self-Reliance.*

EDWIN ARNOLD: *Armageddon.*

TENNYSON: *Charge of the Light Brigade.*

HARTE: *John Burns of Gettysburg.*

HALLECK: *Marco Bozzaris.*

TRUE COURAGE

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink,
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

—James Russell Lowell.

THE DEATH OF LITTLE NELL

A BRAHAM LINCOLN once said that God must love the common people because He made so many of them. Charles Dickens must have had something of this philosophy, as he has told us so many beautiful things of the very poor. And when we think seriously of the matter, it is true that the life of the poor is a pæan of praise of that in man which is divine. Wealth and affluence do not bring out the highest qualities of the human soul.

Pleasure is a necessity of the race. Providence meant for each of us to be happy and endowed us with faculties which make it possible for us to recall that which we have seen, or heard, or experienced in any way, and by recombining these things, to create a new experience for our comfort. Thus the beggar upon the highway gets real and genuine pleasure from the possessions of his more fortunate brother. Blessed is that person whose privations make it necessary for him to hold feasts in his imagination. If his training is true, he eliminates that which is repulsive, ugly, or mean enough to embitter his soul, and preserves that which ever

enriches, ever blesses, ever beckons to higher ground, and becomes the holy of holies where he may worship and praise.

The true meaning of death as not only a natural result of life, but what may be also a triumphant sequel to a life well spent, can best be appreciated by one who has struggled with life's grimdest realities. It is not well to dwell morbidly upon death, nor yet is it wise to ignore its meaning and possibilities, as it is that which we must each face at last.

Few lovelier characters have been portrayed than Dickens' Little Nell. Only an acquaintance with her life as told in "Old Curiosity Shop" can lead one to appreciate fully the deep pathos and tragedy, yet ultimate triumph of her death.

The child, whose death is so powerfully described in the following, has led a life filled with experiences that tried to the utmost her frail body as well as her sterling character. At first she was a glad partner in her grandfather's humble though pleasant home in London. The grandfather's passion for gambling and the evil machinations of Quilp, the evil genius of the story, cause the child to persuade her grandfather to leave the city and flee into the country. After wandering about exposed to danger from

inclement weather, evil persons, and the results of the old man's habit of gambling, they meet a kind schoolmaster, who though poor himself, shows them great friendship. He secures a home and employment for them and is present in this last sad hour.

The story of Little Nell told in Dickens' powerful imagery has wrung the hearts of thousands. It is said that on one occasion a lady went to call on the great Thackeray and found him with his head bowed upon a book. The caller started to leave, when the novelist looked up with streaming eyes and exclaimed, "O, Little Nell is dead!" "Little Nell?" interrogated the visitor. "Yes, Little Nell. She is dead. I have just been reading about it," said he, pointing to the book. It was "Old Curiosity Shop."

THE DEATH OF LITTLE NELL

They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night but as the hours crept on, she sunk to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man; they were of no painful scenes, but of people who had helped and used them kindly, for she often said "God bless you!" with great fervor. Waking, she never wandered in

her mind but once, and that was of beautiful music which she said was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

Opening her eyes at last from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man with a lovely smile upon her face—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget—and clung with both her arms about his neck. They did not know that she was dead, at first.

She was dead. There, upon her little bed, she lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now.

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death.

Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." Those were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child mistress was mute and motionless forever.

Where were the traces of her early cares, her

sufferings, and fatigue. All gone. Sorrow was dead indeed in her, but peace and perfect happiness were born; imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes. The old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed, like a dream, through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon a cold wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty, after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and had the small hand tight folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on, through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and, as he said it, he looked, in agony, to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help, or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast—the garden she had tended—the eyes she had gladdened—the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour—the paths she had trodden as it were but yesterday—could know her never more.

“It is not,” said the schoolmaster, as he bent

down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent, "it is not on earth that Heaven's justice ends. Think what earth is, compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight; and say, if one deliberate wish expressed in solemn terms above this bed could call her back to life, which of us would utter it!"

—*Charles Dickens.*

NOTES

1. Read Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop."
2. Collect whatever stories you can, telling how great heroes have died.
3. Read Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar."
4. Look up carefully the meanings of the following words and expressions: portion, faintly, journeying, fervor, solemn stillness, marvel, fatigue, imaged, tranquil beauty, languid, anon, imploring, waning, free vent, deliberate.

EXERCISES

1. If Nell thought only of the people who had been kind to her, what was her condition in the scene in the opening paragraph?
2. What did her words tell us of her?
3. Why should she wish them to kiss her again?
4. How did she feel toward the old man?
5. What do you know of her life from her asking that they put "something that had loved the light" near her?
6. Why does the author describe the little bird as he does when he speaks of it?
7. Why does the author remind us that sorrow was dead and happiness was born?
8. Why recall her struggles with poverty and discomfort?
9. What does "So shall we know the angels" suggest?
10. What is the old man's feeling as he presses the hand of the dead child?
11. Why would the schoolmaster not call her back if he could?
12. Was there a triumph in this death?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

CHARLES DICKENS: Hard Times, Death of Paul Dombey.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE: Death of Eva, in Uncle Tom's Cabin.

HENRY WARD BEECHER: Death of Lincoln.

BROWNING: Evelyn Hope, The Guardian Angel.

TENNYSON: Crossing the Bar; Break, Break, Break.

MRS. BROWNING: The Sleep.

ADAMS: Nearer, My God, to Thee.

WHITTIER: Thy Will be Done, Eternal Goodness, The Angel of Patience.

BRYANT: Thanatopsis.

WORDSWORTH: Intimations of Immortality.

HOLMES: The Voiceless.

GRAY: Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.

MC CREEERY: There is No Death.

ELIOT: The Choir Invisible.

PRIEST: Over the River.

BACON: Of Death.

ALICE BROWN: Rosy Balm.

SARAH ORNE JEWETT: The White Heron.

THE NATURE OF LOVE

Love is the river of life in this world. Think not that ye know it who stand at the little tinkling rill—the first small fountain. Not until you have gone through the rocky gorges, and not lost the stream; not until you have gone through the meadow, and the stream has widened and deepened until fleets could ride on its bosom; not until beyond the meadow you have come to the unfathomable ocean, and poured your treasures into its depths—not until then can you know what love is.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

THE BURIAL OF MOSES

THE story of Moses, the great leader and law-giver, is familiar to every school boy and school girl in the land. The children of Israel were famishing from thirst in the wilderness of Kadesh. They rebuked Moses saying, “Why have ye brought up the congregation of the Lord into this wilderness, that we and our cattle should die there? Wherefore have ye made us to come up out of Egypt, to bring us in unto this evil place? It is no place of seed, or of figs, or of vines, or of pomegranates; neither is there any water to drink.”—And the Lord appeared unto Moses and commanded him to take the rod, to gather the assembly together, and to speak to the rock, promising that the rock should give forth water for all. In the presence of the great congregation, Moses said, “Hear now, ye rebels; must we fetch you water out of this rock?” Then Moses smote the rock twice, and the water gushed forth. For the disobedience of Moses and Aaron the Lord promised that they should not lead the people into the promised land. Moses was taken away in

the prime of life. The story of the death and burial of Moses is recorded in the following verses in the thirty-fourth chapter of Deuteronomy:

And Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto the Mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho. And the Lord showed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan, and all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim, and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah, unto the utmost sea, and the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm trees, unto Zoar. And the Lord said unto him, This is the land which I sware unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed: I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes but thou shalt not go over thither.

So Moses, the servant of the Lord, died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day.

And Moses was an hundred and twenty years old when he died: his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated.

MOSES—MICHELANGELO

THE BURIAL OF MOSES

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man dug that sepulcher,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the tramping,
Or saw the train go forth,—
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun,—

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's height,

Out of his rocky eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But, when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings,
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher

Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor,
The hillside for a pall;
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave?

In that deep grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought!
Before the Judgment Day,
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;

He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.

—*Cecil Frances Alexander.*

NOTES

1. Study the wanderings of the children of Israel in the wilderness, on any good map.
2. Locate each of the places mentioned in the introduction of the poem.
3. *Transept.* The cross aisles in a cathedral constructed in the form of a cross, with one long aisle and one short aisle crossing the long one. The cross aisle is called the transept. The transept divides the long aisle into the two unequal parts, the longer of which is called the nave, the shorter the choir.
4. Look up the following words and expressions: sepulcher, tramping, crown, verdure, lonely, eyrie, arms reversed, emblazoned, pall, lie in state, bier, uncoffined clay, mysteries of grace, incarnate.

EXERCISES

1. Tell something of the story of Moses' life.
2. Why was Moses not permitted to lead the children of Israel into the promised land?
3. Where was Moses buried?
4. What sort of funeral procession does the poet say honored Moses?
5. Explain "Beast and bird have seen and heard that which man knoweth not."
6. How are warriors usually laid to rest?
7. How are bards and sages usually honored after death?
8. Why then should this bravest of warriors, this most gifted poet, statesman, and philosopher have no such honor given him?
9. What high honors did he have shown him?
10. What mystery lies in this poem? What do you think is the explanation?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

WOLFE: Burial of Sir John Moore.
GILDER: Burial of Grant.
ALBEE: A Soldier's Grave.
BOKER: Dirge for a Soldier.
KNOX: Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?
KIPLING: The Burial.
O'HARA: Bivouac of the Dead.

SERVICE

There is a destiny that makes us brothers.
 None goes his way alone;
All that is sent into the lives of others
 Comes back into our own.

—*Edwin Markham.*

THINK FOR THYSELF

Think for thyself—one good idea,
 But known to be thine own,
Is better than a thousand gleaned
 From fields by others sown.

—*Walter Scott.*

TRUTH

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
 The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
 And dies among his worshipers.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT

THOMAS HOOD, who wrote so touchingly of his childhood home, found it impossible to observe the life of the poor without pity welling up and overflowing his heart. In his day, the condition of the workman and seamstress was even worse than it is to-day. Long hours, insufficient light and air, and scanty wage all combined to cause the labor performed to absorb the entire life of the worker. Work itself is ennobling. Drudgery is always blighting. No greater service can be rendered the race than to make work pleasanter and more varied.

Nature seems to demand a rhythmic accompaniment to whatever we do with our hands. The mower whets his scythe to a tune. The sailor sings a certain song to a certain tune as he works the windlass. The slave gang gives utterance to a monotonous chant as they writhe under the overseer's tasks. So it seemed to the poet that there was an undertone of ineffable sadness peculiar to the seamstress' work as she spent the long hours bending over the interminable task of sewing, that others might be comfortable and satisfied with their appearance.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the “Song of the Shirt.”

“Work! work! work!
 While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
 Till the stars shine through the roof!
It’s oh! to be a slave
 Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
 If this is Christian work!

“Work—work—work,
 Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work,
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
 And sew them on in a dream!

“Oh, Men, with Sisters dear!
 Oh, Men, with Mothers and Wives!

It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!

Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

“But why do I talk of Death,
That Phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

“Work—work—work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

“Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,

Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd,
As well as the weary hand.

“Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

“Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

“Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope
But only time for Grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!”

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that its tone could reach the Rich!
 She sang this “Song of the Shirt!”

—*Thomas Hood.*

NOTES

1. Charles Dickens did much in his time to call the attention of his countrymen to many things that might be done to alleviate the sufferings of the poor workingmen. Read “Little Dorrit” and “David Copperfield” and note conditions as described there. In “Hard Times,” he does some of his most effective work along this line.
2. Find and read all you can of labor conditions in our own country. Especially notice all that you can find as to the laws enacted by various states in regard to the employment of women and children.
3. Find out all you can of the invention of the sewing machine. Tell how this invention affects the things mentioned in this poem.
4. Define as here used: dolorous, aloof, gusset, grisly, benumbed, twit.

EXERCISES

1. What are “unwomanly rags”?
2. May scanty wages ever excuse dirt?
3. Could bad sanitary conditions ever do so?
4. When does the cock “crow aloof”?
5. How long does the seamstress work each day in hours?
6. What is the significance of,

"It's oh! to be a slave
 Along with the barbarous Turk,
 Where woman has never a soul to save,
 If this is Christian work!"?

7. What seems most dreadful in the seamstress' work?
8. Why does the author write, "seam, and gusset, and band," and in the next line repeat the same words in reverse order?
9. How can one be "wearing out human creatures' lives"?
10. What does he mean by "Sewing a Shroud as well as a Shirt"?
11. In what sense is flesh and blood cheap?
12. Does the seamstress object to working?
13. How could a walk cost a meal?
14. How could tears hinder needle and thread?
15. Why does the poet wish the tone to reach the rich? •

ADDITIONAL READINGS

LONGFELLOW: The Builders, The Village Blacksmith, Ladder of Saint Augustine, Keramos.

KINGSLEY: The Three Fishers.

CHESTER: The Tapestry Weavers.

POE: Israfel.

WADE: The Net Braiders.

GOLDSMITH: The Deserted Village.

MARKHAM: The Man With the Hoe.

BURNS: The Cotter's Saturday Night.

PIATT: The Gift of Empty Hands.

SAVAGE: Beauty in Common Things.

O'REILLY: Dying in Harness.

A LOFTIER WAY

Easy to match what others do,
 Perform the feat as well as they;
 Hard to outdo the brave, the true,
 And find a loftier way.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN

THOSE who, in jolly slang phrase, now use the expression "He never smiled again," little dream of the real tragedy hidden in these words. The following story, taken from Dickens' *Child's History of England*, tells of the tragic death of Prince William, and of the deep sorrow of his father, King Henry. King Henry had concluded peace with the French, had had his son acknowledged as his successor by the Norman nobles, and had prepared to return from Normandy to England. On the twenty-fifth day of November, one thousand one hundred and twenty, the King and his retinue prepared to embark at the Port of Barfleur for the return voyage. Dickens tells the rest of the story as follows:

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN

On that day, and at that place, there came to the King, Fitz-Stephen, a sea-captain, and said:

"My liege, my father served your father all his life upon the sea. He steered the ship with the golden boy upon the prow, in which your father sailed to conquer England. I beseech you to grant me the same office. I have a fair vessel in the harbor here called The White Ship, manned

by fifty sailors of renown. I pray you, Sire, to let your servant have the honor of steering you in The White Ship to England!"

"I am sorry, friend," replied the King, "that my vessel is already chosen, and that I cannot (therefore) sail with the son of the man who served my father. But the Prince and all his company shall go along with you, in the fair White Ship, manned by the fifty sailors of renown."

Now, the Prince was a dissolute, debauched young man of eighteen, who bore no love to the English, and had declared that when he came to the throne he would yoke them to the plow like oxen. He went aboard The White Ship, with one hundred and forty youthful Nobles like himself, among whom were eighteen noble ladies of the highest rank. All this gay company, with their servants and the fifty sailors, made three hundred souls aboard the fair White Ship.

"Give three casks of wine, Fitz-Stephen," said the Prince, "to the fifty sailors of renown! My father the King has sailed out of the harbor. What time is there to make merry here and yet reach England with the rest?"

"Prince," said Fitz-Stephen, "before morning my fifty and The White Ship shall overtake the swiftest vessel in attendance on your father the King, if we sail at midnight!"

Then, the Prince commanded to make merry; and the sailors drank out the three casks of wine;

and the Prince and all the noble company danced in the moonlight on the deck of The White Ship.

When, at last, she shot out of the harbor of Barfleur, there was not a sober seaman on board. But the sails were all set, and the oars all going merrily. Fitz-Stephen had the helm. The gay young nobles and the beautiful ladies, wrapped in mantles of various bright colors to protect them from the cold, talked, laughed, and sang. The Prince encouraged the fifty sailors to row harder yet, for the honor of The White Ship.

Crash! A terrific cry broke from three hundred hearts. The White Ship had struck upon a rock—was filling—going down!

Fitz-Stephen hurried the Prince into a boat, with some few Nobles. “Push off,” he whispered; “and row to the land. It is not far, and the sea is smooth. The rest of us must die.”

But, as they rowed away from the sinking ship, the Prince heard the voice of his sister Marie, the Countess of Perche, calling for help. He never in his life had been so good as he was then. He cried in an agony, “Row back at any risk! I cannot bear to leave her!”

They rowed back. As the Prince held out his arms to catch his sister, such numbers leaped in, that the boat was overset. And in the same instant The White Ship went down. Only one of all the crew lived to tell the tale.

For three days, no one dared to carry the intelligence to the King. At length, they sent into his

presence a little boy, who, weeping bitterly, and kneeling at his feet, told him that The White Ship was lost with all on board. The King fell to the ground like a dead man, and never, never afterwards, was seen to smile.—*Charles Dickens.*

NOTES

1. Read Dickens' Child's History of England, Chapter X.
2. Look up carefully on any map the location of the British Isles, with respect to the French coast, and locate Normandy.
3. Look up carefully the meanings of the following words: liege, dissolute, debauched, mantles, encouraged, countess, intelligence.

EXERCISES

1. Just where did the scene of this story take place?
2. When did the event of this story occur?
3. Tell how the Prince came to ride in The White Ship.
4. What kind of man was Prince William? Give passages which prove your conclusion.
5. What did you learn from this story concerning the customs of that day?
6. What happened to The White Ship?
7. Why was the Prince the first to be rescued?
8. What is shown of the Prince in the event that followed?
9. Why did no one dare to carry the intelligence to the King?
10. Why did they send the little boy to tell him?
11. Explain "weeping bitterly."
12. How did the King receive the intelligence of the Prince's fate?
13. Explain the fuller meaning of the expression, "He never smiled again."

ADDITIONAL READINGS

HEMANS: He Never Smiled Again.

EMMA HART WILLARD: Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

BRAINARD: The Deep.

FRANCIS FREELING BRODERIP: The Hungry Sea.

KINGSLEY: The Three Fishers.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI: The White Ship.

THE LADDER OF SAINT AUGUSTINE

SAINT AUGUSTINE was one of the most eminent Christian church followers. He was born November 13, 354, in Numidia, in northern Africa, and died in 430. During his youth and early manhood he was guilty of great excesses, vices, and follies. At the age of thirty-two, after many years of wickedness, he was converted in Italy to the Christian faith. A year later he was prepared for baptism and, like Paul, became as zealous in good works as he had been before in evil works. Immediately after his conversion he returned to Africa, sold his estates, and gave the proceeds to the poor. For three years he lived the life of a hermit, devoting himself to religious duties. He entered the holy office of priest and later became bishop of Hippo, where he performed the most signal services to the church. In one of his best sermons he used the expression, "Of our vices we make ourselves a ladder, if we trample them under our feet." He had spoken this truth from his own experience.

Upon this thought Longfellow based this poem. Longfellow gives a catalog of vices each of which may be made to serve as a round in the

ladder. The entire poem is a poem of hope, and gives every one who has made mistakes comfort in the thought that he may rise to greater things if he is willing to profit by his mistakes.

THE LADDER OF SAINT AUGUSTINE*

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the ruddy wine,
And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;
The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will;—

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All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright field of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies,

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,

If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

NOTES

1. Tennyson, in his first stanza of *In Memoriam*, has a similar thought:

I hold it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

2. J. G. Holland, in his poem *Gradatim*, has the same thought:

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

We rise by the things that are under feet;
By what we have mastered of good or gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

3. *Eminent domain.* The right of a government or state to use any property necessary for public use, reasonable compensation being made.

4. Be prepared to give the meanings of the following: base design, revel, excess, ignoble, irreverence, impedes, eminent domain, scale, gigantic flights, solid bastions, attained, discern.

EXERCISES

1. Upon what saying did Longfellow base this poem?
2. What in the life of Saint Augustine gave this saying so much force?
3. What vices does Longfellow say must be trampled under foot?
4. Explain "The right of eminent domain," as here used.
5. Explain stanza 7.

6. What two illustrations are given in stanzas 8 and 9?
7. Memorize stanza 10.
8. How may each of us discover "A path to higher destinies"?
9. How only can we keep the irrevocable past from being thwarted?
10. Does this poem mean that if a person wishes to be very good he must first be very bad?
11. What then seems to you to be the real meaning of the poem?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

SMILES: Self Help, Character.

EMERSON: Essays — Conduct of Life.

LONGFELLOW: The Builders, Excelsior, Keramos.

HOLLAND: Gradatim.

EMERSON: The Problem.

ARNOLD: Self-Dependence.

TENNYSON: Sir Galahad.

CHESTER: The Tapestry Weavers.

PATRIOTISM

And Thou, O God, of whom we hold
Our country and our Freedom fair,
Within Thy tender love enfold
This land; for all Thy people care.
Uplift our hearts above our fortunes high,
Let not the good we have make us forget
The better things that in Thy heavens lie!
Keep, still, amid the fever and the fret
Of all this eager life, our thoughts on Thee,
The Hope, the Strength, the God of all the Free.
—*Bishop J. L. Spalding.*

THE MOUNTAIN OF MISERIES

MR. LONGFELLOW once wrote an exquisite poem in which he tells us of the sweet relief from pain he experienced when he assumed some of the “sorrow of others” instead of brooding over his own. This healing he tells us was made possible by the discovery that each heart has its own sorrow. As he beautifully expresses it,

“And I thought how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.”

The good poet’s experience has been that of thousands who have lived before and after him.

Having noticed this same lesson, that each heart has a burden of its own, Joseph Addison, the graceful, gentle English essayist teaches us a valuable lesson by viewing the bearing of others’ sorrows from a somewhat different angle. In the following selection, the assumption of the cast off burdens is from a purely mercenary motive.

It is pleasant to be taught a severe philosophy

by being made to laugh at our own follies. This is what Addison attempts to do in this reading. See how well he succeeds.

THE MOUNTAIN OF MISERIES

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further, which implies, that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under, are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could exchange conditions with him.

As I was musing upon these two remarks, and seated in my elbow chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when, on a sudden, methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap.

There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the center of it, and saw, with a great deal of pleasure, the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and specters that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers saddled with very whimsical burdens composed of darts and flames; but what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap when they came up to it; but after a few faint efforts, shook their heads and marched away as heavy laden as they came.

I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth.

The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing toward the heap, with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found, upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miseries. There were likewise distempers of all sorts, though I could not but observe, that there were many more imaginary than real.

One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people; this was called the *Spleen*. But what most of all surprised me was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself, that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who I did not question came loaded with his crimes; but upon searching into his bundle, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was

followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached toward me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when, of a sudden, she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, but was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humor with my own countenance; upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which it seems, was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face.

We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person. I saw, with unspeakable pleasure, the whole species thus delivered from its sorrow; though at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarcely a mortal, in this vast multitude, who did not discover what he thought pleasures and blessings of life; and wondered how the

owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him. Upon this, Fancy began again to bestir herself; and parceling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet.

The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some observations which I made upon the occasion I shall communicate to the public. A poor galley slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead, but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were busy among themselves in bartering for features; one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle; another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders; and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation; but on all these occasions there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the

same observation on every other misfortune or calamity, which every one in the assembly brought upon himself in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils which befall us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with a long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done; on the other side I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans, and lamentations. Jupiter, at length, taking compassion on

the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure; after which, the phantom, who had led them into such gross delusions, was commanded to disappear.

There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure, her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes toward heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter. Her name was *Patience*. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of sorrows, but what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree, that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity; and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice, as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learned from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbor's sufferings; for which reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

—*Joseph Addison.*

NOTES

1. Read in some history of English literature the story of Addison's connection with the *Spectator* and with the *Tattler*.
2. Read Franklin's "How I Learned to Write Good English."
3. Learn who Jupiter, Socrates, and Horace were.
4. Notice the scarcity of long, hard words in this selection.
5. Be prepared to give the meanings of the following words and expressions: chimerical, diversion, fardel, aggravation, chaos, grotesque, commodious, and trucking.

EXERCISES

1. What inference do you draw from the fact that Addison was familiar with the writings of Socrates and Horace?
2. Why should the miseries make a mountain?
3. Does Fancy ever do for us just what Addison pictures her doing here?
4. Why was it diverting to see the man throw away his poverty?
5. Why should the man cast away his wife?
6. Why could not the lovers cast away their sorrows?
7. Why should such a mountain be made up of bodily deformities?
8. What is the inference if no vices or follies were found in the heap?
9. What does Addison mean when he tells us Fancy carried a *magnifying* glass?
10. When he says she held this glass up to *him*?
11. Why does he picture himself in the ridiculous plight he does?
12. Sum up the teaching when the people take up the cast-off miseries of others.
13. Why would Patience cause the mountain to grow smaller?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

BUNYAN: *Pilgrim's Progress*.
HUNT: *Abou Ben Adhem*.
GILDER: *The Parting of the Ways*.
WHITTIER: *The Brother of Mercy*.
LONGFELLOW: *Santa Filomena*.
LOWELL: *Vision of Sir Launfal*.
MATTHEW xxv. 34-46: *Story of the Good Samaritan*.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS

THE great French King, surrounded by his nobles and ladies of the court, was watching the lions fighting in the arena below. De Lorge, one of the bravest of the noblemen, had fallen in love with one of the ladies, and she thought to test his love by dropping her glove among the fierce wild beasts. If De Lorge were a true knight he would be expected, in that day of chivalry, to risk his own life in order to recover the glove, and to return it to his fair lady. The story of how this knight's love was tested in the presence of the king who loved a royal sport is here told.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,

And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;

The nobles filled the benches, with the ladies in their pride,

And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge with one for whom he sighed:

And truly 't was a gallant thing to see that crowning show,—

**Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal
beasts below.**

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laugh-
ing jaws:

They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a
wind went with their paws;

With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled
on one another,

Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a
thunderous smother;

The bloody foam above the bars came whisking
through the air:

Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better
here than there!"

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king,—a beauteous,
lively dame,

With smiling lips and sharp, bright eyes, which
always seemed the same:

She thought, "The Count, my lover, is brave as
brave can be,—

He surely would do wondrous things to show his
love for me.

King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is
divine;

I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory
will be mine."

She dropped her glove to prove his love, then
looked at him and smiled;

He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild;
The leap was quick, return was quick; he has regained his place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.
"In faith," cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat;
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that."

—*James Henry Leigh Hunt.*

NOTES

1. Look up all you can of chivalry and knighthood.
2. *Arena.* An arena is the open space on the ground below the raised benches. Find just how the arena was arranged for the fight of wild beasts. The story is based upon an event which actually took place.
3. Look up the following words and expressions: gallant, crowning show, valor, ramped, wallowing might, pit, occasion, vanity.

EXERCISES

1. Why is the fighting of this fierce beast called a royal sport?
2. What is shown of the king in that he loved such amusements?
3. Describe the picture of the arena and spectators as it is given us in the first stanza.
4. Who was the central figure among the nobles in the court?
5. Select the passage which tells us of the fierce fight of the lions.
6. What caused the king to say we are better here than there?
7. What is shown of De Lorge's lady in stanza 3?
8. Explain her meaning of "Occasion is divine."
9. What did she mean by "great glory will be mine"?
10. What is shown of De Lorge in the second and third lines of the last stanza?
11. Why did he throw the glove right in the lady's face?
12. Explain "but not with love."

13. Why did De Lorge do such an ungentlemanly thing?
14. Why did the king rise from where he sat?
15. Why did the king who loved royal sport condemn the act of this lady?
16. Explain the meaning of the last line of this poem.
17. According to this poem what is shown to be a false test of love? Why is such a test a false test?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

LADY CAREW: True Greatness.

BROWNING: Count Gismond, Last Ride Together, Incident of a French Camp.

READE: The Cloister and the Hearth.

TAYLOR: The Hero.

TENNYSON: The Revenge.

PRINCE: Who Are the True?

NIMMO F. GREEN: With Spurs of Gold.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blessed!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

—William Collins.

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS

AMONG the ancient peoples, there is a beautiful legend which tells how the god Apollo was condemned to serve a mortal for the space of a year. It happened that there was a renowned physician, Esculapius, son of Apollo, who was believed to be able to cure any disease known to mortals. On one occasion, he even brought the dead to life. This so incensed Pluto, the god of the underworld, that he induced the great god Jupiter to strike the bold physician dead with a thunderbolt. Apollo, angered at this cruel destruction of his son, shot his arrows at the Cyclopes who made the thunderbolt for Jupiter in their fiery workshop under Mt. Ætna, from which the smoke and flames of their furnace are constantly issuing. Jupiter was so angered at this act that he condemned Apollo to serve a mortal for a year. Apollo accordingly went into the service of Admetus, king of Thessaly, and herded the king's flocks for him. How this beautiful god lived among men, and what they thought of him is well told in the following poem:

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS*

There came a youth upon the earth,
Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
Whether to plow, or reap, or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise-shell
He stretched some chords, and drew
Music that made men's bosoms swell
Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

Then King Admetus, one who had
Pure taste by right divine,
Decreed his singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine:

And so, well-pleased with being soothed
Into a sweet half-sleep,
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed
And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

His words were simple words enough,
And yet he used them so,
That what in other mouths was rough
In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
In whom no good they saw;
And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
They made his careless words their law.

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GOOD SHEPHERD—MURILLO

They knew not how he learned at all,
For idly, hour by hour,
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things,
Did teach him all their use,
For in mere weeds, and stones and springs,
He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
But, when a glance they caught
Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
They laughed, and called him good-for-naught.

Yet, after he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love, because of him.

And day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod,
Till after-poets only knew
Their first-born brother as a god.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

NOTES

1. *King Admetus.* The fabled King of Thessaly in northern Greece.
2. *Apollo.* Phoebus Apollo, the son of Jupiter and Latona, was the god of the sun, patron of music and poetry, founder of cities, a promoter of colonization, a giver of good laws, the ideal of fair and manly youth, a pure and just god, requiring clean hands and pure hearts of those that worshipped him. He was one of the most beloved of the gods.

3. *Esculapius*. The father of physicians. His daughter Hygiea, the goddess of health, was one whose presence prevented disease. Hence our word "hygiene."
4. *Right divine*. The ancient kings believed their powers were derived from the gods, hence they ruled by divine right.
5. *Viceroy*. One acting or ruling in place of king.
6. Be prepared to pronounce, spell, and give meaning of any of the following: nothing worth, brimmed, pure taste, right divine, decreed, viceroy, shiftless, unwittingly, mused, mere, profuse, slim grace, good-for-naught.

EXERCISES

1. Upon what ancient story did Lowell base this poem?
2. What conclusion as to the time of this story from "Some thousand years ago"?
3. What shows his power as a musician?
4. What compliment was paid the youth's music by the king?
5. What final honor did the king bestow upon the youth?
6. How, in words, did men estimate the young shepherd?
7. What effect, however, did the young shepherd have on men's actions?
8. What puzzled them so much regarding his learning? How learned was he?
9. Why did men call him "good-for-naught" when his words were so wise?
10. What effect had the young shepherd's life had upon ordinary earth life?
11. Explain "More holy grew each spot where he had trod."
12. What is the meaning of the last two lines?
13. What was the secret of the influence of the young shepherd?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

GAYLEY: Classic Myths, pp. 104-6.

HUNT: Abou Ben Adhem.

LONGFELLOW: The Legend Beautiful, Sandalphon.

WHITTIER: The Brother of Mercy.

THE BIBLE: Story of David.

TENNYSON: The Bugle Song.

MOORE: Echoes.

LOWELL: The Finding of the Lyre.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON: The Good Shepherd.

WASHINGTON

Washington is the mightiest name on earth, long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name a eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on.—
Abraham Lincoln.

WASHINGTON

Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes, one,—the first, the last, the best,—
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of WASHINGTON,
To make man blush there was but one.

—*George Gordon Byron.*

THE BARMECIDE FEAST

EVERY one likes a jester if the jester can smile when the tables are turned. The following story is the basis of many humorous references and of much interesting comment. When a public speaker promises the audience great things and utterly disappoints them, he is said to give them a "Barmecide Feast." When inflated investment concerns redeem their liberal pledges in promises only, they are said to spread before their patrons a "Barmecide Feast." When individuals imagine themselves to be something when they are nothing, they are happily termed "Barmecides." All these and many more such references are made clear in the following story which humorously illustrates the difference between false service and true service.

THE BARMECIDE FEAST

A certain man, Shacabac by name, was reduced, by reverse of fortune, to the necessity of begging his bread. In this occupation he acquitted himself with great address. His chief aim was to procure admission, by bribing the officers and domestics, into the houses of the great, and, by

having access to their persons, to excite their compassion.

By this means he one day gained admission to a magnificent building, in which, luxuriously reclining on a sofa in a room richly furnished, he found the master, a Barmecide, who, in the most obliging manner, thus addressed him: "Welcome to my house. What dost thou wish, my friend?"

"I am in a great want. I suffer from hunger, and have nothing to eat," said the intruder.

The Barmecide was much astonished at this answer. "What!" he cried. "What! nothing to eat! Am I in the city, and thou in it hungry? It is a thing I cannot endure. Thou shalt be happy as heart can wish. Thou must stay and partake of my salt. Whatever I have is thine."

"O my master! I have not patience to wait, for I am in a state of extreme hunger. I have eaten nothing this day."

"What! is it true that even at this late hour thou hast not broken thy fast? Alas! poor man, he will die with hunger.—Haloo, there, boy! bring us instantly a basin of water, that we may wash our hands."

Although no boy appeared, and Shacabac observed neither basin nor water, the Barmecide nevertheless began to rub his hands, as if some one held the water for him; and while he was doing this he urged Shacabac to do the same. Shacabac by this supposed that the Barmecide was fond of fun; and, as he liked a jest himself, he ap-

proached, and pretended to wash his hands, and afterwards to wipe them with a napkin held by the attendant.

“Now bring us something to eat,” said Barmecide, “and take care not to keep us waiting. Set the table here. Now lay the dishes on it.—Come, friend, sit down at the table here. Eat, and be not ashamed; for thou art hungry, and I know how thou art suffering from the violence of thy hunger.” Saying these words, although nothing had been brought to eat, he began as if he had taken something on his plate, and pretended to put it in his mouth and chew it, adding, “Eat, I beg of thee; for a hungry man, thou seemest to have but a poor appetite. What thinkest thou of this bread?”

Shacabac said to himself, “Verily this is a man that loveth to jest with others;” then to the Barmecide: “O my master, never in my life have I seen bread more beautifully white than this, or of a sweeter taste. Where didst thou procure it?”

“This,” said the host, “was made by a slave of mine whom I purchased for five hundred pieces of gold. Boy! bring to us the dish the like of which is not found among the viands of kings.—Eat, O my guest! for thou art hungry—violently so—and in absolute want of food.”

Shacabac twisted his mouth about as if eating heartily, and said, “Verily this is a dish worthy the table of the great Solomon.”

“Eat on, my friend,” replied the Barmecide.—

“Boy! place before us the lamb fattened with almonds.—Now, this is a dish never found but at my table, and I wish thee to eat thy fill of it.” As he said this, he pretended to take a piece in his hand, and put it to Shacabac’s mouth. Shacabac held his head forward, opened his mouth, pretended to take the piece, and to chew and swallow it with the greatest delight, saying, “O my master! verily this dish hath not its equal in sweetness of flavor.”

“Do justice to it, I pray, and eat more of it,” said his host. “The goose, too, is very fat. Try only a leg and a wing.—Ho there, boy! bring us a fresh supply.” At which, Shacabac protested, “O no, my lord! for in truth, I cannot eat any more.”

“Let the dessert, then, be served,” said the Barmecide, “and the fruit be brought. Taste these dates: they are just gathered, and very good. Here, too, are some fine walnuts, and here some delicious raisins. Eat, and be not ashamed.”

Shacabac’s jaws were by this time weary of chewing nothing. “I assure thee,” said he, “I am so full that I can not eat another morsel of this cheer.”

“Well, then,” said the joker, “we will now have the wine.—Boy, bring us the wine!—Here, my friend, take this cup: it will delight thee. Come, drink my health, and tell me if thou thinkest the wine good.” But the wine, like the dinner and dessert, did not appear. However, he pretended

to pour some out, and drank the first glass, after which he poured out another for his guest.

Shacabac took the imaginary glass, and, first holding it up to the light to see if it was of a good bright color, he put it to his nose to inhale its perfume; then, making a profound reverence to the Barmecide, he drank it off with every mark of keen appreciation. The Barmecide continued to pour out one bumper after another so frequently, that Shacabac, pretending that the wine had got into his head, feigned to be tipsy. This being the case, he raised his fist, and gave his host such a violent blow that he knocked him down. Whereupon the Barmecide shouted: "What, thou vilest of creation! Art thou mad?"

"O my master!" said Shacabac, "thou hast fed me with thy provisions, and regaled me with old wine; and I have become intoxicated, and committed an outrage upon thee. But thou art of too exalted dignity to be angry with me for my ignorance!" At which the Barmecide burst into laughter. "Come," said he, "I have long been looking for a man of thy character. Let us be friends. Thou hast kept up the jest in pretending to eat: now thou shalt make my house thy home, and eat in it in earnest."

Having said this, he clapped his hands. Several slaves instantly appeared, whom he ordered to set out the table and serve the dinner. His commands were quickly obeyed, and Shacabac now

enjoyed in reality the good things of which he had before partaken only in dumb show.

—*From The Arabian Nights.*

NOTES

1. Read other tales from "The Arabian Nights." Everyone ought to be familiar with "Aladdin's Lamp."
2. *Shacabac.* Pronounced Shäc-a'bäc.
3. *Barmecide.* Pronounced Bär'mē-sid. A member of the Barmecides, a wealthy Persian family which furnished counsellors to the Caliphs of Bagdad. From this story, it may be seen that *The Barmecide Feast* means an imaginary feast.
4. Be prepared to give the correct meanings of the following words and expressions as here used: acquitted, great address, compassion, salt, fast, viands, dessert, morsel, perfume, profound reverence, bumper, feigned, dumb show.

EXERCISES

1. Who are the leading characters in this story?
2. Tell something of each.
3. Describe their first meeting.
4. How seriously did the Barmecide take the pathetic plea of his guest?
5. Explain "Whatever I have is thine."
6. What fun is there for the Barmecide in forcing Shacabac to go through all these motions?
7. What leads Shacabac to help out the pretense?
8. What shows Shacabac's extreme efforts to please his host?
9. What fatal mistake did the Barmecide make?
10. How did Shacabac profit by the Barmecide's lack of foresight?
11. How did the Barmecide regard Shacabac as Shacabac gave him the violent blow?
12. What explanation did Shacabac make?
13. What is shown of the Barmecide in that he took the joke so well when his guest turned the tables?
14. What did the Barmecide mean by "I have long been looking for a man of thy character"?
15. Point out one humorous and one serious thought illustrated by this story.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

SILL: The Fool's Prayer.

CLEMENS: Tom Sawyer.

The Arabian Nights Tales.

KNOX: Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?

HUTCHINSON: The Fool's Waltz.

EVERARD JACK APPLETON: The Fighting Failure.

HUNT: Abou Ben Adhem.

WHITTIER: The Brother of Mercy.

MATTHEW xxv, 34-46: Story of the Good Samaritan.

THE MAN THAT WINS

Throughout his life he was a man of luck—a man of success. And why? Because he had the eye to see his opportunity, the heart to prompt to well-timed action, the nerve to consummate a perfect work. And no tyrant passion dragged him back; no enthusiasm, no foibles encumbered his way.—*Charlotte Brontë*.

BOOKS

Except a living man there is nothing more wonderful than a book!—a message to us from the dead—from human souls whom we never saw, who lived, perhaps, thousands of miles away; and yet these, in those little sheets of paper, speak to us, amuse us, terrify us, teach us, open their hearts to us as brothers.—*Charles Kingsley*.

CONSTANT CHRISTMAS

IT is the custom to celebrate Christmas but one day in the year. We have been accustomed to think that the Christmas message of old is the only Christmas message given to the peoples of earth. Phillips Brooks, with deeper insight, gave us this message to remind us that every day should be lived in the spirit of Christmas; that the song of the angels is a "never silent song"; and that "the glory of the Lord" which shone round about the shepherds of the hills still shines in the never-fading splendor of sun and stars. All life that strives through love and service toward the highest and best may hear continually the echo of the glad angels' song,

"Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth, peace, good will toward men."

CONSTANT CHRISTMAS*

The sky can still remember
 The earliest Christmas morn,
When in the cold December
 The Saviour Christ was born.
And still in darkness clouded,
 And still in noonday light,

*Used by the courteous permission of the publishers, E. P. Dutton & Co.

It feels its far depth crowded
With angels fair and bright.

O never-fading splendor;
O never-silent song!
Still keep the green earth tender,
Still keep the grey earth strong;
Still keep the brave earth dreaming
Of deeds that shall be done,
While children's lives come streaming
Like sunbeams from the sun.

No star unfolds its glory,
No trumpet wind is blown,
But tells the Christmas story
In music of its own.
No eager strife of mortals
In busy field or town
But sees the open portals
Through which the Christ came down.

O angels sweet and splendid,
Throng in our hearts and sing
The wonders which attended
The coming of the king,
Till we, too, boldly pressing
Where once the angels trod,
Climb Bethlehem's hill of blessing,
And find the Son of God.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

NOTES

1. Read Luke ii, 1-20; Matthew ii, 1-12 for the complete story of the Christmas song.
2. Find the story of the origin of Christmas as we celebrate it to-day.
3. Find how Christmas is celebrated in other lands. Tell what quaint customs you find.
4. Report to the class the acts of service and charity you have known at Christmastide.
5. *Cold December.* The birth of Christ was at first thought to have occurred in December, hence the Christmas festival was celebrated toward the close of that month. Present-day students think Christ must have been born some time in the spring when the weather was warm enough for the shepherds to stay out in the open fields with the flocks.
6. Be prepared to give the meanings of the following words and expressions as here used: far depth, never-fading splendor, trumpet wind, eager strife, mortals, open portals, splendid, throng, wonders, boldly pressing, trod, hill of blessing.

EXERCISES

1. Tell the story upon which this poem is based.
2. Explain "The *sky* can still remember."
3. In what sense does the sky feel its far depth crowded with angels?
4. What is the "never-fading splendor"?
5. Why is the angel-song said to be "never-silent"?
6. In what sense can the splendor and the song "keep the green earth tender"?
7. How "keep the grey earth strong"?
8. How
 "Keep the brave earth dreaming
 Of deeds that shall be done"?
9. Explain the first four lines of the third stanza.
10. What are the "open portals"?
11. How can the angels "throng in our hearts"?
12. In what sense can mortals be "boldly pressing where once the angels trod"?

13. What is meant by climbing "Bethlehem's hill of blessing"?
14. According to this poem, how then can mortals to-day find God?
15. What now seems to you to be the real meaning of the title of this poem?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

BROOKS: O Little Town of Bethlehem.

LONGFELLOW: Christmas Bells, The Three Kings.

LOWELL: A Christmas Carol.

HOLLAND: A Christmas Carol.

SEARS: The Angels' Song.

ALICE CARY: A Christmas Story.

DICKENS: Christmas Carol.

WIGGIN: The Glad Evangel.

FIELD: Christmas Eve, Why Do Bells of Christmas Ring?

A Christmas Wish.

RYAN: A Christmas Carol.

MILTON: Hymn to the Nativity.

TENNYSON: The Birth of Christ.

WHITTIER: Star of Bethlehem, Christmas Carmen.

THRING: Hymn for the Nativity.

ALCOTT: Becky's Christmas Dream.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI: A Christmas Carol.

RILEY: Tiny Tim's Prayer.

ALDRICH: A Christmas Phantasy.

VAN DYKE: The First Christmas Tree, The Other Wise Man.

STEVENSON: A Christmas Sermon.

SUCCESS

And for success, I ask no more than this,—
To bear unflinching witness to the truth.
All true whole men succeed; for what is worth
Success's name, unless it be the thought,
The inward surety, to have carried out
A noble purpose to a noble end.

—James Russell Lowell.

THE BISHOP AND THE CONVICT

WE are always interested in knowing how a saintly man remains a saint under trying circumstances. Such a story is told us in this extract from "Les Miserables," the masterpiece of the great French author, Victor Hugo. The purpose of the author in writing "Les Miserables" was to awaken society to its striking imperfections and to spur it on to a higher sense of service. The leading character of the book is a dull, good-natured French peasant, Jean Valjean by name. After his parents died, he lived with his widowed sister and helped her to support her seven little children. During the severe winter of 1795, Jean was unable to find work. To save the family from starving, he stole a loaf of bread, and for this deed was sentenced to five years of hard labor in the galleys. Four successive attempts to escape added fourteen more years to his term of imprisonment. When he was finally released, he was a man who had lost all hope. This meeting with the bishop awakens new aspirations in Jean Valjean. One should read the entire story to realize how far kindness will go in awakening a poor hopeless soul.

THE BISHOP AND THE CONVICT

The bishop of D— was a man of such saintly life and self-sacrificing charity that he became known as Monseigneur Bienvenu, or Welcome. He gave up his palace that it might serve as a hospital, taking for himself and his sister, Mademoiselle Baptiste, with their one servant, Madame Magloire, the small and poorly furnished quarters formerly occupied by the hospital. Here he devoted himself to good works, ministering to the poor, to the suffering, and even to condemned prisoners. The door of his house was never locked, and whoever needed a friend found one here.

One evening in October the bishop, after his walk through the town, remained shut up rather late in his room. At eight o'clock he was still at work, writing, when Madame Magloire entered, as usual, to get the silverware from the cupboard near his bed. A moment later the bishop, knowing that the table was set and that his sister was probably waiting for him, shut his book, rose from his table, and entered the dining-room.

Madame Magloire was just putting the last touches to the table, and as she did so she was talking with Mademoiselle Baptiste upon a subject which was familiar to her and to which the bishop was also accustomed. The question concerned the lock upon the front door.

It seems that while buying some provisions for

supper Madame Magloire had heard things in divers places. People had spoken of a prowler of evil appearance; a suspicious vagabond had arrived, who must be somewhere about the town, and those who should take it into their heads to return home late that night might be subjected to unpleasant encounters. As the police force was very badly organized, it behooved wise people to play the part of police themselves,—to duly close, bar, and barricade their houses and to fasten the doors well.

Madame Magloire emphasized these last words; but the bishop, who has just come from his room where it was rather cold, seated himself in front of the fire and fell to thinking of other things. He did not take up the remark dropped with design by Madame Magloire, and she repeated it. Then Mademoiselle Baptistine, desirous of satisfying Madame Magloire without displeasing her brother, ventured to say timidly, "Did you hear what Madame Magloire is saying, brother?"

"I have heard something of it in a vague way," replied the bishop. Then, half turning in his chair, placing his hands on his knees, and raising toward the old servant woman his cordial, good-humored face, he said: "Come, what is the matter? What is the matter? Are we in any great danger?"

Whereupon Madame Magloire began the whole story afresh. It appeared that a barefooted vagabond, a sort of dangerous beggar or gypsy, was

at that moment in the town. He had presented himself at the inn to obtain lodging, but the landlord had not been willing to receive him. He had been seen to roam about the streets in the gloaming,—a gallows bird with a terrible face.

“Really?” said the bishop.

This willingness to ask questions encouraged Madame Magloire. It seemed to her to indicate that the bishop was on the point of becoming alarmed. “Yes, Monseigneur,” she pursued triumphantly. “There will be some sort of catastrophe in this town to-night. Every one says so. And besides, the police is so badly regulated. The idea of living in a mountainous country, and not even having lights in the streets at night! And I say, Monseigneur, that this house is not safe at all; that if Monseigneur will permit, I will go and tell the locksmith to come and replace the ancient locks on the doors, for there is nothing more terrible than a door with a latch on the outside, which can be opened by the first passer-by. We need bolts, Monseigneur, if only for this night; moreover—”

At that moment there came a tolerably violent knock on the door.

“Come in,” said the bishop. The door opened wide with a rapid movement, as if some one had given it an energetic and resolute push.

A man entered, advanced a step, and halted, leaving the door open behind him. He was a man in the prime of life, of medium stature, thick-

set and robust, with a shaved head and a long beard. A cap with a drooping leather visor partly concealed his face, which was burned and tanned by sun and wind. He wore a shirt of coarse yellow linen, a cravat twisted into a string, trousers of blue drilling, and an old gray tattered blouse, patched on one of the elbows with a bit of green cloth sewed on with twine. He carried on his back a tightly packed knapsack, well buckled and perfectly new, and an enormous knotty stick in his hand. Madame Magloire had not even the strength to utter a cry. She trembled, and stood with her mouth wide open.

Mademoiselle Baptistine turned round, saw the man enter, and half started up in terror; then turning her head by degrees toward the fireplace, she began to observe her brother, and her face became once more calm and serene.

The bishop fixed his tranquil eye on the man.

As he opened his mouth, doubtless to ask the newcomer what he wanted, the man rested both hands on his staff, directed his gaze in turn at the old man and the two women, and without waiting for the bishop to speak, said in a loud voice: "See here! My name is Jean Valjean. I am a convict from the galleys. I have passed nineteen years there. I was liberated four days ago, and am on my way to Pontarlier, which is my destination. I have been walking for four days since I left Toulon. I have traveled a dozen leagues to-day on foot. This evening, when I arrived in these parts,

I went to an inn, and they turned me out because of my yellow passport, which I had shown at the town hall as was necessary. I went to another inn. They said to me, 'Be off,' at both places. No one would take me. I went to the prison; the jailor would not admit me. I went into a dog's kennel; the dog bit me and chased me off, as if he had been a man. One would have said that he knew who I was. I went into the fields, intending to sleep in the open air beneath the stars. There were no stars. I thought that it was going to rain, and I came back to the town to seek the shelter of some doorway. Yonder, in the square, I lay down to sleep on a stone bench. A good woman pointed out your house to me and said to me, 'Knock there!' I have knocked. What is this place? Do you keep an inn? I have money, my savings—one hundred and nine francs and fifteen sous, which I earned in the galleys by my labor, in the course of nineteen years. I will pay anything you ask. I am weary and very hungry. Are you willing that I should stay?"

"Madame Magloire," said the bishop, "you will set another place."

The man advanced three paces and approached the lamp which was on the table. "Stop," he resumed, as if he had not quite understood "Did you hear? I am a galley slave, a convict. I come from the galleys." He drew from his pocket a large sheet of yellow paper, which he unfolded. "Here's my passport,—yellow, as you see. This

serves to expel me from every place where I go. Will you read it? I know how to read. I learned in the galleys. There is a school there for those who wish to learn. This is what they have put on this passport: 'Jean Valjean, discharged convict, native of'—that is nothing to you—'has been nineteen years in the galleys; five years for house-breaking and burglary; fourteen years for having attempted to escape on four occasions. He is a very dangerous man.' There! Every one has cast me out. Are you willing to receive me? Is this an inn? Will you give me something to eat and a bed? Have you a stable?"

"Madame Magloire," said the bishop, "you will put white sheets on the bed in the alcove."

Madame Magloire went out to execute these orders.

The bishop turned to the man. "Sit down, sir, and warm yourself. We are going to sup in a few moments, and your bed will be prepared while you are eating."

At this point the man suddenly comprehended. The expression of his face, up to that time gloomy and harsh, bore the imprint of stupefaction, of doubt, of joy, and became extraordinary. He began stammering like a crazy man: "Really? You will keep me? You do not drive me forth? A convict! and you call me *Sir!* 'Get out of here, you dog!' is what people have said to me. I felt sure that you would expel me, so I told you at once who I am. Oh, what a good woman that was who

directed me hither! I am going to have supper! and a bed with a mattress and sheets, like the rest of the world!—a bed! It is nineteen years since I have slept in a bed! You actually do not want me to go! You are good people. Besides, I have money; I will pay well. Pardon me, Monsieur the innkeeper, but what is your name? You are an innkeeper, are you not?"

"I am a priest who lives here," said the bishop.

"A priest!" said the man. "Oh, what a fine priest! Then you are not going to demand any money of me? You are the curé, are you not? the curé of this big church? Well! I am a fool, truly! I had not perceived your skull cap."

As he spoke he deposited his knapsack and his cudgel in a corner, replaced his passport in his pocket, and seated himself. "You are humane," he went on. "You have not scorned me. Then you do not require me to pay?"

"No," replied the bishop: "keep your money. How much have you? Did you not tell me one hundred and nine francs?"

"And fifteen sous," added the man.

"One hundred and nine francs and fifteen sous! And how long did it take you to earn that?"

"Nineteen years."

"Nineteen years!" The bishop sighed deeply.

The man continued: "I have still the whole of my money. In four days I have spent only twenty-five sous, which I earned by helping unload some wagons. Since you are a priest, I will tell you

that we had a chaplain in the galleys. And one day I saw a bishop there. *Monseigneur* is what they called him. He is the curé who rules over the other curés, you understand. Pardon me, I say that very badly; but it is such a far-off thing to me!"

While he was speaking the bishop had gone out and shut the door, which had remained wide open.

Madame Magloire returned with a silver fork and spoon, which she placed on the table.

"Madame Magloire," said the bishop, "place those things as near the fire as possible." And turning to his guest: "The night wind is harsh on the Alps. You must be cold, sir."

Each time that he uttered the word *sir*, in a voice which was so gently grave and polished, the man's face lighted up. *Sir* to a convict is like a glass of water to a man dying of thirst at sea. Ignominy thirsts for consideration.

"This lamp gives a very bad light," said the bishop.

Madame Magloire understood him, and went to get the two silver candlesticks from the chimney piece in Monseigneur's bedchamber, and placed them, lighted, on the table.

"You are good," said the man; "you do not despise me. You receive me into your house. You light your candles for me. Yet I have not concealed from you whence I come and that I am an unfortunate man."

The bishop, who was sitting near him, gently

touched his hand. "You need not tell me who you are. This door does not demand of him who enters whether he has a name, but whether he has a grief. You suffer, you are hungry and thirsty; you are welcome. Every one is at home here who needs a refuge. What need have I to know your name? Besides, before you told me, you had one which I knew."

The man opened his eyes in astonishment. "Really? You knew what I was called?"

"Yes," replied the bishop: "you are called my brother."

"Stop, stop!" exclaimed the man. "I was very hungry when I entered here; but you are so good that I no longer know what has happened to me."

The bishop looked at him and said, "You have suffered much?"

"Oh, the red blouse, the ball on the ankle, a plank to sleep on, heat, cold, toil, the convicts, the thrashings, the double chain for nothing, the cell for one word; even when sick and in bed, still the chain! Dogs, dogs are happier! Nineteen years! I am forty-six. Now, there is the yellow passport. That is all I have."

"Yes," resumed the bishop, "you have come from a very sad place. Listen. There will be more joy in heaven over the tear-bathed face of a repentant sinner than over the white robes of a hundred just men. If you are leaving that sad place with thoughts of hatred and of wrath against mankind, you are deserving of pity; if you are leaving it

with thoughts of good-will and of peace, you are more worthy than any one of us."

In the meantime Madame Magloire had served supper,—soup, a little bacon, a bit of mutton, figs, a fresh cheese, and a large loaf of rye bread. The bishop's face at once assumed that expression of gayety which is peculiar to hospitable natures. "To table!" he cried vivaciously. As was his habit when a stranger supped with him, he made the man sit on his right. Mademoiselle Baptistine took her seat at his left.

The bishop asked a blessing and then helped the soup himself according to his custom.

Jean Valjean paid no attention to any one. He ate with the voracity of a starving man. However, after supper he said, "Sir, all this is far too good for me, but I must say that the carters at the inn, who would not allow me to eat with them, keep a better table than you do."

The bishop replied, "They are more fatigued than I."

"No," returned the man; "they have more money. You are poor; I see that plainly. You cannot be even a curate. Are you really a curé? Ah, if the good God were but just, you certainly ought to be a curé!"

"The good God is more than just," said the bishop. A moment later he added, "Jean Valjean, is it to Pontarlier that you are going?"

"Yes, with my road marked out for me. I must

be on my way by daybreak to-morrow. Traveling is hard. If the nights are cold, the days are hot."

"You are going to a good country," said the bishop.

"There is plenty of work there. You have only to choose. There are paper mills, tanneries, distilleries, oil factories, watch factories on a large scale, steel mills, and copper works. Besides these industries they have another. It is their cheese dairies, which they call *fruitières*."

The bishop recurred frequently to the latter trade as if he wished the man to understand, without advising him directly, that this would afford him a refuge. Neither during supper, nor during the entire evening, did the bishop utter a single word that could remind Valjean of what he was. He did not even ask him from what country he came, nor what was his history. He was thinking, no doubt, that the man had his misfortune only too vividly present in his mind; that the best thing was to divert him from it, and to make him believe, if only for the moment, that he was a person like any other.

But Jean Valjean paid little heed to anything. He seemed too fatigued to talk.

At last Monseigneur Bienvenu took one of the two silver candlesticks from the table, handed the other to his guest, and said to him, "Monsieur, I will conduct you to your room."

The man followed him.

The bishop left his guest in an alcove adjoining

his own bedroom. "May you pass a good night," he said. "To-morrow morning, before you set out, you shall have a cup of warm milk from our cows."

"Thanks, monsieur," said Valjean. He turned abruptly to the old man, folded his arms, and exclaimed in a hoarse voice: "Ah! really! You lodge me in your house, close to yourself, like this? Have you reflected well? How do you know that I am not a murderer?"

The bishop replied, "That is the concern of the good God." Then gravely, and moving his lips like one who is praying or talking to himself, he raised two fingers of his right hand and bestowed his benediction on the man; then, without turning his head, he went into his bedroom.

A moment later he was in his garden, walking, meditating, contemplating, his heart and soul wholly absorbed in those grand and mysterious things which God shows at night to the eyes which remain open.

As for the man, he was so completely exhausted that he did not even profit by the nice white sheets. Snuffing out his candle, he dropped, all dressed as he was, upon the bed, where he immediately fell into a sound sleep.

Midnight struck as the bishop returned from his garden to his room, and a few minutes later all were asleep in the little house.

—*Victor Hugo.*

NOTES

1. Read Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables*. Read also his *Toilers of the Sea*.
2. *Galleys*. Prisons or convict colonies. A galley slave was one who was originally chained to his place in a huge row-boat, or galley. The term came to be applied to the convicts who were chained together in prison or in the colonies, while at any work they were compelled to do.
3. *Monseigneur Bienvenu*. Pronounced Mōn-sūn-yēr' Byān-vē-nū'.
4. *Mademoiselle Baptistine*. Pronounced Mād'-mwā'-zēl' bā-ti-stēn'.
5. *Madame Magloire*. Pronounced Mā-däm' mā-glwär'.
6. *Gallows bird*. A criminal, one fit for the gallows.
7. *Visor*. The frontpiece of the cap, which shades the eyes.
8. *Drilling*. A heavy twilled fabric of linen or cotton, or fabric woven with diagonal effect.
9. *Pontarlier*. Pōn-tär'-lē-ā', a French town.
10. *Toulon*. Pronounced tōō-lōn'.
11. *Yellow passport*. The pass given to a released convict was yellow to let everyone know the character of its holder.
12. *Franc*. A coin worth twenty-three cents.
13. *Sous*. Cents.
14. *Curé*. The minister or rector. The *curate* was an assistant, or deputy, of the curé.
15. *Fruitières*. Dairies.
16. Words and expressions for study: divers, suspicious vagabond, beloved, barricade, gypsy, resolute, visor, blue drilling, tranquil, passport, galleys, imprint of stupefaction, curé, curate, ignominy, vivaciously, voracity, carters, benediction.

EXERCISES

1. Tell the history of Jean Valjean up to the time of this story.
2. Just what kind of man was the Bishop of D—?
3. What rumor had startled the little village?
4. Why was not the bishop alarmed?
5. What is shown of the stranger by the manner in which he entered the bishop's door?

6. Describe the newcomer.
7. What is shown of him in that he told fully who he was before the bishop could ask him?
8. Explain "the dog bit me and chased me off, as if he had been a man."
9. What is shown of the bishop in "Madame Magloire, you will set another place"?
10. Why should the stranger insist that he is a galley slave and even show his yellow passport in proof?
11. Why does he even read "He is a very dangerous man"?
12. What is shown of the bishop in his next quiet order?
13. Why does the bishop address the stranger as "Sir"?
14. What shows that the bishop's spirit of kindness and hospitality is making the stranger feel at home?
15. Why does the bishop inquire so closely as to the stranger's money?
16. Explain "The bishop sighed deeply."
17. What is shown of Jean Valjean in that he earned twenty-five sous on his journey?
18. Why did the man's face light up at the word *Sir*?
19. Explain "Ignominy thirsts for consideration."
20. Why did they even bring in the silver candlesticks?
21. Why did the bishop treat the stranger so kindly after he knew his guest was a released convict?
22. Explain fully, "This door does not demand of him who enters whether he has a name, but whether he has a grief."
23. What name did the convict have which the bishop knew already?
24. What is shown both of host and guest in Jean's statement "the carters at the inn....keep a better table than you do"?
25. Why did the bishop talk to Jean of the work he could get?
26. Why did not the bishop fear the dangerous character of his guest?
27. How many traits of Jean Valjean's character are revealed in this extract, showing that he is a man worth saving?
28. What do you think would be the final effect on him of the bishop's kind treatment?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

HUGO: *Les Miserables*.

HUNT: *Abou Ben Adhem*.

WHITTIER: *The Brother of Mercy*.

DICKENS: *Tale of Two Cities*.

LONGFELLOW: *Santa Filomena, Excelsior*.

MATTHEW XXV, 34-46: *Story of the Good Samaritan*.

LOWELL: *Vision of Sir Launfal, Yussouf*.

VAN DYKE: *The Mansion, The Ruling Passion*.

BONAR: *The Master's Touch*.

ARNOLD: *Self-Dependence, Sohrab and Rustum*.

BRYANT: *The Journey of Life*.

GILDER: *The Celestial Passion*.

A CALL TO COURAGE

Be like the promontory, against which the waves continually break; but it stands firm, and tames the fury of the water around it. Unhappy am I, because this has happened to me? Not so, but happy am I, though this has happened to me, because I continue free from pain, neither crushed by the present, nor fearing the future. Will, then, this which has happened prevent thee from being just, magnanimous, temperate, prudent, secure against inconsiderate opinions and falsehood? Remember, too, on every occasion which leads thee to vexation to apply this principle: that this is not a misfortune, but that to bear it nobly is good fortune.—*Marcus Antoninus*.

THE JOURNAL OF CLIMATE

Great Peace Movement

Erected on the Andes in Commemoration of the Treaty of Peace between Chile and Argentine.

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

EVER since the angel song of "Peace on Earth," men's hearts have been moved toward peace. Since then, there have been cruel wars and bitterest strife between men and nations, but feelings of amity, good-will, and brotherhood have gradually come uppermost in the human heart. The sentiment against war is now so strong that great international peace societies are formed and the tribunal for the settlement of international disputes by arbitration is permanently organized at The Hague.

The story of the erection of the great peace monument in commemoration of the treaty of peace between two hitherto hostile South American republics, is more fascinating than myth or fairy tale. It is the recital of thrilling events which culminated in the first general arbitration treaty in the world, and the dramatic dedication of a great peace monument as a sublime prophecy of peace for the nations of the world.

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

The time is Easter, 1900; the place, Buenos Ayres, in far-away Argentina. The city is teeming with life. Throngs of people crowd the streets —country folk gay in red and green and yellow,

city merchants and professional men who dress like citizens of a European metropolis, here and there an Englishman, a German, or an American.

The theaters are preparing to open once more after the solemnities of Holy Week. The bells, after their week's silence, are ringing forth the Gospel of the Resurrection. From every church door comes the chant of choirs, "*Dominus Resurrexit*," and the pungent odor of incense.

But beneath all the rejoicing is a current of unrest. Groups of earnest-looking men gather on the street-corners and in the lobbies of hotels. The theme is War—war with the neighboring country of Chile. There is a long-standing and bitter dispute concerning the boundary line in the Andes Mountains. Instead of schools, each of the two nations is building battleships. The cost of the preparations for the prospective conflict is five dollars a year for every inhabitant. The bitterest hatred prevails and war seems inevitable.

Notwithstanding the bitterness and unrest without, the great cathedral at Buenos Ayres is filled with throngs of worshippers. The high altar is ablaze with lights. Bishop Benavente is the preacher at the solemn mass. His sermon is an appeal for peace.

"Cease from strife; cease from dispute; cease from unrest," comes his message in melodious Spanish. "Put your confidence, not in arms and ships, but in the power of the Cross. . . . Let a Statue of Christ, our Lord, be placed on the crest

of the mountains—those mountains that are causing such unhappiness and strife, and let that point out to all who come or go that hostility is forever ended."

While Bishop Benavente was making his appeal at Buenos Ayres, Bishop Jara was urging his fellow Chileans to seek peace instead of war. That all the people might be influenced, the two bishops traveled through their respective countries, and, supported by their clergy and the women in the cities and towns, they held enthusiastic meetings. Public sentiment was so aroused that to the legislature of each country went petition after petition urging the policy of peace. The British ambassadors at Buenos Ayres and Santiago, the capitals of the two countries, likewise endeavored to prevent the calamity of war.

As a result, both republics submitted their dispute to the King of England as arbiter, who gave the matter into the hands of leading lawyers and geographers. The points in controversy were examined thoroughly, and finally these experts submitted their decision, awarding a part of the disputed territory to one of the republics and a part to the other. The decision was cheerfully accepted by both countries without a day's hesitation.

More than this, the two countries, in May, 1903, ratified the first general arbitration treaty in the history of the world. Between Chile and Argentina, there will be no more war. The former

battleships are used for commerce. An old arsenal in Chile is now a manual training school. A railroad across the mountains of dispute binds the two nations together. The amount of money once annually devoted to preparations for war is now spent for good roads, and for the improvement of commerce. Former unrest, and bitterness, and distrust, have all passed away.

But the fruitful Eastertide suggestion of good Bishop Benavente, that a statue of Christ be erected on the new boundary, was quickly carried into execution. A beautiful bronze statue of the Christ was cast at the arsenal of Buenos Ayres from old cannon taken from the ancient fortress outside the city. These cruel instruments of death and destruction were transformed into a majestic sentinel of peace. To-day, as a glorious symbol and pledge of the reign of peace between those two South American republics, there stands on an Andean peak, fourteen thousand feet above the sea, a great bronze figure of the Christ with right hand upraised in blessing for those of his children who are keeping the peace he gave them. The left hand holds a great Cross, which towers above even the majestic figure of the Prince of Peace. The statue rests upon a granite sphere, representing the world over which Christ reigns as king. On the granite base are the words of the solemn oath taken by the Argentines and Chileans amid music, wild booming of cannon, and reverberating mountain echoes!

“Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ, the Redeemer.”

—N. A. Crawford.

NOTES

1. How many tendencies toward international peace are you familiar with to-day?
2. Give as many reasons as you can why war is wrong. Why war is right.
3. *Buenos Ayres.* Pronounced bō'-nūs ā'-rīz. The capital city of Argentina in South America.
4. *Holy Week.* The week ending with Easter.
5. *Dominus resurrexit.* The Lord is risen.
6. *Benavente.* Bēn'-ā-vēn'-te, Bishop of San Juan de Cuyo.
7. *Jara.* Jā'-rä. Bishop Ramon Angel Jara of San Carlos de Ancud.
8. *First general arbitration treaty.* The date of ratification is May 28, 1903.
9. The unveiling of the monument occurred March 13, 1904.
10. Be prepared to pronounce and give meanings of the following words and expressions as here used: teeming, solemnities, lobbies, hostility, petition, ambassadors, calamity, controversy, arbitration treaty, arsenal, instruments of death.

EXERCISES

1. Name and locate the countries in which the events of this story occurred.
2. What strong contrast is given us at the beginning?
3. What was the nature of the dispute between the republics?
4. How did the statesmen plan to settle it?
5. What is the central note of the Bishop's sermon?
6. What efforts were made to carry out the suggestion of the Bishop?
7. What was the result?
8. How do you explain the fact that the decision was “cheerfully accepted” so promptly?

9. What great changes took place as a result?
10. What interesting fact do you discover in connection with the casting of the statue?
11. In your own words, describe the monument.
12. What solemn oath did the peoples of these two countries take?
13. Why do you think they chose to erect such a statue and from such materials?
14. What part does this incident play in the history of settling international disputes by arbitration?
15. Give a complete summary of the reasons why you think war is wrong.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

BROOKS: Little Town of Bethlehem, The Angels' Song.

LUKE: ii, 1-18; Matt. ii, 1-12.

W. J. BRYAN: The Prince of Peace.

VAN DYKE: The Story of the Other Wise Man.

MILTON: Hymn to the Nativity.

HUNT: Abou Ben Adhem.

LONGFELLOW: Santa Filomena.

LOWELL: Vision of Sir Launfal.

DRUMMOND: The Greatest Thing in the World.

KNIGHT: The Song of Our Syrian Guest.

DEAR LAND OF ALL MY LOVE*

Long as thine art shall love true love,

Long as thy science truth shall know,

Long as thine eagle harms no dove,

Long as thy law by law shall grow,

Long as thy God is God above,

Thy brother every man below,

So long, dear land of all my love,

Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow.

—*Sidney Lanier.*

* From "The Centennial Cantata." Used by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers.

THE BEATITUDES

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.—*The Bible*.

AN OLD ATHENIAN OATH

We will never bring disgrace to this, our city, by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks; we will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both alone and with many; we will revere and obey the city's law, and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul and set them at naught; we will strive unceasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty; that thus, in all these ways, we will transmit this city not only not less, but greater, better and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us.—*From the Greek*.

A HURRICANE

PROBABLY very few of us ever passed through a hurricane or cyclone, but many of us have heard others tell of their experiences in the face of such dangers, or, it may be, we have gone to cyclone cellars when there was merely a bad storm. The following description of a hurricane is given by John James Audubon, one of America's closest observers and greatest lovers of nature. The description is so vivid as to make us shudder at the thought of property destroyed and lives lost in these fierce outbursts of nature.

A HURRICANE

The weather was pleasant, and I thought it not warmer than usual at that season. My horse was jogging along quietly, and my thoughts were, for once at least in the course of my life, entirely engaged in commercial speculations.

I had forded Highland Creek, and was on the eve of entering a tract of bottom-land, or valley, that lay between it and Canoe Creek, when suddenly I remarked a great difference in the aspect of the heavens. A hazy thickness overspread the country, and I for some time expected an earthquake; but my horse exhibited no propensity to

stop and prepare for such an occurrence. I had nearly arrived at the verge of the valley, when I thought fit to stop near a brook, and dismounted to quench the thirst that had come upon me.

I was leaning on my knees, with my lips about to touch the water, when, from my proximity to the earth, I heard a distant murmuring sound of an extraordinary nature. I drank, however, and as I rose on my feet, looked toward the southwest, when I observed a yellowish oval spot, the appearance of which was quite new to me.

Little time was left me for consideration, as the next moment a smart breeze began to agitate the taller trees. It increased to an unexpected height, and already the smaller branches and twigs were seen falling in a slanting direction toward the ground. Two minutes had scarcely elapsed, when the whole forest before me was in fearful motion. Here and there, where one tree pressed against another, a creaking noise was produced, similar to that occasioned by the violent gusts which sometimes sweep over the country.

Turning instinctively toward the direction from which the wind blew, I saw, to my great astonishment, that the noblest trees of the forest bent their lofty heads for a while, and, unable to stand against the blast, were falling to pieces. So rapid was the progress of the storm, that before I could think of taking measures to insure my safety, the hurricane was passing opposite the place where I stood.

The tops of the trees were seen moving in the strangest manner, in the central current of the tempest, which carried along with it a mingled mass of twigs and foliage that completely obscured the view. Some of the largest trees were seen bending and writhing under the gale; others suddenly snapped across, and many, after a momentary resistance, fell uprooted to the earth.

The mass of branches, twigs, foliage, and dust that moved through the air was whirled onwards like a cloud of feathers, and, on passing, disclosed a wide space filled with fallen trees, naked stumps, and heaps of shapeless ruin which marked the path of the tempest.

This space was about a fourth of a mile in breadth, and to my imagination resembled the dried-up bed of the Mississippi, with its thousands of planters and sawyers strewed in the sand and inclined in various degrees. The horrible noise resembled the great cataract of Niagara, and, as it howled along in the track of the desolating tempest, produced a feeling in my mind which it is impossible to describe.—*John James Audubon.*

NOTES

1. Be prepared to tell briefly the story of Audubon's life. One of his great works is his "Birds of America." Audubon Park in New York City is a part of his old estate.
2. *Highland Creek. Canoe Creek.* Creeks crossed in his frequent wanderings.
3. Look up *hurricane* and *cyclone* in any encyclopedia.
4. Locate the Mississippi and Niagara rivers on any good map.

5. Look up carefully the following words: propensity, occurrence, commercial, speculations, verge, quench, proximity, consideration, occasioned, instinctively, sawyers, planters.

EXERCISES

1. Who is telling us this story?
2. Where is the scene of the story laid?
3. What indications does the author notice of the coming storm?
4. Describe the appearance of the forest during the storm.
5. What marked the path of the tempest?
6. How do you account for the feeling produced in Audubon's mind?
7. Select some of the most vivid passages in this description.
8. Why does a hurricane produce such a feeling of fear in us?
9. What other manifestations in nature inspire us with fear?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

KINGSLEY: The Three Fishers.

LONGFELLOW: The Wreck of the Hesperus.

JAMES T. FIELDS: The Tempest.

SARGENT: Life on the Ocean Wave.

BRODERIP: The Hungry Sea.

THE NEW YEAR

Snow-wrapped and holly-decked it comes,

To richest and to poorest homes.

Twelve jewelled months all set with days

Of priceless opportunities.

A silver moon, a golden sun,

With diamond stars when day is done;

Over all a sapphire sky

Where pearly clouds go floating by.

—Bertha C. Jacques.

LUCY GRAY

LUCY GRAY was a little English child who lived a lonely life on a moor. Her cottage home was not so far from the little village but that she could hear the faint, distant chiming of the old church clock. The father, who was at work in the cottage, sent the child to the town with a lantern to light the mother home through the snow. So fierce was the storm that little Lucy was lost. The wretched parents searched all that night for the missing child; and at daybreak found only the print of Lucy's feet. They traced the footmarks into the middle of the plank that spanned the little stream "and further there were none." Lucy Gray lives on as a sweet picture of memory, and some say that even to this day she lives upon that lonely wild and sings the solitary song that whistles in the wind, and remains "in all her sweetness and gayety an abiding vision of beauty upon that lonesome wild."

LUCY GRAY

Oft I have heard of Lucy Gray:
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

“To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow.”

“That, father! will I gladly do:
”Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon!”

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a fagot-band;
He plied his work—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe;
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb:
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept—and turning homeward, cried,
“In heaven we all shall meet”;
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy’s feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill’s edge
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall.

And then an open field they crossed:
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank:
And further there were none!

Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

—William Wordsworth.

NOTES

1. Look up the following words and expressions: solitary, mate, moor, fawn, minster, crop, fagot, wanton, furlong, maintain.

EXERCISES

1. Who is speaking in the first stanza?
2. Tell briefly the story of Lucy Gray.
3. Why is she now called "the sweetest thing that ever grew beside a human door"?
4. What was the manner in which the father spoke the words of the fourth stanza?
5. What shows that the father was perfectly confident that Lucy Gray would do as she was told?
6. What is shown of Lucy Gray in her reply?
7. What caused Lucy to fail to perform the errand?
8. What efforts did the parents make to find the child?
9. What shows that the parents were determined to make the best they could of their loss?
10. What caused in them a sudden thrill of joy?

11. What finally showed the hopelessness of their search?
12. What bright thought comes at the close to relieve the heavy sense of loss?
13. What final picture is given to us of Lucy Gray?
14. What is there about this poem that makes us love the character of Lucy Gray?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

FIELD: Little Boy Blue.

WESTWOOD: Little Bell.

CELIA THAXTER: Little Gustava.

GILDER: A Child.

DICKENS: The Children.

WORDSWORTH: Lucy.

LONGFELLOW: The Castle by the Sea.

GOETHE: The Erl King.

KINGSLEY: The Sands of Dee.

ALDRICH: Baby Bell.

THE MAN WHO SINGS

Give us, O give us, the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time, he will do it better, he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous, a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

THE PROCRUSTEAN BED

THE following selection is a part of the story of the old Greek hero, Theseus, taken from Charles Kingsley's "Greek Heroes." As a boy, Theseus dwelt with his mother in a city in the far East until he should become strong enough as a young warrior to join his father who was king of Athens. One day the young Theseus proved himself able to lift a huge stone which his mother pointed out to him, and he took from beneath it the sword and sandals concealed thereby by his father before leaving for Athens. Thus armed the young hero set out for his father's kingdom. The adventure with Procrustes is one of many adventures of Theseus on this journey.

THE PROCRUSTEAN BED

As Theseus was skirting the valley along the foot of a lofty mountain, a very tall and strong man came down to meet him, dressed in rich garments. On his arms were golden bracelets, and round his neck a collar of jewels. He came forward, bowing courteously, held out both his hands, and spoke:—

"Welcome, fair youth, to these mountains; happy am I to have met you! For what is greater pleasure to a good man than to entertain stran-

gers? But I see that you are weary. Come up to my castle, and rest yourself awhile."

"I give you thanks," said Theseus; "but I am in haste to go up the valley."

"Alas! you have wandered far from the right way, and you cannot reach the end of the valley to-night, for there are many miles of mountain between you and it, and steep passes, and cliffs dangerous after nightfall. It is well for you that I met you, for my whole joy is to find strangers, and to feast them at my castle, and hear tales from them of foreign lands. Come up with me and eat the best of venison, and drink the rich red wine, and sleep upon my famous bed, of which all travelers say that they never saw the like. For whatsoever the stature of my guest, however tall or short, that bed fits him to a hair, and he sleeps on it as he never slept before." And he laid hold on Theseus' hands, and would not let him go.

Theseus wished to go forward, but he was ashamed to seem churlish to so hospitable a man, and he was curious to see that wondrous bed; and besides, he was hungry and weary. Yet he shrank from the man, he knew not why; for though his voice was gentle and fawning, it was dry and husky, and though his eyes were gentle, they were dull and cold like stones. But he consented, and went with the man up a glen which led from the road, under the dark shadow of the cliffs.

As they went up, the glen grew narrower, and the cliffs higher and darker, and beneath them a

torrent roared, half seen between bare limestone crags. Around them was neither tree nor bush, while from the white peaks of the mountain the snow-blasts swept down the glen, cutting and chilling, till a horror fell on Theseus as he looked around at that doleful place. He said at last, "Your castle stands, it seems, in a dreary region."

"Yes; but once within it, hospitality makes all things cheerful. But who are these?" and he looked back, and Theseus also. Far below, along the road which they had left, came a string of laden beasts, and merchants walking by them.

"Ah, poor souls!" said the stranger. "Well for them that I looked back and saw them! And well for me, too, for I shall have more guests at my feast. Happy am I, to whom Heaven sends so many guests at once!"

He ran back down the hill, waving his hand and shouting to the merchants, while Theseus went slowly up the steep path. But as he went up he met an aged man, who had been gathering drift-wood in the torrent bed. He had laid down his fagot in the road, and was trying to lift it again to his shoulder. When he saw Theseus, he called to him and said:—

"O fair youth, help me up with my burden, for my limbs are stiff and weak with years."

Then Theseus lifted the burden on his back. The old man blessed him, and then looked earnestly upon him and said:

“Who are you, fair youth, and wherefore travel you this doleful road?”

“Who I am my parents know; but I travel this doleful road because I have been invited by a hospitable man, who promises to feast me and to make me sleep upon I know not what wondrous bed.”

Then the old man clapped his hands together and cried:

“Know, fair youth, that you are going to torment and to death, for he who met you (I will requite your kindness by another) is a robber and a murderer of men. Whatsoever stranger he meets he entices him hither to death; and as for this bed of which he speaks, truly it fits all comers, yet none ever rose alive off it save me.”

“Why?” asked Theseus, astonished.

“Because, if a man be too tall for it, he lops his limbs till they be short enough, and if he be too short, he stretches his limbs till they be long enough; but me only he spared, seven weary years agone, for I alone of all fitted his bed exactly, so he spared me, and made me his slave. Once I was a wealthy merchant, and dwelt in a great city; but now I hew wood and draw water for him, the tormentor of all mortal men.”

Then Theseus said nothing; but he ground his teeth together.

“Escape, then,” said the old man, “for he will have no pity on thy youth. But yesterday he brought up hither a young man and a maiden, and

fitted them upon his bed; and the young man's hands and feet he cut off, but the maiden's limbs he stretched until she died, and so both perished miserably—but I am tired weeping over the slain. He is called Procrustes, the Stretcher. Flee from him; yet whither will you flee? The cliffs are steep, and who can climb them? and there is no road."

But Theseus laid his hand upon the old man's mouth, and said, "There is no need to flee"; and he turned to go down the pass.

"Do not tell him that I have warned you, or he will kill me by some evil death," the old man screamed after him down the glen; but Theseus strode on in his wrath.

He said to himself, "This is an ill-ruled land. When shall I have done ridding it of monsters?"

As he spoke, Procrustes came up the hill, and all the merchants with him, smiling and talking gayly. When he saw Theseus, he cried, "Ah, fair young guest, have I kept you too long waiting?"

But Theseus answered, "The man who stretches his guests upon a bed and hews off their hands and feet, what shall be done to him, when right is done throughout the land?"

Then the countenance of Procrustes changed, and his cheeks grew as green as a lizard, and he felt for his sword in haste. But Theseus leaped on him, and cried:

"Is this true, my host, or is it false?" and he

clasped Procrustes around waist and elbow, so that he could not draw his sword.

“Is this true, my host, or is it false?” But Procrustes answered never a word.

Then Theseus flung him from him, and lifted up his dreadful club; and before Procrustes could strike him, he had struck and felled him to the ground. And once again he struck him; and his evil soul fled forth, and went down into the depths squeaking, like a bat into the darkness of a cave.

Then Theseus stripped him of his gold ornaments, and went up to his house, and found there great wealth and treasure, which he had stolen from the passer-by.

And he called the people of the country, whom Procrustes had spoiled a long time, and divided the treasure among them, and went down the mountains, and away.—*Charles Kingsley.*

NOTES

1. *Theseus.* (Thee'-sūs). The great national hero of the Athenians.
2. *Pro-crus'tes.* Literally, the Stretcher. He was a famous outlaw and robber of ancient legend.
3. Be prepared to give the meanings of these words: skirting, courteously, foreign, venison, churlish, fawning, doleful, live-long, fagot, hospitable, requite, entice.

EXERCISES

1. Where is the complete story of Theseus found?
2. Who was Theseus?
3. Describe Procrustes.
4. What in the words of Procrustes tells us he is not sincere?
5. What kind of bed had he for strangers?

6. How was his bed made to fit every guest "to a hair"?
7. What caused Theseus to shrink from Procrustes who was so hospitable?
8. In what sort of place was the castle?
9. Why did Procrustes go back for the merchants?
10. What kindness did Theseus show to the aged man?
11. With what did the aged man requite the kindness?
12. How was Theseus affected by the story?
13. What was in Theseus' mind when he said, "There is no need to flee"?
14. Why did not Procrustes answer Theseus when questioned?
15. What punishment was given Procrustes for his evil deeds?
16. What was done with all his treasure?
17. In what sense is a politician sometimes referred to as a "modern Procrustes"?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

GAYLEY: Classic Myths, pp. 170-251—The Adventures of Ulysses.
POE: The Adventure of Hans Pfaal.
The Story of Theseus.
The Story of Ulysses.
The Story of Blue Beard.

THE BOOK OUR MOTHERS READ

We search the world for truth, we cull
The good, the true, the beautiful,
From graven stone and written scroll—
From all old flower-fields of the soul.

And, weary seekers for the best,
We come back laden from our quest
To find all that the sages said
Is in the book our mothers read.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE

THE man who governs a warring nation carries a responsibility sufficient to appal the heart of any one except the most patriotic or the most heedless. He is not only bound to care for the well-being of those carrying his standard, but he may be called upon to deprive them of privilege, comfort, or life itself. No graver test of ability to rule can be imposed than to bring before a ruler the fact that the inexorable demand of war is for a promising young life. Brutus yielded his sons to such a demand and thus gained the approval of the world of his day. William Shakespeare, centuries later, caused the wise Portia to deliver the last word on mercy in the administration of justice, when she told Shylock:

“it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown;
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:
But mercy is above the sceptered sway:
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute of God himself:
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.”

While Mr. Lincoln was President of the United States, he used the great power of his office to save the life of many a soldier whose youth, ignorance, or gallantry aroused his pity or admiration. Much adverse criticism arose from this habit of the great martyr president. History and posterity, however, have decreed this his most lovable trait, and one wonders if the memory of his mercy will not outlast that of all other evidences of his genius.

The following simple, touching story gives a true insight into the nobility of purpose which characterized the soldiers on both sides of the tremendous struggle of the Civil War. It shows, too, how this had its origin in the faith in Omnipotence on the part of the parents at home. This devotion and faith found a correlate in the president's instantly granting a reprieve on his own responsibility, when he knew his subordinates would chafe under the interference. Such nobility of heart inspires armed legions to dare to the uttermost, and a nation to honor in ways limited only by the powers of a deathless love.

“As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.”

THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE

"I thought, Mr. Allan, when I gave my Bennie to his country, that not a father in all this broad land made so precious a gift—no, not one. The dear boy only slept a minute, just one little minute, at his post. I know that was all, for Bennie never dozed over a duty. How prompt and reliable he was! I know he only slept one little second;—he was so young, and not strong, that boy of mine! Why, he was as tall as I, and only eighteen! And now they shoot him—because he was found asleep when doing sentinel duty. 'Twenty-four hours,' the telegram said, only twenty-four hours! Where is Bennie now?"

"We will hope with his heavenly Father," said Mr. Allan, soothingly.

"Yes, yes; let us hope. God is very merciful! 'I should be ashamed, father,' Bennie said, 'when I am a man, to think I never used this great right arm' (and he held it out so proudly before me) 'for my country, when it needed it. Palsy it, rather than keep it at the plow.' 'Go, then—go, my boy,' I said, 'and God keep you!' God has kept him, I think, Mr. Allan!" And the farmer repeated these last words slowly, as if in spite of his reason his heart doubted them.

"Like the apple of His eye, Mr. Owen; doubt it not."

Little Blossom sat near them, listening, with blanched cheek. She had not shed a tear. Her

anxiety had been so concealed that no one had noticed it. She had occupied herself mechanically in the household cares. Now, she answered a gentle tap at the kitchen door, opening it to receive a letter from a neighbor's hand. "It is from him," was all she said.

It was like a message from the dead! Mr. Owen took the letter, but could not break the envelope on account of his trembling fingers, and held it toward Mr. Allan, with the helplessness of a child. The minister opened it and read as follows:

"Dear Father: When this reaches you I shall be in eternity. At first it seemed awful to me; but I have thought about it so much that now it has no terror. They say they will not bind me nor blind me, but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, father, it might have been on the battle-field for my country, and that, when I fell, it would be fighting gloriously; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it—to die for neglect of duty!—O, father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me! But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it; and when I am gone, you may tell my comrades. I cannot now.

"You know I promised Jimmie Carr's mother I would look after her boy; and, when he fell sick, I did all I could for him. He was not strong when ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night I carried all his luggage, besides my own, on our march. Toward night we went in on double-quick, and though the luggage began to

feel very heavy, everybody else was tired, too. And as for Jimmie, if I had not lent him an arm now and then, he would have dropped by the way. I was all tired out when we went into camp, and then it was Jimmie's turn to be sentry, and I would take his place; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if a gun had been pointed at my head; but I did not know it until—well—until it was too late."

"God be thanked!" interrupted Mr. Owen. "I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep carelessly at his post."

"They tell me, to-day, that I have a short reprieve—'time to write to you,' our good Colonel says. Forgive him, father; he only does his duty; he would gladly save me if he could. And do not lay my death against Jimmie. The poor boy is heart-broken, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my place.

"I can't bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father! Tell them I die as a brave boy should, and that, when the war is over, they will not be ashamed of me, as they must be now. God help me; it is very hard to bear! Good-by, father, God seems near and dear to me; not at all as if he wished me to perish forever, but as if he felt sorry for his poor, sinful, broken-hearted child, and would take me to be with him and my Savior in a better life."

A deep sigh burst from Mr. Owen's heart. "Amen," he said, solemnly, "amen."

"To-night, in the early twilight, I shall see the cows all coming home from the pasture, and precious little Blossom standing on the back stoop, waiting for me; but I shall never, never come! God bless you all! Forgive your poor Bennie!"

Late that night the door of the "back stoop" opened softly and a little figure glided out and down the footpath that leads to the road by the mill. She seemed rather flying than walking, turning her head neither to the right nor left, looking only now and then to heaven, and folding her hands as if in prayer. Two hours later the same young girl stood at the Mill depot, watching the coming of the night train; and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her into the car, wondered at the tear-stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand. A few questions and ready answers told him all; and no father could have cared more tenderly for his only child, than he for our little Blossom. She was on her way to Washington, to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell them where and why she had gone. She had brought Bennie's letter with her; no good, kind heart, like the President's, could refuse to be melted by it. The next morning they reached New York, and the conductor hurried her on to Washington. Every minute, now, might be the means of saving her brother's life. And so, in an incredibly short time, Blossom reached the Capital and hastened to the White House. The

President had just seated himself to his morning task of overlooking and signing important papers, when without one word of announcement the door softly opened, and Blossom, with down-cast eyes and folded hands, stood before him.

“Well, my child,” he said, in his pleasant, cheerful tones, “What do you want so bright and early this morning?”

“Bennie’s life, please, sir,” faltered Blossom.

“Bennie! Who is Bennie?”

“My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post.”

“O, yes;” and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. “I remember. It was a fatal sleep. You see, my child, it was a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost by his culpable negligence.”

“So my father said,” replied Blossom, gravely. “But poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jimmie so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jimmie’s night, not his; but Jimmie was too tired, and Bennie never thought about himself, that he was tired, too.”

“What is this you say, child? Come here; I do not understand.” And the kind man caught eagerly as ever at what seemed to be a justification of the offense.

Blossom went to him; he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder and turned up the pale face toward him. How tall he seemed! And he was the President of the United States, too! A dim thought

of this kind passed for a minute through Blossom's mind; but she told her simple, straightforward story, and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read.

He read it carefully; then, taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines and rang his bell.

Blossom heard this order given: "Send this dispatch at once."

The President then turned to the girl, and said: "Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back, or—wait until to-morrow; Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir!" said Blossom.

Two days after this interview, the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the President's private room, and a strap fastened upon his shoulder. Mr. Lincoln then said: "The soldier that could carry a sick comrade's baggage, and die for the act so uncomplainingly, deserves well of his country." Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home. A crowd gathered at the Mill depot to welcome them back; and, as Farmer Owen's hand grasped that of his boy tears flowed down his cheeks, and he was heard to say fervently:

"Just and true are thy ways, Thou King of saints."—*R. D. C. Robbins.*

NOTES

1. Find out all you can of military executions. Determine the significance of blindfolding or binding a condemned man.
2. Explain, "apple of His eye," "occupied herself mechanically," and "double-quick."
3. Define, as used in this study: palsy, sentry, reprieve, stoop, capital, and culpable.

EXERCISES

1. If Mr. Owen felt as he says he did in the first few lines, how did he regard his country?
2. What kind of father do you think him?
3. Name Bennie's characteristics as his father gave them.
4. Why should Mr. Owen say, "He was as tall as I and only eighteen"?
5. What was the substance of the telegram mentioned?
6. When had Bennie said what he did of being ashamed when he became a man?
7. Why had Blossom shed no tear?
8. Why could Mr. Owen not read the letter?
9. Why had the thought of death no terrors for Bennie now?
10. From his letter, what seems to worry him most?
11. Why did Mr. Owen interrupt with the words, "Thank God"?
12. Why does Bennie ask his father to *forgive* him?
13. What caused the conductor's wonder as he helped Blossom on the train?
14. Why did he care for her so tenderly after he had heard her story?
15. Was the task of the President an easy one?
16. Would most people have found it possible to speak pleasantly in case of such an interruption at such time?
17. Was it literally true that thousands of lives might have been lost through Bennie's act?
18. Is the strict military law concerning such offenses unjust?

19. What in Blossom's speech probably caught Mr. Lincoln's attention?
20. Was Blossom naturally timid or bold?
21. How do you account for her walking right up to Mr. Lincoln as she did?
22. What did he probably write when he had read Bennie's letter?
23. What do you think of Mr. Lincoln's judgment as to the value of Bennie's life?
24. What made it valuable?
25. What was the significance of putting a *strap* upon Bennie's shoulder?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

FINCH: Nathan Hale.

WHITMAN: O Captain, My Captain.

LOWELL: Commemoration Ode.

HEMANS: Casabianca.

SARGENT: Regulus Before the Roman Senate.

KELLOGG: The Return of Regulus.

Speech of Robert Emmet.

ROSE HARDWICK THORPE: The Soldier's Reprieve.

BROWNING: The Patriot, Incident of a French Camp.

GILDER: The Celestial Passion.

A THING OF BEAUTY

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet
breathing.

—John Keats.

THE PRODIGAL SON

HOW heavy the heart of every parent becomes when he discovers the natural desire of the grown youth to seek pleasure and profit outside the home nest! How the heart of the young man swells as he realizes that he is grown and, as he fancies, able to cope with the world! His father's methods of making a living, of conducting a household, and of meeting his fellow-man seem to him crude and old-fashioned. He longs to stretch his pinions and attempt independent flight. While this feeling is natural, it is fraught with the gravest possibilities for weal or woe. In case the guiding motives of the excursion into the world are true and unselfish, the result will usually be propitious. But if these guiding influences are selfish and the youth seeks self-indulgence or regards with contempt ideas of thrift, the result almost invariably is disastrous. Then it is that we see the finest thing that is characteristic of humanity. The love of the father, though wronged, disregarded, and forgotten, persists and indeed grows more nearly divine in its character. No sacrifice will deter, no danger will daunt a father inspired with

filial love for a wayward son, who is yet dear. The greatest Teacher of the ages considered these characteristics of father and son so potent and so nearly universal that He embodied them as the keynote to one of the most striking of His parables.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says of this parable, “The parable of the Prodigal Son is the consolation of mankind, as it has been the stumbling block of all exclusive doctrines.”

THE PRODIGAL SON

And he said, A certain man had two sons:

And the younger of them said to his father, “Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me.” And he divided unto them his living.

And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living.

And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want.

And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine.

And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him.

And when he came to himself, he said, "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!"

"I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.' "

And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

And the son said unto him, "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

But the father said to his servants, "Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet:

"And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry:

"For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found." And they began to be merry.

Now his elder son was in the field; and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing.

And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant.

And he said unto him, "Thy brother is come;

and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound."

And he was angry, and would not go in; therefore came his father out, and entreated him.

And he, answering, said to his father, "Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment; and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends:

"But as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living thou hast killed for him the fatted calf."

And he said unto him, "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine.

"It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

—*The Bible.*

NOTES

1. Find all you can concerning the significance of being the oldest son in a Jewish family.
2. Luke xv, 11-32. What is a parable?
3. Tell instances you know in which fathers treated their sons with great kindness.
4. Look up carefully the following words and expressions: portion, substance, riotous living, famine, compassion, transgressed, devoured, meet, make merry.

EXERCISES

1. What thoughts had the younger son been indulging before he asked for his share of the inheritance?
2. Would it be easy for the average son to ask for such a thing?

3. Was it probably as easy for the father to comply with this request as the brevity of the narrative would seem to suggest?
4. Why should the son go into a "far country"?
5. How do you feel toward this young man at the point of his leaving?
6. Was it a natural thing that the son should waste his money?
7. Why should not the people among whom the young man wasted his money help him when he began to want?
8. How did the Jews regard the occupation of a swineherd?
9. Do you think it likely that the young man did not know enough to fill a more congenial position?
10. How was he probably clothed at this time?
11. Explain fully what you understand happened when he "came to himself."
12. Was he proud or haughty now?
13. When he planned what he would say to his father, how did he regard himself?
14. Why was he not afraid to return to his father?
15. Tell some of the things you imagine happened on the way home.
16. How could he live on the journey?
17. Would any one take him in on the way?
18. What do you want his father to do when this wayward son comes home?
19. How did it happen that the father saw him afar off when he came?
20. How did he know him when he was so far away?
21. Contrast the son's appearance when he left with that of his return.
22. Did the young man tell the truth when he said he was not worthy to be called his father's son?
23. Was it right or wrong to treat this son as the father did?
24. Is it right to feed tramps?
25. Was the feast intended to pay any obligation?
26. What was the elder son doing at this time?
27. Do you blame him for his action?
28. What is his point of view when he speaks to his father about his own treatment?

29. Had the father made any mistake in rearing his sons?
30. Does the father's answer to his elder son satisfy you? Explain.
31. In what sense does this parable explain the relationship between God and his children?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

KNIGHT: The Song of Our Syrian Guest.

LUKE x: The Good Samaritan.

RILEY: The Old Man and Jim.

HUNT: Abou Ben Adhem.

WHITTIER: The Brother of Mercy.

LOWELL: The Heritage.

BURNS: A Man's a Man for a' That.

LONGFELLOW: My Lost Youth.

POE: The Raven.

BURNS: The Cotter's Saturday Night.

PROCTER: Per Pacem ad Lucem.

WHITTIER: The Eternal Goodness.

BJÖRNSON: The Father.

DRUMMOND: Addresses — The Greatest Thing in the World.

EMERSON: Spiritual Laws.

WE THANK THEE

For flowers that bloom about our feet;
For tender grass, so fresh and sweet;
For song of bird and hum of bee;
For all things fair we hear and see,—

Father in Heaven, we thank thee!

For blue of stream and blue of sky,
For pleasant shade of branches high;
For fragrant air and cooling breeze;
For beauty of the blooming trees,—

Father in Heaven, we thank thee!

—*Anonymous.*

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

THIS poem has been pronounced "the most widely known poem in our language," a popularity due to "its interest in the lives of the poor, to its sympathy with their pleasures and realization of their hardships, and to its observation of the little things of nature." Love of nature and sympathy with common men fill every line. Gray got the setting of this poem from the scenes in and around Stoke Poges church, an ivy-covered building situated in a picturesque rural district not many miles from Windsor Castle, in England. He began the poem at the old church in 1742, continued it there a year later, but it was finally finished in Cambridge in 1750. He thus spent eight years "adding, taking away, polishing, and refining, until it (the poem) had become worthy, even in form, to be named among the great poems of the world."

The poem is a mournful, plaintive expression of grief at the passing away of the great class of unknown poor, with a clear, sweetly-sad note of praise for their homely virtues. It opens in dreamy, meditative mood, with an exquisite pic-

ture of the scenes surrounding the old church, and, at the close, "drifts into an elegy on the writer, who becomes lost in the pathos of his own sad end." Thus through the personal feeling of mingled gloom and gladness he brings the hearts of all readers into sympathetic and abiding touch with the spirit of common life. This poem may well call us away from care-free, fruitless thinking and living, to face the deeper realities of life. The great heart of the world will always love the exquisite melody and beauty, the grandeur, the sweet sadness, and the deathless truths of these lines.

It was said of General Wolfe, that as he led the daring assault on Quebec in 1759, and as the boats were slowly drifting to the landing below the Heights of Abraham, he repeated in low tones to his officers the stanza,

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Then he declared vehemently: "Gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec." He fell the next day, and died just as the shouts of the victory of his men reached his ear.

Stoke Poges Church

ELEGY WRITTEN' IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering
heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built
shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy
stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise;
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust?
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes—

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered
muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him
borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a
friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

—*Thomas Gray.*

NOTES

1. *Curfew.* From the French, *couver feu*, cover the fire. "Nearly a thousand years ago, it was the custom in English villages to ring a bell at nightfall as a signal for people to cover their fires with ashes to preserve them till morning, and as a signal for bed." To-day we have a curfew bell in many villages to keep the children off the streets after a certain hour in the evening.
2. *Knell.* "The stroke of a bell tolled at a funeral or at the death of a person." The word here sounds the first mournful note of the poem.
3. *The plowman—way.* Someone has pointed out the fact that this line may be changed into twenty different forms and yet preserve the rhythm, sentiment, and rhyming word. See how many different variations you can make.
4. *Rude.* Uneducated.

5. *Lowly bed.* The grave.
6. *Stubborn glebe.* The tough turf, or sod.
7. *Ambition.* Capitalized because it is personified to represent ambitious persons. *Grandeur* is similarly personified to represent persons of rank or title.
8. *Awaits.* The inevitable hour *awaits* . . .
9. *Storied urn.* An urn-shaped monument inscribed with the virtues of the dead.
10. *Animated bust.* A bust looking natural as life.
11. *Pregnant with celestial fire.* Filled with divine inspiration.
12. *Waked — living lyre.* "To write the noblest poetry."
13. *Hampden — Milton — Cromwell.* Look up the history of each.
14. *Or heap the shrine — Muse's flame.* Gray here condemns a current practice on the part of the English poets to write flattering verses concerning the nobility in order to obtain favor or money from them.
15. *Madding.* Excited.
16. *Sequestered vale.* Secluded spot.
17. *Frail memorial.* Simple headstones.
18. *Uncouth rhymes.* Strange, unpolished rhymes.
19. *For thee.* The poet here refers to himself. The remainder of the poem refers to the poet's own probable fate.
20. *Dirges due.* Appropriate dirges.
21. Read any good account of the life of Gray.
22. Be prepared to give the meanings of the following words and expressions as here used: curfew, circumscribed, knell, droning flight, drowsy tinklings, folds, moping, bower, solitary reign, rude, clarion, glebe, jocund, trophies, animated, fretted vault, celestial fire, purest ray serene, ingenuous, madding, sequestered, elegy, dirges due, melancholy.

EXERCISES

1. Describe the scene of this poem.
2. How long was Gray in writing the finished poem?
3. What in the first stanza tells the time of day?
4. What tells us at the start something of the mood of the poem?
5. Is "air" in stanza 2 the subject or object of the clause?

6. Explain the last line of stanza 2. Why "drowsy tinklings"?
7. What is meant by "ancient solitary reign"?
8. In what sense were the forefathers "rude"?
9. What is meant by "narrow cell"?
10. What experiences they once had are theirs no more?
11. Sketch in your own words the picture of the simple life lived by the forefathers.
12. Explain "Let not Ambition mock . . . poor."
13. What historic incident has endeared the next stanza?
14. Answer the questions in the stanza beginning, "Can stories turn"
15. What is the mansion of the fleeting breath?
16. Explain "heart once pregnant with celestial fire."
17. Explain "waked to ecstasy the living lyre."
18. In what sense did Knowledge ne'er unroll her ample page to them?
19. Explain "noble rage," "genial current of the soul."
20. Memorize and explain the meaning of the stanza beginning, "Full many a gem"
21. Who was Hampden? Milton? Cromwell?
22. What is meant by saying that some Hampden, Milton, or Cromwell may rest here in the churchyard?
23. Just what did the humble position of these people forbid them to do?
24. Explain "heap the shrine . . . Muse's flame."
25. What is "the madding crowd's ignoble strife"?
26. What shows the secluded life led by these people?
27. Explain "frail memorial," "uncouth rhymes," "holy text."
28. Explain the meaning of the question in the stanza, "For who, to dumb forgetfulness look behind"?
29. What does the poet see is to be his own fate?
30. After all his life of service, what are people likely to say of him one day?
31. From the "Epitaph," what do you think Gray valued most highly?
32. What are the least rewards with which any individual should be content?
33. What great truths of life are given in this poem?
34. To what do you think the popularity of this poem is due?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

BRYANT: Thanatopsis.

KNOX: Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?

TENNYSON: Crossing the Bar.

BROWNING: Prospice, By the Fireside.

EMERSON: Terminus.

DICKENS: Death of Little Nell.

WORDSWORTH: Intimations on Immortality.

HAYNE: In Harbor.

MC CREEENY: There is no Death.

ARNOLD: The Secret of Death.

WHITTIER: The Answer.

TAKE JOY HOME

Take joy home,
And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her,
Then will she come and oft will sing to thee,
When thou art working in the furrows; ay,
Or weeding in the sacred heart of dawn.

It is a comely fashion to be glad:
Joy is the grace we say to God.
There is a rest remaining. Hast thou sinned?
There is a sacrifice. Lift up thy head:
The lovely world and the over-world alike
Ring with a song eterne, a happy rede:
"Thy Father loves thee."

—*Jean Ingelow..*

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS

THE story of Spartacus is an interesting chapter in the history of the struggle for liberty. Great training schools for gladiators were established in Rome, Capua, Ravenna, and other cities. These gladiators were, for the most part, slaves, captives, or condemned criminals. They were forced to fight each other to the death in the arena in order to amuse the Roman populace now frenzied with the blood of conquests and civil strife. Spartacus, a Thracian by birth, was captured during the conquest of Northern Greece, sold as a slave, and sent to the training school at Capua. Here he was trained as a skilful fighter, and for twelve years was hired out to fight at public and at private entertainments. An educated Greek, with all the Greek love of liberty, he naturally resented such cruel and bloody slavery, yet in every combat he fought as became a valiant soldier.

After having proven his prowess and skill in many a combat, Spartacus incited the gladiatorial slaves at Capua to insurrection, and finally escaped with seventy comrades to the crater of Mt. Vesuvius. Here he issued a general eman-

cipation proclamation to all the slaves of Italy. For three years he defied the Roman power. Four Roman armies met disaster at the hands of his band. With a large force, he marched past Rome, entered the Po valley, and planned to cross the Alps, disband his army, and send his warriors as freedmen to their homes. His men refused to leave Italy, and demanded that they be led against Rome. During the campaign against Rome, the slave army met many reverses, was finally defeated, and Spartacus was slain.

The following speech is supposed to give the sentiment in the heart of Spartacus who, after twelve years of bloody combats on the arena sands, determined to stir up his fellow captives to strike for liberty.

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS

It had been a day of triumph at Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheatre to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. The shouts of revelry had died away; the roar of the lion had ceased; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet; and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dewdrop on the corselet of the Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of Volturnus with

wavy, tremulous light. It was a night of holy calm, when the zephyr sways the young spring leaves, and whispers among the hollow reeds its dreamy music. No sound was heard save the last sob of some retiring wave, telling its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach; and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed.

In the deep recesses of the amphitheatre, a band of gladiators were assembled, their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, the scowl of battle yet lingering on their brows, when Spartacus, rising in the midst of that grim assemblage, thus addressed them:—

“Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call him chief who for twelve long years has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad Empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus,—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men! My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Cyrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd’s flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our

flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal. One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra; and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I know not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night, the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the warhorse; the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling! To-day I killed a man in the arena; and when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped and died;—the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph! I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body to burn it on a funeral pile and mourn over its ashes. Ay! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins

they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the prætor drew back as if I were pollution, and sternly said, 'Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans!' And so, fellow gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs. O Rome, Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay, thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe; to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, until thy yellow Tiber is red as flowing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your tightened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sesterces upon your blood. Hark, hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh; but to-morrow he will break his fast upon yours, and a dainty meal for him ye will be. If ye are *beasts*, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are *men*—follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes,

and there do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Gre-
cian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch
and cower like a belabored hound beneath his
master's lash? O comrades, warriors, Thracians!
if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves. If we
must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors!
If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by
the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!

—*Elijah Kellogg.*

NOTES

1. *Gladiators.* Gladiatorial combats originated in Etruria in northern Italy. The early Etruscans first slew the prisoners upon the grave of a dead warrior, as blood thus shed was thought to delight the shades that hovered over the dead. Later, the prisoners were made to fight and kill each other, this being thought more humane than cold-blooded slaughter. The Romans adopted the custom in modified form. The first gladiatorial show in Rome was held in one of the forums and was presented by two sons at the funeral of their father, 264 B. C. The public taste for these bloody spectacles grew until imperial days saw Rome fairly infatuated by blood and slaughter.
2. *Volturnus.* A river near Capua.
3. *Arena.* The large open space in the amphitheatre. Sometimes it was covered with sand for the gladiatorial shows, sometimes flooded for naval combats.
4. *Prætor.* A Roman official performing the office of judge and interpreter of the laws.
5. *Vestals.* The six virgins, called vestal virgins, who kept the sacred fires burning in the temple of Vesta, the household goddess, from generation to generation.
6. *Numidian lion.* The most ferocious lions used in the arena were brought from Numidia in northern Africa.
7. *Roman Adonis.* A Roman nobleman having the fine manners and winning ways of the Greek god, Adonis, who captivated Venus by his charms.

8. *Sesterces*. The *sestertius* was a Roman coin commonly used as a unit of value. The term *sesterces* as here used is a general term for *money*.
9. *Thracian*. Thrace, a country north and east of Greece, touching the Black Sea.
10. Be prepared to give the meanings of the following words and expressions: gladiator, arena, private brawl, belie, defile, venerable, *prætor*, funeral pile, derision, pollution, carrion, plaited mail, ooze, tightened sinews, Adonis, *sesterces*, belabored hound, amphitheatre, victorious eagles, corselet.

EXERCISES

1. How did Spartacus come to be a gladiator?
2. What kind of gladiator had he proved himself to be?
3. Just who were these gladiators?
4. Tell the origin of gladiatorial combats.
5. In what sense was Spartacus "a savage chief of still more savage men"?
6. What tells of the simplicity of his early life?
7. Why should the boy's cheeks burn as he heard the tales of Spartan heroism?
8. What cause had he to hate the Romans?
9. Why does he mention the killing of his friend?
10. Why does the *prætor* not grant the boon asked?
11. Why did the crowd shout in derision?
12. What lessons had Rome taught him?
13. What points does Spartacus make in his final appeal to the gladiators?
14. What is the highest motive to which he appeals?
15. In what sense does he regard battle as "noble, honorable"?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

MITFORD: *Rienzi's Address*.
PATTEN: *The Seminole's Defiance*.
KNOWLES: *William Tell Among the Mountains*.
MONTGOMERY: *Arnold von Winkelried*.
BROWNING: *Incident of a French Camp*.
HALLECK: *Marco Bozzaris*.

BYRON: The Isles of Greece.

HALE: The Man Without a Country.

BRYANT: William Tell.

WENDELL PHILLIPS: Toussaint L'Ouverture.

WHITTIER: Toussaint L'Ouverture.

Story of David and Goliath.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,
“Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?”
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, “God doth not need
Either man’s work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o’er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.”

—John Milton.

THE LOSS OF THE BIRKENHEAD

THE world has been long engaged in a vain search for a true definition of bravery. Such a definition seems impossible at present, but thousands of instances might be cited where some phase of true bravery was exemplified. When a display of heroism is made with no possibility or hope of reward, it arouses universal admiration. Such incidents are the delight of the poet, and literature abounds in the narration of them.

In 1852, a steamer, The Birkenhead, engaged in carrying soldiers, struck on a hidden rock during one of her voyages. She sank soon after striking, carrying with her more than four hundred soldiers. Though this accident occurred off the Cape of Good Hope, many miles from their native England and not in the midst of the characteristic scenes of the battlefield, these heroes were honored as seldom falls to the lot of the ordinary soldier. In the following selection, it is supposed that one who survived the wreck tells the story.

THE LOSS OF THE BIRKENHEAD

Right on our flank the crimson sun went down;
The deep sea rolled around in dark repose;
When, like the wild shriek from some captured
town,
A cry of women rose.

The stout ship Birkenhead lay hard and fast,
Caught without hope upon a hidden rock;
Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when through them
passed
The spirit of that shock.

And ever like base cowards, who leave their ranks
In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,
Drifted away disorderly the planks
From underneath her keel.

Then amidst oath, and prayer, and rush, and
wreck,
Faint screams, faint questions waiting no reply,
Our colonel gave the word, and on the deck
Formed us in line to die.

To die! 'Twas hard, whilst the sleek ocean glowed
Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers;
All to the boats! cried one; he was, thank God,
No officer of ours.

Our English hearts beat true; we would not stir;
That base appeal we heard, but heeded not;
On land, on sea, we had our colors, sir,
To keep without a spot.

They shall not say in England, that we fought
With shameful strength, unhonored life to seek;
Into mean safety, mean deserters brought
By trampling down the weak.

So we made women with their children go;
The oars ply back again, and yet again;
Whilst inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
Still under steadfast men.

What follows, why recall? The brave who died,
Died without flinching in the bloody surf,
They sleep as well, beneath that purple tide,
As others under turf.

If that day's work no clasp or medal mark;
If each proud heart no cross of bronze may
press,
Nor cannon thunder loud from Tower or Park,
This feel we none the less:—

That those whom God's high grace there saved
from ill,
Those also left His martyrs in the bay,
Though not by siege, though not in battle, still
Full well had earned their pay.

—Sir F. H. Doyle.

NOTES

1. Whenever success is won by the army, the British government orders cannon to be fired in London.
2. The British soldier, who performs some deed of gallantry, may be given a Victoria Cross, a small bronze badge. Nothing is more ardently sought than this honor.
3. Be prepared to give the meanings of the following words and expressions: flank, rush of steel, keel, bronze, martyrs, flinching, thrilled, siege.

EXERCISES

1. From the opening lines, what kind of voyage does this seem to have been?
2. If the ship's timbers "thrilled as nerves," what do you know as to the force of the blow?
3. Why should the colonel form the men in line?
4. What tells us that the soldiers felt the temptation to disregard commands?
5. If the command, "All to the boats," had been obeyed, what would have been the result?
6. Why does the narrator thank God that this order did not come from the officer?
7. What does he mean by "keeping the colors without a spot"?
8. Why did not a few men go with the women and children?
9. What is the emphatic word in, "If that day's work no clasp or medal mark"?
10. What emphatic word in the line following?
11. In "This feel we none the less," what is the emphatic word?
12. Who were, "those whom God's high grace there saved from ill"?
13. Who were, "Those also left His martyrs in the bay"?
14. What was their "pay"?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

NATHAN HALE: The Martyr Spy.

LONGFELLOW: Ride of Paul Revere.

EMERSON: Concord Hymn.

TENNYSON: Charge of the Light Brigade.

BROWNING: The Patriot.

DICKENS: The Wreck.

MONTGOMERY: Make Way for Liberty.

READ: The Rising in 1776.

MACAULAY: Horatius at the Bridge.

SATISFIED*

Love wore a threadbare dress of gray,
And toiled upon the road all day.

Love wielded pick and carried pack
And bent to heavy loads the back.

Though meager-fed and sorely tasked,
One only wage Love ever asked—
A child's white face to kiss at night,
A woman's smile by candle-light.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

PLEASURES

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed!

Or like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white—then melts forever;

Or like the borealis race,

That flit ere you can point their place;

Or like the rainbow's lovely form,

Evanishing amid the storm.

—*Robert Burns.*

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THE RAVEN

IN *The Raven*, as in everything else Poe wrote, there is a “weird and marvellous music.” Everything poetical, he thought, could be interpreted by sound. He even declared he “could distinctly hear the sound of the darkness as it stole over the horizon.” While the music of the poem is admitted, its message is variously interpreted. Some have called *The Raven* a poem of remorse, the raven symbolizing regret for a mis-spent life. Some have declared the poem to be symbolical of the vanity and fruitlessness of human life. Others have regarded it as an ill-omened prophecy of the author’s own future. Many others have insisted that the poem is merely a lover’s lament for his lost love.

Poe himself, in his *Philosophy of Composition* published in *Graham’s Magazine*, April, 1846, gives the real meaning of the poem as he conceived it.

“I had now gone so far as the conception of a Raven—the bird of ill omen—monotonously repeating the one word, “Nevermore,” at the conclusion of each stanza, in a poem of melancholy tone, and in length about one hundred lines.—“Of all melancholy topics, what, accord-

ing to the *universal* understanding of mankind, is the most melancholy?" Death—was the obvious reply. "And when," I said, "is the most melancholy of topics most poetical?"—The answer, here also is obvious—"When it most closely allies itself to *Beauty*; the death then, of a beautiful woman is, unquestionably, the most poetical topic in the world—and equally is it beyond doubt that the lips best suited for such topic are those of a bereaved lover. I had now to combine the two ideas, of a lover lamenting his deceased mistress and a Raven continuously repeating the word 'Nevermore'"—a word at first being merely a commonplace answer to a commonplace question, but finally involving "the utmost conceivable amount of sorrow and despair."

"I determined, then, to place the lover in his chamber—a chamber rendered sacred to him by memories of her who had frequented it. The room is represented as richly furnished.

"I made the night tempestuous, first, to account for the Raven's seeking admission, and secondly, for the effect of contrast with the (physical) serenity within the chamber.

"I made the bird alight on the bust of Pallas, also for the effect of contrast between the marble and the plumage—the bust of Pallas being chosen, first, as most in keeping with the scholar-

ship of the lover, and, secondly, for the sonorousness of the word, Pallas, itself.

“The undercurrent of meaning is rendered first apparent in the lines:

“Take thy beak from out *my heart*, and take thy form from off my door!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore!”

“It will be observed that the words, ‘from out my heart,’ involve the first metaphorical expression in the poem. They, with the answer, ‘Nevermore,’ dispose the mind to seek a moral in all that has been previously narrated. The reader begins now to regard the Raven as emblematical—but it is not until the very last line of the very last stanza, that the intention of making him emblematical of *Mournful and Never-ending Remembrance* is permitted distinctly to be seen.”

THE RAVEN

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered,
weak and weary,

Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.

“ ‘Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber door;

Only this, and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,

And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor,

Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow, sorrow for the lost Lenore,—

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,—

Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain

Thrilled me,—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,

“ ‘Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,—

Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;

That it is, and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,

“Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there,
wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared
to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness
gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whis-
pered word “Lenore!”
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the
word “Lenore!”
 Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within
me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder
than before;
“Surely,” said I, “surely that is something at my
window-lattice;
Let me see then what thereat is, and this mystery
explore,—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery
explore;—
 “Tis the wind, and nothing more.”

Open then I flung the shutter, when, with many a
flirt and flutter,

In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days
of yore.

Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant
stopped or stayed he;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my
chamber door,—

Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my
chamber door,—

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into
smiling,

By the grave and stern decorum of the counte-
nance it wore,

“Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I
said, “art sure no craven;

Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from
the nightly shore,

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night’s
Plutonian shore?”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore!”

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear dis-
course so plainly,

Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy
bore;

For we cannot help agreeing that no living human
being

Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his
chamber door;
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his
chamber door,
With such name as “Nevermore!”

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust,
spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he
did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered,—not a feather
then he fluttered,—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, “Other friends
have flown before,—
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes
have flown before.”
Then the bird said, “Nevermore!”

Startled at the stillness, broken by reply so aptly
spoken,
“Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters is its only
stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom un-
merciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his song one
burden bore,
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden
bore,—
Of ‘Nevermore, nevermore!’ ”

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into
smiling,

Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of
bird and bust and door,

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to
linking

Fancy into fancy, thinking what this ominous bird
of yore—

What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and
ominous bird of yore—

Meant in croaking “Nevermore!”

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable ex-
pressing

To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my
bosom’s core;

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease
reclining

On the cushion’s velvet lining that the lamp-light
gloated o’er,

But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-light
gloating o’er,

She shall press, ah! nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed
from an unseen censer,

Swung by Seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on
the tufted floor.

“Wretch,” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee,—by
these angels he hath sent thee

**Respite,—respite and nepenthe from the memories
of Lenore!**

**Quaff, O, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this
lost Lenore!"**

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

**"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if
bird or devil!**

**Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed
thee here ashore,**

**Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land en-
chanted,—**

**On this home by horror haunted,—tell me truly, I
implore,—**

**Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me, tell me,
I implore!"**

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

**"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still,
if bird or devil!**

**By that Heaven that bends above us,—by that God
we both adore,**

**Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the dis-
tant Aidenn,**

**It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels
name Lenore,**

**Clasp a fair and radiant maiden, whom the angels
name Lenore!"**

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!”
I shrieked, upstarting,—
“Get thee back into the tempest and the night’s
Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy
soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust
above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy
form from off my door!”
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore!”

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is
sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my cham-
ber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that
is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o’er him streaming throws his
shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies float-
ing on the floor
Shall be lifted—*nevermore!*

—Edgar Allan Poe.

NOTES

1. If possible, read Poe’s *Philosophy of Composition*.
2. *Lenore*. The lost loved one. Poe never settled the question as to whether or not *Lenore* were a real person.
3. *Pallas*. Name given in Athens to Minerva, the goddess of wisdom. She was also called *Pallas Athene*.
4. *Plutonian shore*. The lower regions presided over by Pluto.

5. *Nepenthe*. A drink used by the ancients to give relief from sorrow and pain. Here it means forgetfulness.
6. *Tempter sent*. Sent by Satan.
7. *Balm in Gilead!* See Jeremiah viii, 22. Here the meaning is, cure for sorrow for his lost love.
8. *Aidenn*. Heaven, or harbor of rest.
9. *Seeming*. Appearance.
10. Be prepared to give meanings of the following words and expressions as here used: quaint, lore, dying ember, ghost, surcease, fantastic terrors, token, saintly days, mien, ebony bird, beguiling, stern decorum, craven, ungainly fowl, relevancy, placid bust, unmerciful disaster, dirges, melancholy, ominous, divining, gloated, censer, seraphim, respite, nepenthe, black plume, pallid bust.

EXERCISES

1. Give a summary of Poe's interpretation of the poem.
2. Who is the person speaking as the poem opens?
3. How many things tell you of the occupation of the person?
4. What is his mood?
5. Explain "wrought its ghost upon the floor."
6. How did he seek "surcease of sorrow"?
7. Why does he say "whom the angels name Lenore"?
8. What gentle interruption occurs?
9. How does he interpret it? What does he then do?
10. Why should he then "dream dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before"?
11. Why should he there speak the whispered word "Lenore"?
12. What effect is produced by the Raven's perching silently on the bust of Pallas?
13. What is the meaning of the first "Nevermore"?
14. What additional meaning is attached to the bird's second utterance?
15. How did the speaker interpret the word?
16. Why should the fiery eyes of the bird burn into his bosom's core?
17. In what way is the third answer of the Raven intimately related to the speaker's experiences?
18. Interpret the fourth "Nevermore."

19. What additional significance is given the word in the fifth answer?
20. Explain "Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door."
21. What is now the still deeper meaning of "Nevermore"?
22. Explain the meaning of the last stanza.
23. Read and re-read the poem for both music and message.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

POE: Annabel Lee, Ulalume.

BURNS: To Mary in Heaven.

BYRON: She Walks in Beauty.

BROWNING: Evelyn Hope, Last Ride Together.

MEREDITH: Indian Love-Song.

WORDSWORTH: She Was a Phantom of Delight.

ROGERS: The Rosary.

MOORE: The Lake of the Dismal Swamp.

DICKENS: Child's Dream of a Star, Death of Little Nell.

LONGFELLOW: Footsteps of Angels.

THACKERAY: Death of Colonel Newcome.

HAWTHORNE: Marble Faun, Scarlet Letter.

NADAND: Carcassonne.

PROCTER: Lost Chord.

WE SHOULD REST

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things
 If we had but a day;
We should drink alone at the purest springs
 On our upward way;
We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour
 If the hours were few;
We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher
 power
 To be and to do.

—*Anonymous.*

ANTONY'S ORATION

A GROUP of conspirators, comprising Brutus, Cassius, Casca, and others, have assassinated Julius Cæsar. The Roman populace loved Cæsar, and Brutus addresses them explaining why it was necessary to slay Cæsar.

“Not that I lov'd Cæsar less, but that I lov'd Rome more. * * * As Cæsar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him.”

Brutus, in further explanation of his action, declared, “that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself when it shall please my country to need my death.”

The fickle Roman populace shouted in approval,

“Live, Brutus! Live, Live!”

Antony and others now come in with Cæsar's body. Brutus allows Antony to speak the funeral oration and even exhorts the people to hear Antony and to show respect to the dead

Cæsar. The following is Shakespeare's idea of what Antony must have said under the circumstances. The oration is one of the most remarkable discourses of the kind that has ever been written, changing as it does the attitude of the hostile populace and moving them to believe and act in behalf of the murdered Cæsar. Plutarch's *Life of Julius Cæsar* doubtless formed the basis for this play. This extract is Plutarch's account of Antony's oration and its effect:

“Afterwards, when Cæsar's body was brought into the market place, Antonius making his funeral oration in praise of the dead, according to the ancient custom of Rome, and perceiving that his words moved the common people to compassion, he framed his eloquence to make their hearts yearn the more; and taking Cæsar's gown all bloody in his hand, he laid it open to the sight of them all, showing what a number of cuts and holes it had upon it. Therewithal the people fell presently into such a rage and mutiny, that there was no more order kept among the common people.”

ANTONY'S ORATION

ANTONY. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honorable man, 10
So are they all, all honorable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man. 15
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransom did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff. 20
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition? 25
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause; 30
What cause withdraws you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me. 35
1ST CITIZEN. Methinks there is much reason in his
sayings.

2D CITIZEN. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3D CITIZEN. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.
4TH CITIZEN. Mark'd ye his words? He would not
take the crown; 40

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1ST CITIZEN. If it be found so, some will dear
abide it.

2D CITIZEN. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with
weeping.

3D CITIZEN. There's not a nobler man in Rome
than Antony.

4TH CITIZEN. Now mark him, he begins again to
speak. 45

ANTONY. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, 50
I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men. 55

But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.

Let but the commons hear this testament,—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's
wounds, 60

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue. 65

4TH CITIZEN. We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark
Antony.

ALL. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.
ANTONY. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not
read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but
men; 70

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it?
4TH CITIZEN. Read the will! we'll hear it,

Antony! 75

You shall read us the will! Cæsar's will!
ANTONY. Will you be patient? Will you stay
awhile?

I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honorable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do
fear it. 80

4TH CITIZEN. They were traitors! honorable men!
ALL. The will! the testament!

2D CITIZEN. They were villains, murderers. The
will! Read the will!

ANTONY. You will compel me, then, to read the
will? 85

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

ALL. Come down.

2D CITIZEN. Descend.

90

(Antony comes down.)

3D CITIZEN. You shall have leave.

4TH CITIZEN. A ring; stand round.

1ST CITIZEN. Stand from the hearse, stand from
the body.

2D CITIZEN. Room for Antony! most noble Antony!

ANTONY. Nay, press not so upon me; stand
far off.

95

ALL. Stand back! room! bear back!

ANTONY. If you have tears, prepare to shed them
now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
"Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent, 100
That day he overcame the Nervii.

Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away, 105
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel;
Judge, O ye Gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him! 110
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And in his mantle muffling up his face, 115
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us. 120
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity, these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd as you see, with traitors. 125
1ST CITIZEN. O, piteous spectacle!
2^D CITIZEN. O, noble Cæsar!
3^D CITIZEN. O, woeful day!
4TH CITIZEN. O, traitors, villains!
1ST CITIZEN. O, most bloody sight! 130
2^D CITIZEN. We will be reveng'd!
ALL. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire!
Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!
ANTONY. Stay, countrymen.
1ST CITIZEN. Peace there! Hear the noble
Antony. 135
2^D CITIZEN. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll
die with him.
ANTONY. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not
stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable.
What private griefs they have, alas! I know
not, 140

That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is,

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man, 145

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on; 150

I tell you that which you yourselves do know,

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
mouths,

And bid them speak for me; but, were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue 155

In every wound of Cæsar that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

ALL. We'll mutiny.

1ST CITIZEN. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3D CITIZEN. Away, then! come, seek the conspira-
tors. 160

ANTONY. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me
speak.

ALL. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble
Antony.

ANTONY. Why, friends, you go to do you know
not what.

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas, you know not.—I must tell you, then. 165

You have forgot the will I told you of.

ALL. Most true;—the will!—let's stay, and hear
the will.

ANTONY. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas. 170

2D CITIZEN. Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his
death.

3D CITIZEN. O, royal Cæsar!

ANTONY. Hear me with patience.

ALL. Peace, ho!

ANTONY. Moreover, he hath left you all his
walks,

175

His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another? 180

1ST CITIZEN. Never, never!—Come, away, away!

We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

2D CITIZEN. Go, fetch fire.

185

3D CITIZEN. Pluck down benches.

2D CITIZEN. Pluck down forms, windows, any-
thing.

(*Exeunt citizens, with the body.*)

ANTONY. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art
afoot,

Take thou what course thou wilt!

—*From Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar."*

Act III, Scene 2.

NOTES

1. Read Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar."
2. *Lu'percal*. A cave or grotto on the Palatine hill where the ancient Roman festival of the Lupercalia was held. This festival was held on February fifteenth of each year. The Lupercal was the place where Romulus and Remus, the mythical founders of Rome, were said to have been nursed by a wolf.
3. *Commons*. Common people.
4. *Napkins*. Handkerchiefs.
5. *The Nervii*. The most warlike and powerful of the tribes Cæsar conquered in Gaul.
6. *Pompey's statue*. A statue erected as a symbol of liberty in honor of the great Pompey.
7. *Seventy-five drachmas*. Between fourteen and fifteen dollars. The drachma was worth nineteen cents.
8. Look up carefully the meanings of the following words and expressions as here used: ambitious, honorable, ransoms, coffers, reverence, mutiny, parchment, napkins, bequeathing, legacy, o'ershot, hearse, unkindly knocked, most unkindest cut, vanquished, bloody treason, vesture, sudden flood of mutiny, recreate.

EXERCISES

1. Tell the circumstances immediately preceding the opening of this oration.
2. With what object does Antony say what he does in the second line?
3. Why does he state that he speaks "under leave of Brutus, and the rest"?
4. Why does he also say, "He was my friend, faithful and just to me"?
5. Why does he repeat "honorable man" so many times?
6. What evidence (lines 15-25) does Antony introduce to show the populace that Cæsar was not ambitious?
7. Why does he say so many times, "Yet Brutus says he was ambitious"?
8. What appeal is made in lines 30, 31?

9. What is the purpose of the pause?
10. What effect has the speech produced on the populace so far?
11. What is Antony's purpose in lines 50-56?
12. Why does Antony produce the will?
13. Why add "which, pardon me, I do not mean to read"?
14. What effect does what he says immediately following have on the people?
15. Why does he urge patience and state, "I must not read it"?
16. What is the purpose of line 70?
17. Why does he not say outright what he insinuates in the next four lines?
18. What hint is given the populace in line 75?
19. Why does he urge further patience and suggest that he has wronged "the honorable men whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar"?
20. Why does he have them form a ring?
21. Why show rents in the mantle instead of wounds in the body?
22. Explain "envious Casca," "well beloved Brutus," "cursed steel," "most unkindest cut."
23. Why does he describe the assassination so vividly?
24. What daring declaration in lines 118-120?
25. Why does he wait until now to show the body?
26. Why not let the citizens go now?
27. Why does he mention "private griefs"?
28. Why does he speak of wounds as "poor dumb mouths"?
29. Why suggest that eloquence like that of Brutus could cause "The very stones of Rome to rise and mutiny"?
30. Why does he still hold the people?
31. What does he accomplish by reading the will of Cæsar?
32. What final effect was produced by the oration?
33. What was the attitude of the people at the outset?
34. Make a list of the steps by which their attitude was changed.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

SHAKESPEARE: Julius Cæsar.

KELLOGG: Spartacus to the Gladiators.

PIERPONT: Warren's Address at Bunker Hill.

PATRICK HENRY: A Call to Arms.

READ: *The Rising in 1776.*

WORDSWORTH: *Character of the Happy Warrior.*

WEBSTER: *Reply to Hayne, Supposed Speech of John Adams.*

PHILLIPS: *Napoleon Bonaparte.*

PLUTARCH: *Life of Julius Cæsar.*

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

THE BROTHER OF MERCY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER was a devout Quaker, and his interpretations of religion are remarkably liberal and practical. He seemed to catch clearly the vision that religion and life are one, and that true religious faith must find expression in service for others. He could not approve the Puritan idea of a future life spent in perfect bliss with white robes, harps, and crowns of gold. Longfellow in his *Excelsior* had already hinted at growth of the soul even in an immortal existence. Whittier's interpretation of the future life, as given in this poem, is presented so artistically and so reasonably that even his Puritan neighbors did not resent it.

Whittier based this poem upon a touching account of the death of a Brother of Mercy, Piero Luca, in Florence. The Brothers of Mercy, known also as Fathers of Mercy and Priests of Mercy, were an order of monks devoted exclusively to helping the needy, caring for the sick, and similar "tasks of love or pity." They were a *working*, not a *praying*, order of monks. When one of these working brothers came to

die, a member of a religious order was called in to give spiritual guidance and comfort.

In the scene described, Piero, a Brother of Mercy, lay dying after forty years of faithful ministry. By his side sat the religious monk of La Certosa assuring him that his life of faithful labor should be rewarded by rest and perfect

BROTHERS OF MERCY

bliss among the white-robed saints. The significant reply of the sincere Piero, the muttering reproach and flight of the pale monk, and the sweet benediction of an angel presence, are the framework upon which Whittier constructs his practical philosophy of a future life, culminating

in the tender, compassionate voice of the angel saying,

“Never fear!
For heaven is love, as God himself is love;
Thy work below shall be thy work above.”

A hurried reading of such a poem will not satisfy. The poem must be studied until its message sinks into the very soul of the reader.

THE BROTHER OF MERCY*

Piero Luca, known of all the town
As the gray porter by the Pitti wall
Where the noon shadows of the gardens fall,
Sick and in dolor, waited to lay down
His last sad burden, and beside his mat
The barefoot monk of La Certosa sat.

Unseen, in square and blossoming garden drifted,
Soft sunset lights through green Val d' Arno sifted;
Unheard, below the living shuttles shifted
Backward and forth, and wove, in love or strife,
In mirth or pain, the mottled web of life:
But when at last came upward from the street
Tinkle of bell and tread of measured feet,
The sick man started, strove to rise in vain,
Sinking back heavily with a moan of pain.
And the monk said, “ 'Tis but the Brotherhood
Of Mercy going on some errand good:
Their black masks by the palace-wall I see.”

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Piero answered faintly, "Woe is me!
This day for the first time in forty years
In vain the bell hath sounded in my ears,
Calling me with my brethren of the mask,
Beggar and prince alike, to some new task
Of love or pity,—haply from the street
To bear a wretch plague-stricken, or, with feet
Hushed to the quickened ear and feverish brain,
To tread the crowded lazaretto's floors,
Down the long twilight of the corridors,
Midst tossing arms and faces full of pain.
I loved the work: it was its own reward.
I never counted on it to offset
My sins, which are many, or make less my debt
To the free grace and mercy of our Lord;
But somehow, father, it has come to be
In these long years so much a part of me,
I should not know myself, if lacking it,
But with the work the worker too would die,
And in my place some other self would sit
Joyful or sad,—what matters, if not I?
And now all's over. Woe is me!" — "My son,"
The monk said soothingly, "thy work is done;
And no more as a servant, but the guest
Of God thou enterest thy eternal rest.
No toil, no tears, no sorrow for the lost,
Shall mar thy perfect bliss. Thou shalt sit down
Clad in white robes, and wear a golden crown
Forever and forever." — Piero tossed
On his sick-pillow: "Miserable me!
I am too poor for such grand company;

The crown would be too heavy for this gray
Old head; and God forgive me if I say
It would be hard to sit there night and day,
Like an image in the Tribune, doing naught
With these hard hands, that all my life have
wrought,

Not for bread only, but for pity's sake.
I'm dull at prayers: I could not keep awake,
Counting my beads. Mine's but a crazy head,
Scarce worth the saving, if all else be dead.
And if one goes to heaven without a heart,
God knows he leaves behind his better part.
I love my fellow-men: the worst I know
I would do good to. Will death change me so
That I shall sit among the lazy saints,
Turning a deaf ear to the sore complaints
Of souls that suffer? Why, I never yet
Left a poor dog in the *strada* hard beset,
Or ass o'erladen! Must I rate man less
Than dog or ass, in holy selfishness?
Methinks (Lord, pardon, if the thought be sin!)
The world of pain were better if therein
One's heart might still be human, and desires
Of natural pity drop upon its fires
Some cooling tears."

Thereat the pale monk crossed
His brow, and muttering, "Madman! thou art lost!"
Took up his pyx and fled; and, left alone,
The sick man closed his eyes with a great groan
That sank into a prayer, "Thy will be done!"

Then was he made aware, by soul or ear,
Of somewhat pure and holy bending o'er him,
And of a voice like that of her who bore him,
Tender and most compassionate: "Never fear!
For heaven is love, as God himself is love;
Thy work below shall be thy work above."
And when he looked, lo! in the stern monk's place
He saw the shining of an angel's face!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

NOTES

1. This scene is located in Florence, a beautiful walled city situated on the river Arno in upper Italy.
2. *Pitti wall*. One of the city walls.
3. *La Certosa*. Pronounced *chĕr-tō'să*.
4. *Val d' Arno*. Valley of the Arno river.
5. *Black masks*. The Brothers of Mercy wore black.
6. *Lazaretto's floors*. Floors of the great city hospital.
7. *Tribune*. An elevated bench or platform for speakers before the legislative assembly.
8. *Strada*. Street.
9. Be prepared to give the meanings of the following words and expressions as here used: *dolor*, living shuttles, lazaretto, free grace, wrought, *strada*, holy selfishness, *pyx*, compassionate.

EXERCISES

1. Why was Piero called the "gray porter"? How long had he served as a Brother of Mercy?
2. Explain "waited to lay down his last sad burden."
3. Why was the monk of *La Certosa* by Piero's side?
4. Why should the dying monk start at the "tinkle of bell"?
5. What explanation of the "tinkle of bell" is made by the barefoot monk?
6. Why does Piero say the bell sounds for him "in vain"?
7. Cite passages showing the kind of work done by the Brothers of Mercy.

8. What is shown of Piero in his declaration, "I loved the work"? How could such work be its own reward?
9. Why did not Piero count on this work to offset his sins?
10. Explain the deeper meaning of "Woe is me!"
11. What comfort did the barefoot monk now offer?
12. Why should Piero now toss on his pillow?
13. What was the first thought that came to him?
14. Why would it be *hard* for him "to sit there night and day like an image in the Tribune"?
15. Explain "for pity's sake."
16. Why should this monk confess, "I'm dull at prayers"?
17. Explain the two lines beginning "And if one goes to heaven."
18. What is shown of this monk in "the worst I know I would do good to"?
19. Why does he speak of "lazy saints"?
20. How does he fancy these "lazy saints" are related to the suffering world?
21. Explain "holy selfishness" as here connected with the "lazy saints."
22. Why would Piero prefer "the world of pain" with service for humanity to a heaven of "perfect bliss"?
23. What effect did this declaration have upon the religious monk of La Certosa?
24. Why should the pale monk regard such a worker as "lost"?
25. Then why not cling to him the more closely?
26. What was Piero's spirit and attitude of soul as shown by his last utterance?
27. What striking truth did the tender angel voice reveal to him?
28. How did this truth vary from the ordinary religious idea of heaven in Whittier's day?
29. Point out the passages you like best in the poem, and give reasons for your preference.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

HUNT: Abou Ben Adhem.

WHITTIER: The Prayer Seeker, The Eternal Goodness, Thy Will Be Done.

LONGFELLOW: Santa Filomena, Excelsior, The Legend Beautiful.

MATTHEW xxv, 34-46: Story of the Good Samaritan.

LOWELL: Vision of Sir Launfal, Yussouf.
ANDREWS: The Perfect Tribute.
MASON: The Voyage.
WORDSWORTH: The Wishing-Gate.
RILEY: God Bless Us Every One.
SILL: The Fool's Prayer.
MARGARET DELAND: Life.
IAN MACLAREN: Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.
EMERSON: The Over-Soul.
BACON: Of Love.
DRUMMOND: The Greatest Thing in the World.
BROOKS: The Beauty of a Life of Service.
ALICE BROWN: Rosy Balm.
KIPLING: The Bell Buoy.

MY COUNTRY

From sea to sea my country lies
Beneath the splendor of the skies.

Far reach its plains, its hills are high,
Its mountains look up to the sky.

Its lakes are clear as crystal bright,
Its rivers sweep through vale and height.

America, my native land,
To thee I give my heart and hand.

God in His might chose thee to be
The country of the noble free!

—Marie Zetterberg.

LINCOLN, THE GREAT COMMONER

AS Abraham Lincoln lay dying, Edmund Stanton, the great War Secretary, said, "Now he belongs to the ages." At the time, few or none comprehended the import of this saying. With the passing years, not statesmen alone nor Americans alone, but the world is beginning to see that the wisdom of the speaker is being verified hourly. Everywhere the martyr-president's wisdom, tenderness, and simplicity have been discussed until he has become the accepted type of these virtues. His old friends, the members of his cabinet, his letters, and every conceivable source have been besought for additional material concerning the habits, character and life of this great American. Authors of all degrees of prominence have laid their meed of praise upon the monument of Lincoln Literature until it has grown to bewildering magnitude. No man has ever received more eloquent or more finely conceived tributes than

"The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious patient, dreading praise not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American."

Among all the splendid tributes paid, none excels in beauty, aptness, and dignity the follow-

LINCOLN—DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH

ing written by Edwin Markham, the author of
“The Man with the Hoe”:

LINCOLN, THE GREAT COMMONER*

When the Norn-Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour,
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,

*Used by the courteous permission of the Editor of McClure's Magazine, in which the poem was first published.

She bent the strenuous Heavens and came down,
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
It was a stuff to wear for centuries,
A man that matched the mountains and compelled
The stars to look our way and honor us.

The color of the ground was in him, the red Earth.
The tang and odor of the primal things;
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving kindness of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

And so he came,
From prairie cabin to the Capitol,
One fair ideal led our chieftain on,
Forevermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a King.
He built the rail pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,

The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the step of earthquake shook the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient hold,
He held the ridgepole up and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise,
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a kingly cedar green with boughs
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

—*Edwin Markham.*

NOTES

1. If possible, secure a collection of pictures of Mr. Lincoln and study carefully the striking features and expressions of each.
2. Read some good biography of Mr. Lincoln and if obtainable, a collection of Lincoln Stories.
3. *Norn-Mother.* See *Norn* in any good dictionary.
4. Look up the meanings of the following words and expressions as here used: Norn-Mother, strenuous Heavens, Whirlwind Hour, tang, primal things, rectitude, tolerance, equity, flaring, wrenching, ridgepole.

EXERCISES

1. Explain, "Norn-Mother."
2. What was the "Whirlwind Hour"?
3. Why were the Heavens spoken of as "strenuous"?
4. What does the word "mortal" mean as used in the fourth line?
5. What is the significance of "tried clay"?
6. Tell an incident of Lincoln's life that would prove that he was yet "warm with the genial heat of earth."

7. Mention anything he ever said that betrays a "strain of prophecy."
8. What shows that "laughter" was mixed in?
9. How did he "match our mountains"?
10. How many characteristics are enumerated in the second stanza?
11. Mention any comparison that seems beautiful to you?
12. What is the Matterhorn?
13. What is the difference in aim of the first two stanzas?
14. What is the purpose of the third stanza?
15. Do you consider it probable that the forests and prairies did affect his character?
16. Define "burned" as used in "he burned to do his deed."
17. In what sense did his conscience test every stroke?
18. How are our deeds frequently the "measure of a man"?
19. Why call Lincoln "Captain"?
20. What was "the house"?
21. What was "the step of earthquake" which "shook the house"?
22. What was the "long purpose"?
23. What is shown of one who falters at praise?
24. Explain "fell in whirlwind."
25. Why compare him with a cedar, "green with boughs"?
26. In what sense did Lincoln leave a "lonesome place against the sky"?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

WHITMAN: O Captain! My Captain!

LINCOLN: Gettysburg Address.

LOWELL: Centennial Hymn.

INGERSOLL: Eulogy of Lincoln.

STODDARD: Abraham Lincoln.

TYRRELL: The Man of the Hour.

WORDSWORTH: The Happy Warrior.

PHILLIPS BROOKS: Abraham Lincoln, A Funeral Sermon.

BEECHER: The Death of Lincoln.

The Soldier's Reprieve.

ANDREWS: The Perfect Tribute.

WATTERSON: Abraham Lincoln.

STEDMAN: The Hand of Lincoln.

THE TRIAL BY COMBAT

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S famous novel, *Ivanhoe*, is read with keenest relish by those who love brilliant, stirring, romantic tales. The scene in which the life of the beautiful Rebecca hangs upon the issue of single combat is most touching and impressive. This scene, as given in one of the closing chapters of *Ivanhoe*, is here reproduced.

Brian de Bois-Guilbert, a Knight Templar, became wildly infatuated with the fair Jewess, Rebecca, who did not return his love. She had already lost her heart to the brave Ivanhoe whom she was nursing back to health and strength; yet she generously respected his true love for the gentle heiress, Lady Rowena. Bois-Guilbert had plead for Rebecca's love, but had been heartlessly repulsed. When the great Castle of Torquilstone, in which Rebecca was practicing her healing arts on the wounded Ivanhoe, was besieged and in flames, the ghastly figure of Bois-Guilbert, with gilded armor broken and bloody, appeared in the sick-room and urged Rebecca to fly with him to love and safety. "Alone," answered Rebecca, "I will not follow thee"...

“Savage warrior, rather will I perish in the flames than accept safety from thee!”

Thereupon he seized the terrified maiden, who filled the air with her shrieks, and bore her through fire and smoke and slaughter to the court-yard. She was mounted on horseback in front of a slave and hurried off to the Castle of the Knights Templars at Templestowe, where she was imprisoned for a time, then convicted of witchcraft on account of her religion, her skill in medicine, and her attractiveness. She was condemned to die the slow, wretched death by fire, a sentence which was to be suspended only on condition that she secure a champion who should overcome the representative of the Templars in single combat. Brian de Bois-Guilbert was chosen to fight Rebecca's champion and thus in victorious combat to lift from his soul the strange spell of her sorcery. The following extract tells of the combat and its issue.

THE TRIAL BY COMBAT

The scene is the exterior of the Castle or Preceptory of Templestowe, about the hour when the bloody die was to be cast for the life or death of Rebecca. It was a scene of bustle and life, as if the whole vicinity had poured forth its inhabitants to a village wake or rural feast. But the earnest desire to look on blood and death is not

peculiar to those dark ages; though in the gladiatorial exercise of single combat and general tourney, they were habituated to the bloody spectacle of brave men falling by each other's hands. Even in our own days, when morals are better understood, an execution, a bruising match, a riot, or a meeting of radical reformers, collects, at considerable hazard to themselves, immense crowds of spectators, otherwise little interested except to see how matters are to be conducted.

The eyes, therefore, of a very considerable multitude were bent on the gate of the Preceptory of Templestowe, with the purpose of witnessing the procession; while still greater numbers had already surrounded the tiltyard belonging to that establishment. This enclosure was formed on a piece of level ground adjoining the Preceptory, which had been levelled with care, for the exercise of military and chivalrous sports. It occupied the brow of a soft and gentle eminence, was carefully palisaded around, and, as the Templars willingly invited spectators to be witnesses of their skill in feats of chivalry, was amply supplied with galleries and benches for their use.

On the present occasion, a throne was erected for the Grand Master at the east end, surrounded with seats of distinction for the Preceptors and Knights of the Order. Over these floated the sacred standard, called *Le Beauseant*, which was the ensign, as its name was the battle-cry, of the Templars.

At the opposite end of the lists was a pile of fagots, so arranged around a stake, deeply fixed in the ground, as to leave a space for the victim whom they were destined to consume, to enter within the fatal circle, in order to be chained to the stake by the fetters which hung ready for that purpose. Beside this deadly apparatus stood four black slaves, whose color and African features, then so little known in England, appalled the multitude, who gazed on them as on demons employed about their own diabolical exercises. These men stirred not, excepting now and then, under the direction of one who seemed their chief, to shift and replace the ready fuel. They looked not on the multitude. In fact, they seemed insensible of their presence, and of everything save the discharge of their own horrible duty. And when, in speech with each other, they expanded their blubber lips and showed their white fangs, as if they grinned at the thoughts of the expected tragedy, the startled commons could scarcely help believing that they were actually the familiar spirits with whom the witch had communed, and who, her time being out, stood ready to assist in her dreadful punishment. They whispered to each other, and communicated all the feats which Satan had performed during that busy and unhappy period, not failing, of course, to give the devil rather more than his due. . . .

As they thus conversed, the heavy bell of the church of St. Michael of Templestowe, a venerable

building, situated in a hamlet at some distance from the Preceptory, broke short their argument. One by one the sullen sounds fell successively on the ear, leaving but sufficient space for each to die away in distant echo, ere the air was again filled by repetition of the iron knell. These sounds, the signal of the approaching ceremony, chilled with awe the hearts of the assembled multitude, whose eyes were now turned to the Preceptory, expecting the approach of the Grand Master, the champion, and the criminal.

At length the drawbridge fell, the gates opened, and a knight, bearing the great standard of the Order, sallied from the castle, preceded by six trumpets, and followed by the Knights Preceptor, two and two, the Grand Master coming last, mounted on a stately horse, whose furniture was of the simplest kind. Behind him came Brian de Bois-Guilbert, armed cap-a-pie in bright armor, but without his lance, shield, and sword, which were borne by his two esquires behind him. His face, though partly hidden by a long plume which floated down from his barret-cap, bore a strong and mingled expression of passion, in which pride seemed to contend with irresolution. He looked ghastly pale, as if he had not slept for several nights, yet reined his pawing war-horse with the habitual ease and grace proper to the best lance of the Order of the Temple. His general appearance was grand and commanding; but, looking at him with attention, men read that in his dark

features, from which they willingly withdrew their eyes.

On either side rode Conrade of Mont-Fitchet, and Albert de Malvoisin, who acted as godfathers to the champion. They were in their robes of peace, the white dress of the Order. Behind them followed other Companions of the Temple, with a long train of esquires and pages clad in black, aspirants to the honor of being one day Knights of the Order. After these neophytes came a guard of warders on foot, in the same sable livery, amidst whose partisans might be seen the pale form of the accused moving with a slow but undismayed step towards the scene of her fate. She was stripped of all her ornaments, lest perchance there should be among them some of those amulets which Satan was supposed to bestow upon his victims, to deprive them of the power of confessing even when under the torture. A coarse white dress, of the simplest form, had been substituted for her Oriental garments; yet there was such an exquisite mixture of courage and resignation in her look, that even in this garb, and with no other ornament than her long black tresses, each eye wept that looked upon her, and the most hardened bigot regretted the fate that had converted a creature so goodly into a vessel of wrath and a waged slave of the devil.

A crowd of inferior personages belonging to the Preceptory followed the victim, all moving

with the utmost order, with arms folded, and looks bent upon the ground.

This slow procession moved up the gentle eminence, on the summit of which was the tilt-yard, and, entering the lists, marched once around them from right to left, and when they had completed the circle, made a halt. There was then a momentary bustle, while the Grand Master and all his attendants, excepting the champion and his godfathers, dismounted from their horses, which were immediately removed out of the lists by the esquires, who were in attendance for that purpose.

The unfortunate Rebecca was conducted to the black chair placed near the pile. On her first glance at the terrible spot where preparations were making for a death alike dismaying to the mind and painful to the body, she was observed to shudder and shut her eyes, praying internally, doubtless, for her lips moved though no speech was heard. In the space of a minute she opened her eyes, looked fixedly on the pile as if to familiarize her mind with the object, and then slowly and naturally turned away her head.

Meanwhile, the Grand Master had assumed his seat; and when the chivalry of his Order was placed around and behind him, each in his due rank, a loud and long flourish of the trumpets announced that the Court were seated for judgment. Malvoisin, then, acting as godfather of the champion, stepped forward, and laid the glove of

the Jewess, which was the pledge of battle, at the feet of the Grand Master.

“**Valorous Lord, and reverend Father,**” said he, “here standeth the good knight, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Knight Preceptor of the Order of the Temple, who, by accepting the pledge of battle which I now lay at your reverence’s feet, hath become bound to do his devoir in combat this day, to maintain that this Jewish maiden, by name Rebecca, hath justly deserved the doom passed upon her in a chapter of this most holy Order of the Temple of Zion, condemning her to die as a sorceress;—here, I say, he standeth, such battle to do, knightly and honorable, if such be your noble and sanctified pleasure.”

“**Hath he made oath,**” said the Grand Master, “**that his quarrel is just and honorable?**”

“**Sir, and most reverend Father,**” answered Malvoisin, readily, “our brother here present hath already sworn to the truth of his accusation in the hand of the good knight Conrade de Mont-Fitchet; and otherwise he ought not to be sworn, seeing that his adversary is an unbeliever, and may take no oath.”

The Grand Master, having allowed the apology, commanded the herald to stand forth and do his devoir. The trumpets then again flourished, and a herald, stepping forward, proclaimed aloud, “**Oyez, oyez, oyez.—Here standeth the good knight, Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, ready to do battle with any knight of free blood, who will sustain**

the quarrel allowed and allotted to the Jewess Rebecca, to try by champion, in respect of lawful essoin of her own body; and to such champion the reverend and valorous Grand Master here present allows a fair field, and equal partition of sun and wind, and whatever else appertains to a fair combat." The trumpets again sounded, and there was a dead pause of many minutes.

"No champion appears for the appellant," said the Grand Master. "Go, herald, and ask her whether she expects any one to do battle for her in this her cause." The herald went to the chair in which Rebecca was seated, and Bois-Guilbert, suddenly turning his horse's head towards that end of the lists, in spite of hints on either side from Malvoisin and Mont-Fitchet, was by the side of Rebecca's chair as soon as the herald.

"Damsel," said the herald, "the Honorable and Reverend the Grand Master demands of thee, if thou art prepared with a champion to do battle this day in thy behalf, or if thou dost yield thee as one justly condemned to a deserved doom?"

"Say to the Grand Master," replied Rebecca, "that I maintain my innocence, and do not yield me as justly condemned, lest I become guilty of mine own blood. Say to him, that I challenge such delay as his forms will permit, to see if God, whose opportunity is in man's extremity, will raise me up a deliverer; and when such uttermost space is passed, may His holy will be done!" The

herald retired to carry this answer to the Grand Master.

“God forbid,” said Lucas Beaumanoir, “that Jew or pagan should impeach us of injustice!—Until the shadows be cast from the west to the eastward, will we wait to see if a champion shall appear for this unfortunate woman. When the day is so far passed, let her prepare for death.”

The herald communicated the words of the Grand Master to Rebecca, who bowed her head submissively, folded her arms, and, looking up towards heaven, seemed to expect that aid from above which she could scarce promise herself from man. During this awful pause, the voice of Bois-Guilbert broke upon her ear—it was but a whisper, yet it startled her more than the summons of the herald had appeared to do.

“Rebecca,” said the Templar, “dost thou hear me?”

“I have no portion in thee, cruel, hard-hearted man,” said the unfortunate maiden.

“Ay, but dost thou understand my words?” said the Templar; “for the sound of my voice is frightful in mine own ears. I scarce know on what ground we stand, or for what purpose they have brought us hither.—This listed space—that chair—these fagots—I know their purpose, and yet it appears to me like something unreal—the fearful picture of a vision which appalls my sense with hideous fantasies, but convinces not my reason.”

“My mind and senses keep touch and time,”

answered Rebecca, "and tell me alike that these fagots are destined to consume my earthly body, and open a painful but a brief passage to a better world."

"Dreams, Rebecca,—dreams," answered the Templar; "idle visions, rejected by the wisdom of your own wiser Sadducees. Hear me, Rebecca," he said, proceeding with animation; "a better chance hast thou for life and liberty than yonder knaves and dotard dream of. Mount thee behind me on my steed—on Zamor, the gallant horse that never failed his rider. I won him in single fight from the Soldan of Trebizon—mount, I say, behind me—in one short hour is pursuit and inquiry far behind—a new world of pleasure opens to thee—to me a new career of fame. Let them speak the doom which I despise, and erase the name of Bois-Guilbert from their list of monastic slaves! I will wash out with blood whatever blot they may dare to cast on my escutcheon."

"Tempter," said Rebecca, "begone!—Not in this last extremity canst thou move me one hair's-breadth from my resting-place—surrounded as I am by foes, I hold thee as my worst and most deadly enemy—avoid thee, in the name of God!"

Albert Malvoisin, alarmed and impatient at the duration of their conference, now advanced to interrupt it.

"Hath the maiden acknowledged her guilt?" he demanded of Bois-Guilbert; "or is she resolute in her denial?"

"She is indeed *resolute*," said Bois-Guilbert.

At this instant a knight, urging his horse to speed, appeared on the plain advancing towards the lists. A hundred voices exclaimed, "A champion! A champion!" And despite the prepossessions and prejudices of the multitude, they shouted unanimously as the knight rode into the tiltyard. The second glance, however, served to destroy the hope that his timely arrival had excited. His horse, urged for many miles to its utmost speed, appeared to reel from fatigue, and the rider, however undauntedly he presented himself in the lists, either from weakness, weariness, or both, seemed scarce able to support himself in the saddle.

To the summons of the herald, who demanded his rank, his name, and purpose, the stranger knight answered readily and boldly: "I am a good knight and noble, come hither to sustain with lance and sword the just and lawful quarrel of this damsel, Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York; to uphold the doom pronounced against her to be false and truthless, and to defy Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, as a traitor, murderer, and liar! as I will prove in this field with my body against his, by the aid of God, of Our Lady, and of Monseigneur Saint George, the good knight."

"The stranger must first show," said Malvoisin, "that he is a good knight, and of honorable lineage. The Temple sendeth not forth her champions against nameless men."

“My name,” said the knight, raising his helmet, “is better known, my lineage more pure, Malvoisin, than thine own. I am Wilfred of Ivanhoe.”

“I will not fight with thee at present,” said the Templar, in a changed and hollow voice. “Get thy wounds healed, purvey thee a better horse, and it may be I will hold it worth my while to scourge out of thee this boyish spirit of bravado.”

“Ha! proud Templar,” said Ivanhoe, “hast thou forgotten that twice didst thou fall before this lance? Remember the lists at Acre—remember the passage of arms at Ashby—remember thy proud vaunt in the halls of Rotherwood, and the gage of your gold chain against my reliquary, that thou wouldest do battle with Wilfred of Ivanhoe, and recover the honor thou hadst lost! By that reliquary, and the holy relic it contains, I will proclaim thee, Templar, a coward in every court in Europe, in every Preceptory of thine Order, unless thou do battle without further delay.”

Bois-Guilbert turned his countenance irresolutely towards Rebecca, and then exclaimed, looking fiercely at Ivanhoe, “Dog of a Saxon! take thy lance, and prepare for the death thou hast drawn upon thee!”

“Does the Grand Master allow me the combat?” said Ivanhoe.

“I may not deny what thou hast challenged,” said the Grand Master, “provided the maiden accepts thee as her champion. Yet I would thou wert in better plight to do battle. An enemy of

our Order hast thou ever been, yet would I have thee honorably met with."

"Thus—thus as I am, and not otherwise," said Ivanhoe; "it is the judgment of God—to his keeping I commend myself.—Rebecca," said he, riding up to the fatal chair, "dost thou accept of me for thy champion?"

"I do," she said, "I do," fluttered by an emotion which the fear of death had been unable to produce, "I do accept thee as the champion whom Heaven hath sent me. Yet, no—no—thy wounds are uncured. Meet not that proud man. Why shouldst thou perish, also?"

But Ivanhoe was already at his post, and had closed his visor and assumed his lance. Bois-Guilbert did the same; and his esquire remarked, as he clasped his visor, that his face, which had, notwithstanding the variety of emotions by which he had been agitated, continued during the whole morning of an ashy paleness, was now become suddenly very much flushed.

The herald, then, seeing each champion in his place, uplifted his voice, repeating thrice—*Faites vos devoirs, preux chevaliers!* After the third cry, he withdrew to one side of the lists, and again proclaimed, that none, on peril of instant death, should dare, by word, cry, or action, to interfere with or disturb this fair field of combat. The Grand Master, who held in his hand the gage of battle, Rebecca's glove, now threw it into the lists,

and pronounced the fatal signal words, *Laissez aller*.

The trumpets sounded, and the knights charged each other in full career. The wearied horse of Ivanhoe, and its no less exhausted rider, went down, as all had expected, before the well-aimed lance and vigorous steed of the Templar. This issue of the combat all had foreseen; but although the spear of Ivanhoe did but, in comparison, touch the shield of Bois-Guilbert, that champion, to the astonishment of all who beheld it, reeled in his saddle, lost his stirrups, and fell in the lists.

Ivanhoe, extricating himself from his fallen horse, was soon on foot, hastening to mend his fortune with his sword; but his antagonist arose not. Wilfred, placing his foot on his breast, and the sword's point to his throat, commanded him to yield him, or die on the spot. Bois-Guilbert returned no answer.

“Slay him not, Sir Knight,” cried the Grand Master, “unshiven and unabsolved—kill not body and soul! We allow him vanquished.”

He descended into the lists, and commanded them to unhelm the conquered champion. His eyes were closed—the dark red flush was still on his brow. As they looked on him in astonishment, the eyes opened—but they were fixed and glazed. The flush passed from his brow, and gave way to the pallid hue of death. Unscathed by the lance of his enemy, he had died a victim to the violence of his own contending passions.

"This is indeed the judgment of God," said the Grand Master, looking upward—"Fiat voluntas tua!"

When the first moments of surprise were over, Wilfred of Ivanhoe demanded of the Grand Master, as judge of the field, if he had manfully and rightfully done his duty in the combat?

"Manfully and rightfully hath it been done," said the Grand Master; "I pronounce the maiden free and guiltless—The arms and the body of the deceased knight are at the will of the victor."

"I will not despoil him of his weapons," said the Knight of Ivanhoe, "nor condemn his corpse to shame—he hath fought for Christendom—God's arm, no human hand, hath this day struck him down."—Sir Walter Scott.

NOTES

1. *Preceptory.* *Preceptor* was the title given to a commander of the Knights Templar. Hence the word *preceptory*, a religious castle of the Templars with fortifications, a church, and other buildings. Albert Malvoisin was President, or Preceptor, of the establishment of Templestowe. Beau-manoir was the Grand Master.
2. Look up the history of the Knights Templar.
3. *Cap-a-pie.* From head to foot.
4. *Barret-cap.* A kind of head-piece worn by the knights in battle.
5. *Devoir.* Duty.
6. *Oyez, oyez, oyez.* Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye!
7. *Essoin.* Excuse for non-appearance.
8. *Our Lady.* The Virgin Mary.
9. *St. George.* Sainted champion of right by whose name the most valiant Christian knights took their holiest pledges.

10. *Acre, Ashby.* Places where, in tournament, Ivanhoe had triumphed over Bois-Guilbert.
11. *Faites vos devoirs, preux chevaliers.* Do your duty, brave knights!
12. *Laissez aller.* Let go, or Go!
13. *Fiat voluntas tua!* Thy will be done!
14. Look up carefully the meanings of the following words as here used: Preceptor, die, gladiatorial, hazard, tiltyard, chivalry, lists, diabolical, esquires, *cap-a-pie*, barret-cap, neophytes, partisans, amulets, bigot, devoir, appellant, impeach, escutcheon, doom, purvey, reliquary, gage, unshriven, unabridged.

EXERCISES

1. Give a brief summary of the events leading up to the combat scene.
2. Why were so many people so anxious to look on blood and death?
3. For what was the tiltyard used?
4. Describe briefly the scene presented before the Grand Master appeared.
5. Why did the black slaves appall the multitudes?
6. What effect was produced by the tolling of the church bell?
7. Why do the Knights Templar appear with such pomp and ceremony?
8. What emotions filled the heart of Bois-Guilbert?
9. Why was he "ghastly pale"?
10. Explain "men read that in his dark features from which they willingly withdrew their eyes."
11. Why was Rebecca stripped of her ornaments and clothed in coarse white?
12. Explain "each eye wept that looked at her."
13. Why did even the most hardened bigot regret her fate?
14. Why was Rebecca thought to be "praying internally"?
15. Describe the ceremonies which precede the inquiry for Rebecca's champion.
16. Why was Bois-Guilbert so quick to move to Rebecca's side?
17. What is shown of Rebecca in her reply to the herald?
18. What solution of the difficulty does Bois-Guilbert now offer Rebecca?

19. Explain fully her "I hold thee as my worst and most deadly enemy."
20. Explain "She is indeed *resolute*."
21. Why did the crowd greet the "champion" so eagerly?
22. Why did not Bois-Guilbert desire to fight with the young knight?
23. What taunt does Ivanhoe utter?
24. What threat declared by Bois-Guilbert?
25. Explain Ivanhoe's "it is the judgment of God."
26. Why was Rebecca loath to accept Ivanhoe as her champion?
27. Describe briefly the combat.
28. Explain "he had died a victim of his own contending passions."
29. In what sense was this "the judgment of God"?
30. What shows that the Grand Master acquiesced in the decision?
31. Explain "God's arm, no human hand, hath this day struck him down."
32. What was the final verdict of the Grand Master?
33. What are the strongest points in the character of Rebecca?
In the character of Ivanhoe?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

SCOTT: Ivanhoe, Kenilworth, The Talisman.

ROLFE: Tales of Chivalry and the Olden Times.

READE: Cloister and Hearth.

BROWNING: Count Gismond, Hervé Riel.

POETER: Scottish Chiefs.

GILDER: The Parting of the Ways.

LOWELL: Vision of Sir Launfal.

TENNYSON: Sir Galahad, The Lady of Shalott, Idylls of the King, Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead.

BROWNING: Incident of a French Camp.

HALLECK: Marco Bozzaris.

WILSON: Such is the Death the Soldier Dies.

HUNT: The Glove and the Lions.

E. S. BROOKS: Chivalric Days.

CHURCH: Heroes of Chivalry and Romance.

LANIER: The Boys' King Arthur.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

NACTIONS, like individuals, have to work out their larger destinies. Every individual has a special work to do and so with every nation. All nations have tried to solve their problems, and in most instances have failed because of narrow vision or because of selfishness.

In this poem the author looks upon America as the great Giant of the West unhindered by past mistakes, blessed with heaven's mercies and free to work out its larger destiny. He imagines that the nation is like a young Hercules coming to its age of responsibility where the paths divide. One path leads to heights sublime, and the other leads downward where only wrecks may be found. The nation must choose what path it shall follow; whether to oppress or to befriend the weak, whether to seek empty honor merely, or whether to work out its larger mission of service to mankind. The prayer of the poet is that this nation may choose the nobler part, and that it may work out its destiny by being "god-like in the will to serve." This poem was written just at the time when the United States was hesitating whether or not to push out on a larger policy of territorial expansion. The poet seems

to feel that true national greatness lies not merely in extent of territory, but in the spirit in which our country performs its work among the nations of earth.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS*

Untrammelled Giant of the West,
With all of Nature's gifts endowed,
With all of Heaven's mercies blessed,
Nor of thy power unduly proud—
Peerless in courage, force, and skill,
And godlike in thy strength of will,—

Before thy feet the ways divide:
One path leads up to heights sublime;
Downward the other slopes, where bide
The refuse and the wrecks of Time.
Choose, then, nor falter at the start,
O choose the nobler path and part!

Be thou the guardian of the weak,
Of the unfriended, thou the friend;
No guerdon for thy valor seek,
No end beyond the avowéd end.
Wouldst thou thy godlike power preserve,
Be godlike in the will to serve!

—*Joseph B. Gilder.*

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NOTES

1. Look up the life of Joseph B. Gilder.
2. Look up the history of this government at the time of the war with Spain.
3. *Guerdon* (gēr'-dūn). Reward.
4. Read carefully "The Choice of Hercules."
5. Look up the meanings of the following words and expressions: untrammeled, endowed, unduly proud, peerless, sublime, refuse, falter, guardian, guerdon, valor, avowed.

EXERCISES

1. With what thought in mind did the poet write this poem?
2. Why does he speak of the country as the "Giant of the West"?
3. Why untrammeled?
4. How endowed with all of nature's gifts?
5. How blessed with all of heaven's mercies?
6. What is the best thing he says about the country in the first stanza?
7. How does he show that the country has reached a crisis in its progress?
8. What two paths opened before it?
9. How does the poet desire the country to choose?
10. Explain "No guerdon for thy valor seek."
11. What is the "avowed end"?
12. How can the country preserve its godlike power?
13. Explain fully the meaning of the last line.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

KIPLING: The Recessional, If—

The Choice of Hercules.

SILL: Opportunity.

INGALLS: Opportunity.

WHITTIER: The Lost Occasion, Centennial Hymn.

RUSKIN: The Dawn of Peace.

HOLMES: The Chambered Nautilus.

LONGFELLOW: Excelsior.

ARNOLD: Self-Dependence.

OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

THIS poem has been cherished by many because it was the favorite poem of Abraham Lincoln. It is said that he recited it to members of his cabinet in the darkest days of the Civil War. He was heard many times to quote from the poem or to refer to it. It seemed to be a part of him. When one studies the poem, he does not wonder that so serious-minded a man as Lincoln loved it. A strain of lofty seriousness pervades the poem, and "we things that are now" are called from pride to humility of spirit. Some have thought the poem to be especially sad because it tells of the many who "Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust" and reminds us that the life of each is fleeting—the mere "wink of an eye."

Those who knew Lincoln best felt that, underneath the strain of sadness, he caught one clear note of joy in the thought that even a brief life could be lived seriously and filled with deeds of unselfish service.

OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
As the young and the old, the low and the high,
Shall crumble to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The father that mother and infant who blessed,—
Each, all, are away to that dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose brow, on whose cheek, in
whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by;
And alike from the minds of the living erased
Are the memories of mortals who loved her and
praised.

The head of the king, that the scepter hath borne;
The brow of the priest, that the miter hath worn;
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,—
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up
 the steep;

The beggar, who wandered in search of his
 bread,—

Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint, who enjoyed the communion of
 Heaven;

The sinner, who dared to remain unforgiven;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,—
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, we see the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers did
 think;

From the death we are shrinking our fathers did
 shrink;

To the life we are clinging our fathers did cling,
But it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved,—but the story we can not unfold;
They scorned,—but the heart of the haughty is
 cold;
They grieved,—but no wail from their slumbers
 will come;
They joyed,—but the tongue of their gladness is
 dumb.

They died,—ah! they died,—we, things that are
 now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage
 road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain:
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the
 dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

’Tis the wink of an eye, ’tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of
 death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud;
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

—*William Knox.*

NOTES

1. Read Lincoln’s Gettysburg Address to find what lesson the living should learn from the deeds of heroic dead.
2. Compare this poem with “Thanatopsis,” “Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard,” and Psalms xc and ciii.

3. *Triumphs are by.* Triumphs are past.
4. *Gilded saloon.* An elegant reception hall.
5. Look up carefully the following words and expressions: spirit, mortal, meteor, crumble, affection, blessed, triumphs, erased, scepter, miter, sage, peasant, saint, communion, multitude, withers, view, scorned, grieved, wail, turf, transient abode, pilgrimage road, dirge, surge, draught, gilded saloon, bier.

EXERCISES

1. How did Abraham Lincoln regard this poem?
2. To what is the life of man likened in the first stanza?
3. Why is death spoken of as "rest" in comparison with life?
4. With what are "the young and the old, the low and the high" compared in the second stanza?
5. Why does the author name in detail those who have passed away?
6. What expressions does he use to indicate death?
7. To what is the multitude of mortals compared in stanza 8?
8. Explain "repeat every tale that has often been told."
9. In what sense are we "the same our fathers have been"?
10. Why are mortals spoken of as "things that are now"?
11. In what sense do we "make in their dwelling a transient abode"?
12. What expressions are used to indicate the brevity of life?
13. What note of comfort is there in the poem?
14. In what respect is the opening question of the poem different from the closing question?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

BRYANT: *Thanatopsis.*

GRAY: *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.*

Psalms xc and ciii.

BROWNING: *The Patriot, Prospice.*

TENNYSON: *In Memoriam.*

LONGFELLOW: *The Reaper and the Flowers.*

LOWELL: *The Changeling.*

STEPHEN HENRY THAYER: *The Waiting Choir.*

POE: *The Raven.*

WORDSWORTH: *Intimations on Immortality.*

EDWIN ARNOLD: *After Death.*

LINCOLN: *Gettysburg Address.*

McCREERY: *There Is No Death.*

SILL: *The Future.*

STODDARD: *The Soul's Defiance.*

UNWEAPONED PEACE

There is a story told

In Eastern tents, when autumn nights grow cold,

And round the fire the Mongol shepherds sit

With grave responses listening unto it:

Once, on the errands of his mercy bent,

Buddha, the holy and benevolent,

Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look,

Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook.

“O Son of peace!” the giant cried, “thy fate

Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to hate.”

The unarmed Buddha, looking, with no trace

Of fear or anger, in the monster’s face,

In pity said: “Poor fiend, even thee I love.”

Lo! as he spake, the sky-tall terror sank

To hand-breadth size; the huge abhorrence shrank

Into the form and fashion of a dove;

And where the thunder of its rage was heard,

Circling above him sweetly sang the bird;

“Hate hath no harm for love”—so ran the song;

“And peace unweaponed conquers every wrong.”

—*Anonymous.*

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS

AMERICANS of to-day are likely to think that the fathers were a unit as to declaring their independence of Great Britain. As a matter of fact, it was only after long deliberation and strenuous debate, for and against, that the vote was favorable.

Thomas Jefferson, the author of the famous document, was not a ready talker and debater. He, however, found a worthy assistant in John Adams, whose splendid abilities along these lines made his efforts so powerful that he received the significant nickname of "The Colossus of Independence."

The following extract is taken from the address of Daniel Webster, August 2, 1826, in Faneuil Hall, Boston, on the occasion of a public memorial meeting in honor of Adams and Jefferson who had both passed away on July 4 of the same year. It was a remarkable coincidence that both these great leaders died on the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

In this extract, Webster gives what he imagines Adams might have said to those who opposed the signing of that immortal document.

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence do we mean to carry on, or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of parliament, Boston Port Bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and

our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for defense of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects, in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us

has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why, then, why, then, sir, do we not as soon as possible change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously, through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from

its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit, religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready, at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When

we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I begun, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment, independence, now, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER.—*Daniel Webster.*

NOTES

1. John Hancock presided over the meeting and the “venerable colleague near you” was Samuel Adams. Each of these men had been declared outlaws and a price had been set upon their heads. Read in any good history the story of the Declaration of Independence.
2. Make yourself familiar with the biography of Jefferson and John Adams.
3. Define, as used here: reconciliation, colleague, proscribed, predestined, clemency, plighting, controversy, fickle, eradicated, real, ignominiously, compensate, chartered immunities.

EXERCISES

1. Who may “sink or swim,” “live or die,” etc.?
2. To what vote does he give his heart and hand?
3. Whom does he quote when he says, “There is a divinity which shapes our ends”?

4. What was the effect of calling attention to the outlawing of Adams and Hancock?
5. What is the second argument against longer deferring the declaration?
6. To what does he next call attention?
7. From what book does he take many of his expressions?
8. How would he regard any one who forgets the pledge to Washington?
9. What argument does he next urge for the declaration?
10. What does he next proceed to do?
11. What means does he employ to strengthen the faint heart?
12. Where does the peroration begin?
13. Why does he make the frequent appeals to God in the closing paragraph?
14. Find as many things as you can that make this an oration that will convince.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

WEBSTER: Bunker Hill Oration, Reply to Hayne.

PIERPONT: Warren's Address at Bunker Hill.

LONGFELLOW: Paul Revere's Ride.

EMERSON: Concord Hymn.

SCOTT: Patriotism.

LOWELL: Centennial Hymn.

READ: The Rising in 1776, Our Defenders.

BRYANT: Our Country's Call, Seventy-Six.

WALLACE: The Sword of Bunker Hill.

The Declaration of Independence.

PATRICK HENRY: A Call to Arms.

McMASTER: The Old Continentals.

WHITTIER: Abraham Davenport.

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT

NO singer has surpassed Robert Burns in warmth and tenderness of appeal to the human heart. The Scottish Bard lived and loved intensely. He endured failure and success, pain and pleasure, with the same tenderness and love for his fellow-man. He suffered from extreme want, yet was feasted by lords and kings. He was born in a rude cottage of clay, but he was courted and caressed by the witty, the fashionable, and the learned in Scotland's capital. In fact, he knew every rank of life from the lowest to the highest. He knew the best and the worst in the human heart. Hence a spirit of "homey" tenderness and sympathy pervaded all he wrote. As he neared the close of his short life of thirty-seven years, he was in a position to discern the true values in life. In this poem, he utters the prayer that sense and worth and true manhood may ultimately prevail over lower standards of wealth and rank, so

"That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that."

Concerning this song, Burns wrote to a friend:
"A great critic (Aikin) on songs says that love

and wine are the exclusive themes for song-writing. The following is on neither subject, and consequently is no song; but will be allowed, I think, to be two or three pretty good prose thoughts converted into rhyme."

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT

Is there for honest poverty
Wha hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toil's obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,

His riband, star, and a' that;
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that;
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will, for a' that,
 That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that,
 That man to man, the warld o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

—*Robert Burns.*

NOTES

1. Read Burns' "The Cotter's Saturday Night" for a true picture of simple but pure home life among the peasants of his day.
2. Make a list of the things by which men are judged to-day.
3. *Gowd.* Gold.
4. *Hameley.* Homely.
5. *Hodden-grey.* Coarse woolen cloth worn by the poorer classes.
6. *Gie.* Give.
7. *Birkie.* A forward, conceited fellow.

8. *Wha.* Who.
9. *Coof.* Blockhead, fool.
10. *Aboon.* Above.
11. *He mauna fa' that.* He must not try that.
12. *Bear the gree.* Be victorious. *Gree* is a prize.
13. In addition to learning the meanings of the foregoing words, be prepared to give the meanings of the following: honest poverty, guinea's stamp, tinsel show, riband, star, marquis, duke, guid faith, dignities, sense, worth.

EXERCISES

1. How does Burns regard one who is ashamed of honest poverty?
2. How does he regard rank? What relation has rank to the man himself?
3. In what sense is the honest man "king o' men"?
4. How can such a poor man be a king?
5. How does Burns characterize the Scottish lord of his day?
6. Why call the lord a "coof" when hundreds worship at his word?
7. How does the independent thinker regard rank and title?
8. What power is a prince acknowledged to possess? What is beyond his power?
9. Explain "pith o' sense," "pride o' worth."
10. In what sense are these higher ranks than those of knight, marquis, or duke?
11. What is the real burden of Burns' prayer?
12. What shows that he is certain his prayer will be answered?
13. What truth of life does Burns set forth?
14. What in his own life fitted him to discover and to reveal this truth?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

BURNS: The Cotter's Saturday Night, To a Mouse, To a Mountain Daisy, Address to the Unco Guid, Tam O'Shanter, Auld Lang Syne.

HOLLAND: God Give Us Men.

BRIDGES: Life's Mirror.

WALTER: My Creed.

The Greatness of Dan'l Gregg.

HUNT: Abou Ben Adhem.

NICOLL: The Hero.

JONES: What Constitutes a State?

PHOEBE CARY: A Leak in the Dyke.

BROWNING: The Patriot.

SMITH: The Self Exiled.

ELIOT: The Choir Invisible.

PIATT: The Gift of Empty Hands.

RUSKIN: The Dawn of Peace.

GOLDSMITH: The Deserted Village.

LO, THE POOR INDIAN!

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind;
His soul, proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or Milky Way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world, in depths of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christian thirsts for gold;
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

—Alexander Pope.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

ACCORDING to friends of James Russell Lowell, *The Vision of Sir Launfal* was composed in forty-eight hours under a “spell of poetic transport.” The poem was written in 1848, published in a thin hand-book, and at once sprang wildly into popular favor. This was a day of fierce opposition to slavery. Lowell’s soul burned with zeal for reform. In a letter to a friend, in 1846, he said,

“Then it seems as if my heart would break in pouring out one glorious song that should be the gospel of reform. . . . That way my madness lies, if any.”

The study of the poem is simplified by noticing the story within the story. The primary story deals with the real Sir Launfal who, in a night, dreams the secondary story, the Vision proper. The primary story covers but a night. The secondary story covers a lifetime in which the imaginary Sir Launfal, through wanderings, deprivations, and untold sufferings, experiences a refinement of soul that fits him to reflect the spirit of the lowly Nazarene.

The following note was prefixed to the first

edition by the author, and was retained by him in all subsequent editions:

“According to the mythology of the Romanizers, the San Greal, or Holy Grail, was the cup out of which Jesus Christ partook of the last supper with his disciples. It was brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and remained there, an object of pilgrimage and adoration for many years, in the keeping of his lineal descendants. It was incumbent upon those who had charge of it to be chaste in thought, word, and deed; but one of the keepers having broken this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. From that time it was a favorite enterprise of the knights of Arthur’s court to go in search of it. Sir Galahad was at last successful in finding it, as may be read in the seventeenth book of the Romance of King Arthur. Tennyson has made Sir Galahad the subject of one of the most exquisite of his poems.”

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

PART FIRST

PRELUDE

Over his keys the musing organist,
Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,¹

¹*List.* Please, as in the Biblical statement, “The wind bloweth where it listeth.”

THE MULAYA MAMON

And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his
lay;²

Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his
theme,³

First guessed by faint auroral flushes⁴ sent
Along the wavering vista of his dream.

Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;⁵
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb⁶ and know it not.
Over our manhood bend the skies;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint hearts the mountain strives;
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood⁷

²*Lay.* Song—here meaning simply a musical composition.

³*Theme.* The subject or the simple tune of a piece of music.

⁴*Auroral Flushes.* Flushes like the faint pink that appears in the sky just before the dawn of day.

⁵*Stanza 2.* The first two lines of the stanza are directly suggested by the statement in William Wordsworth's *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*,

“Heaven lies about us in our infancy.”

Lowell believes, on the other hand, that heaven lies about us not only in our infancy, but throughout our lives.

⁶*We Sinais climb.* Sinai was the mountain upon which, as told in the Book of Exodus, the Lord descended to speak with Moses and gave him the Tables of the Testimony. See Exodus 19 and 24. Lowell means that we daily reach points from which we can come into close communion with God.

⁷*Druid wood.* The Druids were the ministers of the mysterious pagan religion of the Celts. Many of their rites were performed in oak woods.

Waits with its benedicite;⁸
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea.
Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives
us,⁹
We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the Devil's booth¹⁰ are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells¹¹ our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer,
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;

⁸*Benedicite.* The Latin imperative meaning "Bless ye." It is common in the Latin translation of the Bible, and is the regular title of the beautiful hymn beginning, "O ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord."

⁹*Shrives.* Pronounces absolution.

¹⁰*Devil's booth.* The world, as used in such a phrase as "the world, the flesh, and the devil"; the world of purely material enjoyment.

¹¹*Cap and bells.* Part of the costume regularly worn by court fools, or jesters, in the Middle Ages. The cap and bells are mentioned as typical of what is absolutely frivolous and unenduring.

Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;¹²
The flush of life may well be seen

Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,

The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,¹³
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean

To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,

Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and
sings;

He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice¹⁴ ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away

¹²*Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.* As a man, however unlovely his outer appearance, may have a beautiful soul, so the ugly clod of earth is spoken of as having the beautiful grass and flowers for its soul.

¹³*Chalice.* A cup—especially the cup used in celebrating the Holy Communion. The reference here is to the shape of the buttercup.

¹⁴*Nice.* Here used in its proper meaning of exact, accurate.

Comes flooding back with a rippy cheer,
 Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
 We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
 'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
 How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help know-
 ing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear
 That dandelions are blossoming near,
 That maize has sprouted, that streams are
 flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
 For other couriers¹⁵ we should not lack;
 We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,¹⁶
 Warmed with the new wine of the year,
 Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
 Everything is upward striving;

¹⁵*Couriers.* Messengers.

¹⁶*Chanticleer.* The cock. The name was first applied to the cock in a famous mediaeval romance. It means literally, "clear singer."

"Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—

"Tis the natural way of living:
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?

In the unscarred heaven¹⁷ they leave no wake;¹⁸
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,

The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,

And the sulphurous¹⁹ rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,

Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remembered the keeping of his vow?

PART FIRST

I

"My golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail;²⁰
Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep;

¹⁷*The unscarred heaven.* The clear sky, unmarked by clouds.

¹⁸*They leave no wake.* They leave no trace. The wake is the track left by a ship passing through the water.

¹⁹*Sulphurous.* Burning.

²⁰*The Holy Grail.* According to the Legend, the Holy Grail was the cup from which Christ drank at the Last Supper and in which his blood was caught at the Crucifixion by St. Joseph

Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew."

Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

II

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,
The little birds sang as if it were
The one day of summer in all the year, . . .
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees:
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost²¹ of winter, dull and gray;
• 'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,²²
And never its gates might opened be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree;
Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied;

of Arimathea. About this vessel was built a great romance, in which many knights vowed to go in quest of the Grail, but few attained their object, as absolute purity of heart was the requisite. The story told by Lowell in this poem is widely different from any versions of the old legend, but keeps the quest of the Grail as a type of the search for the highest things of life.

²¹*Outpost*. A station beyond the limits of a camp, or away from the main body of an army.

²²*North Countree*. The northern border of England. Notice that "Countree" is accented on the second syllable; this is common in the ballads of northern England and southern Scotland. Some who fancy this poem relates to slavery regard the "North Countree" as referring to the North.

She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though round it for leagues her pavilions²⁵ tall
Stretched left and right,
Over the hills and out of sight;
 Green and broad was every tent,
 And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

III

The drawbridge²⁴ dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,²⁵
In his gilded mail,²⁶ that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
 In his siege of three hundred summers long,
 And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
 Had cast them forth: so, young and strong,
 And lightsome as a locust-leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

²⁴*Pavilions*. Tents set up for the accommodation of knights when a tournament was in progress. Here the reference is to the trees, which are spoken of as tents later in the stanza.

²⁵*Drawbridge*. Mediaeval castles were surrounded by moats, or wide trenches filled with water. At the entrance to a castle, there was across the moat a bridge, which could be drawn up against the door of the castle, thus preventing the entrance of enemies.

²⁶*Maiden knight*. This term means a knight who has not yet won his spurs by performing some great deed of bravery.

²⁷*Mail*. The metal armor worn by a knight.

IV

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
And morning in the young knight's heart;
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
And gloomed by itself apart;
The season brimmed all other things up
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

V

As Sir Launfal made morn²⁷ through the dark-
some gate,
He was 'ware of a leper,²⁸ crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came;
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
The flesh 'neath his armor did shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap²⁹ his heart stood still
Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,—
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

²⁷*Made morn.* In his bright armor and his youth, Sir Launfal stood out, against the darkness of the castle, as an image of morning.

²⁸*Leper.* One afflicted with leprosy, a most loathsome disease.

²⁹*Midway its leap.* In the midst of the heart beat.

VI

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
 "Better to me the poor man's crust,
 Better the blessing of the poor,
 Though I turn me empty from his door;
 That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
 He gives only the worthless gold

Who gives from a sense of duty;
 But he who gives but a slender mite,
 And gives to that which is out of sight,
 That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty³⁰
 Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
 The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
 The heart outstretches its eager palms,
 For a god goes with it and makes it store
 To the soul that was starving in darkness before.

PART SECOND

PRELUDE

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain
 peak,

From the snow five thousand summers old;
 On open wold³¹ and hilltop bleak
 It had gathered all the cold,
 And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
 It carried a shiver everywhere
 From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;

³⁰*All-sustaining Beauty.* Beauty brings all nature into unity.
 God is manifest in nature by means of its beauty.

³¹*Wold.* A plain; open country.

The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches³² and matched his beams;³³
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars:
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,³⁴
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit³⁵ a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork³⁶ knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief³⁷
With quaint arabesques³⁸ of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear

³²*Groined his arches.* Caused his arches to intersect.

³³*Matched his beams.* Another figure taken from architecture. He placed in their appropriate places the beams used in his building.

³⁴*Forest-crypt.* A crypt is an underground vault. A forest-crypt would consist of trees, the branches of which would meet overhead.

³⁵*Counterfeit.* Produce the impression of.

³⁶*Fretwork.* Carved or open work in ornamental design.

³⁷*Relief.* The projection of carving on wood, or similar work, from the plane surface.

³⁸*Arabesques.* Designs fancifully arranged, representing plants, animals, etc. In this style of work, the objects are put together without reference to the way in which they actually appear in nature; animals, for instance, being represented as growing out of plants.

For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and
here

He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
That crystallised the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one:
No mortal builder's most rare device³⁹
Could match this winter-palace of ice;
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost.
Within the hall are song and laughter,
The cheeks of Christmas grow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel⁴⁰ and rafter
With lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's⁴¹ roaring tide;
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap
And belly⁴² and tug as a flag in the wind;

³⁹Catherine II, Empress of Russia, built a magnificent ice-palace just to satisfy a freakish whim. Cowper has given a poetical description of it in *The Task*, Book V, lines 131-176.

⁴⁰*Corbel*. A stone bracket used in Gothic architecture for supporting purposes.

⁴¹*Yule-log*. The great block of wood that formed the basis of the Christmas fire. The use of the Yule-log is an old pagan custom, which originated in festal honors paid to the god Thor.

⁴²*Belly*. Bulge out.

Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear
Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks
Like herds of startled deer.
But the wind without was eager and sharp,
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
And rattles and wrings
The icy strings,
Singing, in dreary monotone,
A Christmas carol of its own,
Whose burden still, as he might guess,
Was "Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"

The voice of the seneschal⁴³ flared like a torch
As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch,
And he sat in the gateway and saw all night
The great hall-fire, so cheery and bold,
Through the window-slits of the castle old,
Built out its piers of ruddy light
Against the drift of the cold.

PART SECOND

I

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was dumb and could not speak,

⁴³Seneschal. Pronounced sĕn'-ĕs-ĕhăl. A superintendent of feasts and other domestic affairs in a mediaeval castle.

For the weaver Winter its shroud⁴⁴ had spun;
A single crow on the treetop bleak

From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun;
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she⁴⁵ rose up decrepitly⁴⁶
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

II

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom⁴⁷ sate;⁴⁸
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;
Little he recked of⁴⁹ his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat⁵⁰ was blazoned⁵¹ the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

"Shroud. The sheet formerly used for wrapping a dead body. The reference here is to the ice on the river.

"She. The antecedent is "morning."

"Decrepitly. Weakened by age.

"Earldom. One's seat as an earl, including, of course, title and possessions. "Earl" is a title of nobility.

"Sate. An old form of "sat."

"Recked of. Cared for.

"Surcoat. Outer coat.

"Blazoned. Displayed as a heraldic device. In the Middle Ages knights wore numerous symbolic devices, the system being known as heraldry.

III

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed⁵² air,
For it was just at the Christmas time;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long ago;
He sees the snake-like caravan⁵³ crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
And with its own self like an infant played,
And waved its signal of palms.⁵⁴

IV

“For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms;”
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the grawsome⁵⁵ thing,
The leper, lank as the rain-blanch'd bone,

⁵²*Barbed*. Sharp, as if having points. The word is most common in the expression, “barbed wire.”

⁵³*Caravan*. A procession, usually of camels laden with various kinds of burden.

⁵⁴*Signal of palms*. In the desert there are little spots, called oases, where there are springs of water surrounded by grass and palm trees. The palm trees, tall and dark, can be seen a long distance, and form a signal, or sign, of the nearness of water.

⁵⁵*Grawsome*. Horrible, causing one to shudder.

That cowered beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

V

And Sir Launfal said, "I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,
Thou also hast had the world's buffets⁵⁶ and scorns,
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary's Son,⁵⁷ acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to thee!"

VI

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he girt⁵⁸ his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink,

⁵⁶*Buffets.* Blows.

⁵⁷*Mild Mary's Son.* Jesus the Christ, born of the Virgin Mary. "Mild" is an adjective that has been frequently applied to the Mother of Christ.

⁵⁸*Girt.* Girded.

'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty
soul.

VII

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,⁵⁹—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.⁶⁰

VIII

His words were shed softer than leaves from the
pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the
brine,⁶¹
That mingle their softness and quiet in one

⁵⁹*The Beautiful Gate.* One of the gates of the Temple at Jerusalem bore the name "Beautiful." It was at this gate that St. Peter healed the lame man, as recorded in Acts iii. 1-11. In St. John x. 7, Christ refers to himself as the Door.

⁶⁰*The temple of God in Man.* The temple of Christ, who, though God, was made man in his earthly birth of the Virgin Mary.

⁶¹*The brine.* The ocean—so-called because sea water is exceedingly salty.

With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was softer than silence said,
"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper⁶² is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

IX

Sir Launfal woke as from a swound:⁶³
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor up on the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall;
He must be fenced with stronger mail⁶⁴
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

⁶²*The Holy Supper.* The Lord's Supper, or Holy Communion.

⁶³*Swound.* Swoon; a spell of unconsciousness.

⁶⁴*Stronger mail.* The armor to be worn by the Christian, as described in Ephesians vi. 11-17.

X

The castle gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
As the hangbird⁶⁵ is to the elm-tree bough;
No longer scowl the turrets⁶⁶ tall,
The Summer's long siege at last is o'er;
When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
She entered with him in disguise,
And mastered the fortress by surprise;
There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
She lingers and smiles there the whole year round;
The meanest serf⁶⁷ on Sir Launfal's land
Has hall⁶⁸ and bower⁶⁹ at his command:
And there's no poor man in the North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

EXERCISES

PRELUDE TO PART FIRST

Words and Expressions for Study: musing organist, list, lay, fervor, theme, faint auroral flushes, wavering vista, cringe, Sinai, fallen and traitor lives, druid wood, benedicite, shrives, Devil's booth, dross, cap and bells, bubbles, a whole soul's tasking, climbs to a Soul, chalice, chanticleer, unscarred heaven, sulphurous rifts, burnt-out craters.

1. What is suggested by the word "Vision"?

"Hangbird. The Baltimore oriole, which, like some other birds, builds a nest that hangs from the bough of a tree.

"Turrets. Small towers.

"Serf. In the Middle Ages, a member of the lowest class of servants, who were sold with the land. The *meanest serf* is the one lowest in rank.

"Hall. The great public room of a mediaeval castle.

"Bower. A chamber.

2. Tell the story of the Holy Grail.
3. What is a prelude?
4. What, in the second stanza, has Lowell added to Wordsworth's "Heaven lies about us in our infancy"?
5. Explain, "We Sinais climb and know it not."
6. What five influences plead with each individual to be his best?
7. What is the meaning of the general statement in line 21?
8. According to Lowell, how many things have to be paid for?
9. Explain, "For a cap and bells our lives we pay."
10. What, then, is the meaning of "'Tis heaven alone that is given away"?
11. Memorize lines 33-42 and 80-85.
12. What central thought connects the stanzas of the prelude?
13. Why does Sir Launfal now remember the keeping of his vow?
14. What is his vow?

PART FIRST

Words and Expressions for Study: richest mail, rushes, high degree, besieged, churlish stone, pavilions tall, tent, drawbridge, surly clang, charger, maiden knight, unscarred mail, rebuffed, loathing, alms, all-sustaining Beauty.

15. What now makes us feel that he is going to keep his vow?
16. What is the vision that flew into his soul as he slept on the rushes?
17. Describe the landscape around "the proudest hall in the North Countree."
18. Select the passages which tell us the character of the young knight as he sets out.
19. Explain "the maiden knight."
20. Explain "made morn through the darksome gate."
21. Just what tells you the condition of the leper?
22. How did the appearance of the leper affect Sir Launfal?
23. What is shown of Sir Launfal in that "he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn"?
24. Why did not the leper raise the gold from the dust?
25. Give in your own words the substance of the leper's thought, lines 160-173.

PRELUDE TO PART SECOND

Words and Expressions for Study: wold, groined, matched his beams, crystal spars, frost-leaved forest-crypt, steel-stemmed, counterfeit, fretwork, arabesques, crystallized the beams, fairy masonry, elfin builders, corbel, Yule-log, flame-pennons, belly and tug, soot-forest's tangled darks, sene-schal, piers of ruddy light.

26. Why does Lowell choose a winter scene for the Prelude to Part Second?
27. What time has elapsed between the two parts of the poem?
28. Contrast winter here with June in the Prelude to Part First.
29. By what sharp contrasts is the desolate condition of the wanderer shown?
30. Contrast the Sir Launfal at starting with the Sir Launfal pictured to us in this Prelude.
31. What "Christmas Carol" did the icy wind sing him?

PART SECOND

Words and Expressions for Study: rattled shudderingly, sapless, decrepitly, earldom, recked, surcoat, blazoned the cross, sign, idle mail, snake-like caravan, slender necklace of grass, waved its signal of palms, grawsome, rain-blanchéd bone, tree, buffets, ashes and dust, Beautiful Gate, shaggy unrest, Holy Supper.

32. Describe Sir Launfal as pictured to us in stanza 2.
33. What interrupted Sir Launfal's musings?
34. What shows to us the desolate horror of the leper's disease?
35. What change has come over Sir Launfal?
36. What causes Sir Launfal to see in the leper "an image of Him who died on the tree"?
37. How did Sir Launfal keep the Holy Supper?
38. Explain stanza 7.
39. What did Sir Launfal learn from his vision?
40. What proof that he learned the lesson?
41. How may each one learn the same lesson without going on a pilgrimage?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

LOWELL: The Search, The Present Crisis, Stanzas on Freedom, Yussouf.

WHITTIER: The Brother of Mercy, The Eternal Goodness, Laus Deo.

TENNYSON: The Holy Grail, Sir Galahad.

HUNT: Abou Ben Adhem.

LONGFELLOW: Santa Filomena, The Legend Beautiful, Excelsior.

BUNYAN: Pilgrim's Progress.

STEVENSON: The House Beautiful.

PLATT: The Gift of Empty Hands.

IAN MACLAREN: Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.

MATTHEW xxv, 34-46: Story of the Good Samaritan.

MASON: The Voyage.

WORDSWORTH: The Wishing Gate.

BROOKS: The Beauty of a Life of Service.

MY SYMPHONY

To live content with small means.

To seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion.

To be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich.

To study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly.

To listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart.

To bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never.

In a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common.

This is to be my symphony.

—*William Ellery Channing.*

RIP VAN WINKLE

THE following tale was found among the papers of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker, an old gentleman of New York, who was very curious in the Dutch History of the province, and the manners of the descendants from its primitive settlers. His historical researches, however, did not lie so much among books as among men; for the former are lamentably scanty on his favorite topics; whereas he found the old burghers, and still more, their wives, rich in that legendary lore, so invaluable to true history. Whenever, therefore, he happened upon a genuine Dutch family, snugly shut up in its low-roofed farmhouse, under a spreading sycamore, he looked upon it as a little clasped volume of black-letter, and studied it with the zeal of a bookworm.

The result of all these researches was a history of the province, during the reign of the Dutch governors, which he published some years since. There have been various opinions as to the literary character of his work, and, to tell the truth, it is not a whit better than it should be. Its chief

merit is its scrupulous accuracy, which, indeed, was a little questioned, on its first appearance, but has since been completely established; and it is now admitted into all historical collections, as a book of unquestionable authority.

The old gentleman died shortly after the publication of his work, and now that he is dead and gone, it cannot do much harm to his memory to say, that his time might have been much better employed in weightier labors. He, however, was apt to ride his hobby his own way; and though it did now and then kick up the dust a little in the eyes of his neighbors, and grieve the spirit of some friends for whom he felt the truest deference and affection, yet his errors and follies are remembered "more in sorrow than in anger," and it begins to be suspected, that he never intended to injure or offend. But however his memory may be appreciated by critics, it is still held dear among many folk, whose good opinion is well worth having; particularly by certain biscuit-bakers, who have gone so far as to imprint his likeness on their new-year cakes, and have thus given him a chance for immortality, almost equal to being stamped on a Waterloo medal, or a Queen Anne's farthing.—*Original Introduction by the Author.*

JOE JEFFERSON AS RIP VAN WINKLE

RIP VAN WINKLE

A Posthumous¹ Writing of Diedrich Knickerbocker²

By Woden, God of Saxons,
From whence comes Wensday, that is Wodensday,
Truth is a thing that ever I will keep
Unto thylke³ day in which I creep into
My sepulchre.—CARTWRIGHT.

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson,⁴ must remember the Kaatskill Mountains.⁵ They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family,⁶ and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains; and

¹*Posthumous*. Published after the author's death.

²*Diedrich Knickerbocker*. Irving told the story that *Rip Van Winkle* and *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, both of which he himself wrote, were the work of Diedrich Knickerbocker, the survivor of an old Dutch family in New York.

³*Thylke*. That same. After reading the story, the student will see the humor of using for its keynote this verse about truth.

⁴*Hudson*. Look up this river on a map of New York.

⁵*Kaatskill Mountains*. The name is now commonly written "Catskill." Look up these mountains on a map of New York.

⁶*Appalachian family*. A great range of mountains, the location of which should be observed on a map of New York and neighboring states.

they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists,⁷ in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant⁸ (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gabled fronts, surmounted with weather-cocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very

⁷*Dutch colonists.* What is now New York was first settled by Hollanders, who called it New Netherlands. It was surrendered to the British in 1664, and at that time was given its present name.

⁸*Peter Stuyvesant.* The last of the Dutch governors of New Netherlands. Lived from 1602 to 1682.

houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina.⁹ He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors.

I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient henpecked¹⁰ husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing the meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious¹¹ and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews¹² at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture¹³ is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant¹⁴ wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable

⁹*Fort Christina.* The chief fortress of New Sweden, a Swedish colony on the Delaware conquered by the Dutch in 1655.

¹⁰*Henpecked.* Governed by his wife.

¹¹*Obsequious.* Over ready to comply with the wishes of others.

¹²*Shrews.* Scolding, bad-tempered women.

¹³*Curtain lecture.* A reproof given privately by a wife to her husband.

¹⁴*Termagant.* Noisy and violent — applied chiefly to women.

blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in the evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity;¹⁵ and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion¹⁶ to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity¹⁷ or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance,¹⁸ and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble.

¹⁵*With impunity.* Without danger of punishment.

¹⁶*Insuperable aversion.* A dislike not capable of being overcome.

¹⁷*Assiduity.* Close attention.

¹⁸*Tartar's lance.* A weapon proverbially heavy. The Tartars were Asiatics who invaded Europe.

He would carry a fowling-piece¹⁹ on his shoulder, for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn,²⁰ or building stone fences. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do; so that though his patrimonial²¹ estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and

¹⁹*Fowling-piece.* A gun for ordinary hunting.

²⁰*Indian corn.* Maize. The term includes the common kinds of corn grown in the United States.

²¹*Patrimonial.* Inherited from his father.

potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt, at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins,²² which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound.²³ If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family.

Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This,

²²*Galligaskins.* A kind of large breeches.

²³*Pound.* An English coin, worth about \$4.87. A penny is 1/240 of a pound.

however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air,²⁴ casting many a side-long glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before

²⁴*A gallows air.* The air of one condemned to be hanged.

a small inn, designated by a rubicund²⁵ portrait of his majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade of a long, lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions which sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands, from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto²⁶ were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch²⁷ of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun, and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial.²⁸ It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His

²⁵*Rubicund.* Ruddy.

²⁶*Junto.* A private council, especially one for political purposes.

²⁷*Patriarch.* An old man — used as a term of respect.

²⁸*Sun-dial.* A dial, similar to that of a clock, perpendicular, to which is a triangular piece of metal called the gnomon. The device is so arranged that the place to which the shadow of the

adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage, and call the members all to nought; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible *virago*,²⁹ who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative to escape, from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand, and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-

gnomon extends indicates the time of day. Sun-dials were frequently used in olden times and are still seen in some gardens and other places.

²⁹*Virago*. A bold, fierce woman.

sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll³⁰ covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees, he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark,³¹ here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending³² cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of

³⁰*Knoll.* A hilltop.

³¹*Bark.* Ship.

³²*Impending.* Overhanging.

the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing³³ on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long, blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" —at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension³⁴ stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised

³³*Musing.* Silently thinking; meditating.

³⁴*Apprehension.* Distrust of something in the future.

at the singularity⁸⁵ of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin⁸⁶ strapped round the waist—several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long, rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre,⁸⁷ surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky, and the bright evening cloud. Dur-

⁸⁵*Singularity.* Oddity.

⁸⁶*Jerkin.* A short, tight jacket.

⁸⁷*Amphitheatre.* A circular theatre.

ing the whole time, Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins.³⁸ They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish³⁹ fashion: some wore short doublets,⁴⁰ others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar; one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat,⁴¹ set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet,⁴² broad belt and

³⁸*Nine-pins.* A game wherein nine pins, or wooden pegs, are bowled at with wooden balls.

³⁹*Outlandish.* Strange.

⁴⁰*Doublets.* Close-fitting jackets, extending a little below the waist.

⁴¹*Sugar-loaf hat.* A high-crowned, conical hat, shaped somewhat like the loaves of sugar made some three hundred years ago.

⁴²*Laced doublet.* A doublet drawn by means of laces to fit the form of the wearer.

hanger,⁴³ high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting,⁴⁴ in the parlor of Dominie Van Schaick,⁴⁵ the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene, but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such a fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth,⁴⁶ lacklustre⁴⁷ countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons,⁴⁸ and made signs

⁴³*Hanger.* A short, curved sword.

⁴⁴*Flemish painting.* A painting done in Flanders, in the Low Countries. The Flemish painters are supposed to have been the first to paint in oil.

⁴⁵*Dominie.* A title given to a minister, especially to one of the Dutch Reformed denomination.

⁴⁶*Uncouth.* Strange; unfamiliar.

⁴⁷*Lacklustre.* Lacking brightness.

⁴⁸*Flagons.* Narrow-mouthed vessels, used for liquor.

to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees, Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands.⁴⁹ He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated⁵⁰ his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone⁵¹ party at nine-pins—the flagon—"Oh! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip—"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old

⁴⁹*Hollands*. A kind of gin made in Holland.

⁵⁰*Reiterated*. Repeated.

⁵¹*Woe-begone*. Extremely sorrowful.

fire-lock⁵² lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysterers⁵³ of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol,⁵⁴ and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip; "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the previous evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift⁵⁵ to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of

⁵²*Fire-lock.* A flintlock, a gun in which the powder was ignited by means of sparks from a piece of flint.

⁵³*Roysterers.* Drunken frolickers.

⁵⁴*Gambol.* Sport.

⁵⁵*Made shift.* Managed; contrived.

birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty fire-lock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared

at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched.⁵⁶ Surely this was his native village, which he had left but a day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed—“That flagon last night,” thought he, “has addled⁵⁷ my poor head sadly!”

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent

⁵⁶*Bewitched.* Changed by means of witchcraft, or magic.

⁵⁷*Addled.* Confused.

awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed.—“My very dog,” sighed poor Rip, “has forgotten me!”

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. The desolateness overcame all his connubial⁵⁸ fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it, too, was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, “The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle.” Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet, little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall, naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized

“Connubial. Pertaining to married life.

on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George,⁵⁹ under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly metamorphosed.⁶⁰ The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat,⁶¹ and underneath was painted in large characters, "General Washington."

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollects. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious⁶² tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm⁶³ and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair, long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke, instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth⁶⁴ the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing⁶⁵ vehemently about rights of citizens—election—members of Congress

⁵⁹*King George.* George III., King of England when the American colonies gained their independence.

⁶⁰*Metamorphosed.* Changed.

⁶¹*Cocked hat.* A hat set on one side of the head—usually applied to the three-cornered hats worn in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

⁶²*Disputatious.* Full of dispute, or contentious argument.

⁶³*Phlegm.* Calm indifference.

⁶⁴*Doling.* Giving out in small portions.

⁶⁵*Haranguing.* Making a public speech.

—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, that were a perfect Babylonish jargon⁶⁶ to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot, with great curiosity. The orator hustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired “on which side he voted?” Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, “whether he was Federal⁶⁷ or Democrat.”⁶⁸ Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo,⁶⁹ the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an

“Babylonish jargon. Unintelligible talk, such as was heard at the Tower of Babel during the confusion of tongues.

“Federal. The name of a party corresponding somewhat to the modern Republican party.

“Democrat. The name of a party corresponding somewhat to the modern Democratic party.

“Akimbo. A term applied to the position of the arm when the hand rests upon the hip, with the elbow pointing sharply outward.

austere tone, “what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?”

“Alas! gentlemen,” cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, “I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!”

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders —“A tory! a tory!⁷⁰ a spy! a refugee!⁷¹ hustle him! away with him!”

It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

“Well—who are they?—name them.”

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, “Where’s Nicholas Vedder?”

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, “Nicholas Vedder? why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the

⁷⁰*Tory*. The term applied to Americans who were loyal to England in the War of the Revolution.

⁷¹*Refugee*. One who flees for protection, generally from political or religious persecution.

churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotted and gone, too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point⁷²—others say he was drowned in the squall, at the foot of Antony's Nose.⁷³ I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too; was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away, at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony Point!—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

⁷²*Stony Point*. On June 1, 1779, Stony Point, on the Hudson, was taken by the British. On July 16 of the same year, the Americans, under General "Mad Anthony" Wayne, stormed the fort and recaptured it. Irving here doubtless refers to the latter occasion.

⁷³*Antony's Nose*. Antony's, or St. Anthony's, Nose is a headland on the east side of the Hudson, fifty-seven miles from New York city.

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart⁷⁴ of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else, got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads.⁷⁵ There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief; at the very suggestion of which the self-important man with the cocked hat retired with some precipitation.⁷⁶ At this critical moment a fresh likely-looking woman passed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms which, frightened at his looks, began to

⁷⁴*Precise counterpart.* Exact image.

⁷⁵*Tap their fingers against their foreheads.* A sign that they regarded Rip as crazy.

⁷⁶*Precipitation.* Headlong haste. Further indication that some regarded Rip as out of his head.

cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

Oh, she too had died but a short time since: she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler.

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle!"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van

Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor, the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson," the first discov-

"Hendrick Hudson. Henry Hudson, who discovered the Hudson River in 1609. Two years later he was deserted by his crew and presumably perished.

erer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil⁷⁸ there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-Moon,⁷⁹ being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city⁸⁰ called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in the hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her: she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollects for one of the urchins who used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto⁸¹ of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm, but evinced a hereditary⁸² disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies,⁸³ though

⁷⁸*Vigil.* Watch.

⁷⁹*Half-Moon.* The name of the ship with which Hudson made his explorations.

⁸⁰*The great city.* There is a city called Hudson, farther up the river. Its population is about 11,000. Irving was probably thinking chiefly of the river.

⁸¹*Ditto.* Exact likeness in all respects.

⁸²*Hereditary.* Handed down from one's parents.

⁸³*Cronies.* Familiar, intimate companions.

all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can do nothing with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench, at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species⁸⁴ of despotism⁸⁵ under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government.⁸⁶ Happily, that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes;

⁸⁴*Species.* Kind.

⁸⁵*Despotism.* Absolute, irresponsible rule.

⁸⁶*Petticoat government.* Government by a woman.

which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance. He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awakened. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally give it full credit. Even to this day, they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

NOTE

The foregoing tale, one would suspect, had been suggested to Mr. Knickerbocker by a little German superstition about the Emperor Frederick *der Rothbart*, and the Kypphaüser Mountain: the subjoined note, however, which he had appended to the tale, shows that it is an absolute fact, narrated with his usual fidelity:

“The story of Rip Van Winkle may seem incredible to many, but nevertheless I give it my full belief, for I know the vicinity of our old Dutch settlements to have been very subject to marvelous events and appearances. Indeed, I have heard many stranger stories than this, in the villages along the Hudson; all of which were too well authenticated to admit of a doubt. I have even talked with Rip Van Winkle myself, who, when last I saw him, was a very venerable old man, and so perfectly rational and consistent on every other point that I think no conscientious person could refuse to take this into the bargain; nay, I have seen a certificate on the subject taken before a country justice and signed with a cross in the justice’s own handwriting. The story, therefore, is beyond the possibility of doubt.

POSTSCRIPT

The following are travelling notes from a memorandum-book of Mr. Knickerbocker:

The Kaatsberg, or Catskill, Mountains have always been a region full of fable. The Indians considered them the abode of spirits, who influenced the weather, spreading sunshine or clouds over the landscape, and sending good or bad hunting seasons. They were ruled by an old squaw spirit, said to be their mother. She dwelt on the highest peak of the Catskills, and had charge of the doors of day and night to open and shut them at the proper hour. She hung up the new moons

in the skies, and cut up the old ones into stars. In times of drought, if properly propitiated, she would spin light summer clouds out of cobwebs and morning dew, and send them off from the crest of the mountain, flake after flake, like flakes of carded cotton, to float in the air; until, dissolved by the heat of the sun, they would fall in gentle showers, causing the grass to spring, the fruits to ripen, and the corn to grow an inch an hour. If displeased, however, she would brew up clouds black as ink, sitting in the midst of them like a bottle-bellied spider in the midst of its web; and when these clouds broke, woe betide the valleys!

In old times, say the Indian traditions, there was a kind of Manitou or Spirit, who kept about the wildest recesses of the Catskill Mountains, and took a mischievous pleasure in wreaking all kinds of evils and vexations upon the red men. Sometimes he would assume the form of a bear, a panther, or a deer, lead the bewildered hunter a weary chase through tangled forests and among ragged rocks; and then spring off with a loud ho! ho! leaving him aghast on the brink of a beetling precipice or raging torrent.

The favorite abode of this Manitou is still shown. It is a great rock or cliff on the loneliest part of the mountains, and, from the flowering vines which clamber about it, and the wild flowers which abound in its neighborhood, is known by the name of the Garden Rock. Near the foot of

it is a small lake, the haunt of the solitary bittern, with watersnakes basking in the sun on the leaves of the pond-lilies which lie on the surface. This place was held in great awe by the Indians, inso-much that the boldest hunter would not pursue his game within its precincts. Once upon a time, however, a hunter who had lost his way pene-trated to the Garden Rock, where he beheld a number of gourds placed in the crotches of trees. One of these he seized and made off with it, but in the hurry of his retreat he let it fall among the rocks, when a great stream gushed forth, which washed him away and swept him down precipices, where he was dashed to pieces, and the stream made its way to the Hudson, and continues to flow to the present day; being the identical stream known by the name of the Kaaterskill.—*Washington Irving.*

EXERCISES

Pages 359-365

Words and Expressions for Study: dismembered, magical hues, barometers, descried, antiquity, precise truth, chivalrous days, obsequious, conciliating, shrews, pliant, malleable, fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, termagant wife, tolerable blessing, with impunity, insuperable aversion, assiduity, pestilent, patrimonial estate, galligaskins, well-oiled dispositions, dinning, torrent of household eloquence, fain, sole domestic adherent, yelping precipitation.

1. Where is the scene of this story laid?
2. Who was Diedrich Knickerbocker?
3. What is a posthumous writing?
4. Why does Irving produce this story as such a writing?
5. Why does the author hint that "it begins to be suspected that he (Diedrich Knickerbocker) never intended to injure or offend"?

6. Why does Irving place the quotation on truth at the beginning of the story?
7. What fables and traditions are connected with the Catskills?
8. Why were these mountains "regarded as perfect barometers" and spoken of as "fairy mountains"?
9. Describe Rip Van Winkle and his surroundings as here given.
10. Why was Rip Van Winkle liked by all the women of the neighborhood?
11. Why was he such a general favorite with children?
12. Cite passages to show just what kind of man he was.
13. Explain "well-oiled disposition."

Pages 365-373

Words and Expressions for Study: dapper, junto, patriarch, adherents, vehemently, perfect approbation, tranquillity, terrible virago, reciprocated, lagging bark, impending cliffs, encountering, vague apprehension, singularity, cloth jerkin, usual alacrity, amphitheatre, perpendicular precipices, incomprehensible, quaint outlandish fashion, doublets, sugar-loaf hat, hanger, melancholy party of pleasure, lacklustre countenances, quaffed, reiterated, flagon.

14. Just what kind of person was Dame Van Winkle? Give proofs.
15. To what extent was Rip Van Winkle's shiftlessness due to the sharp tongue of his wife?
16. How did her disposition affect even the dog Wolf?
17. How did Rip first seek relief from these domestic storms?
18. Cite passages showing that this "junto" exactly corresponds to a loafer's club in a present-day village.
19. Why was not Rip safe here?
20. To what extreme was he next driven in self-defense?
21. Describe in your own words the scene from the green knoll when Rip paused to rest.
22. What now attracted Rip's attention?
23. Describe the approaching stranger.
24. What request did the stranger make by sign to Rip?
25. What did Rip see in the amphitheatre?
26. What experiences did he have there?
27. What in it all seemed so odd to him?
28. What caused his "deep sleep"?

Pages 373-382

Words and Expressions for Study: woe-begone party, fire-lock, roysterers, gambol, made shift, toilsome way, impenetrable, perplexities, recurrence, addled, forlorn, connubial fears, gaping windows, singularly metamorphosed, disputatious tone, phlegm, doling, haranguing vehemently, Babylonish jargon, vacant stupidity, arm akimbo, tory.

29. What were the first thoughts which came to him on waking?
30. What strange experiences did he now have?
31. What changes had appeared in his surroundings since he fell asleep?
32. What strange sights confronted him upon his return to his native village and to his home?
33. Why should he now be called "a tory"?
34. What political changes had taken place since his departure from the village?
35. How did Rip finally manage to prove his identity to these people?

Pages 382-390

Words and Expressions for Study: squall, enormous lapses of time, precise counterpart, train of recollections, corroborated, vigil, ditto, hereditary disposition, species of despotism, petticoat government, flighty, draught.

36. Explain "tap their fingers against their foreheads."
37. What is the true explanation of his strange behavior?
38. Why did Rip prefer to make friends among the younger generation?
39. Explain "idle with impunity," "regular track of gossip," "petticoat government."
40. How did Rip get "his neck out of the yoke of matrimony"?
41. Since Rip told his story, how did the inhabitants regard a thunder-storm in the Catskills?
42. Give a short summary of the story.
43. What seems to you to be the author's purpose in writing this story?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

IRVING: Sketch Book, Knickerbocker's History of New York.

GRIMM BROTHERS: The Sleeping Beauty.

Thor and the Giants.

HALE: The Man without a Country.

LOWELL: Vision of Sir Launfal.

ANDERSEN: The Snow Queen.

A PROPHECY

The lines were first published in England in 1345, before the discovery of America, and before any of the discoveries and inventions mentioned therein.

Carriage without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the world thoughts will fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
The world upside down shall be,
And gold be found at root of tree.
Through hills man shall ride,
And no horse nor ass be at his side.
Under water man shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen,
In white, in black, in green.
Iron in the water shall float
As easy as a wooden boat.
Fire and water shall wonders do,
England at least shall admit a Jew.
And this world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

—*Mother Shipton.*

THANATOPSIS

“*T*HANATOPSIS alone would establish a claim to genius,” said the Scottish author, Sir Christopher North, when he read this wonderful poem. Young William Cullen Bryant had been encouraged by his father to read and to write poetry. At the age of sixteen, the young man entered the sophomore class of Williams College with a reputation for writing poetry “that was printed.” His money gave out, however, and his college course was cut short. Greatly disappointed, he returned to his home and began to study law. At this time, while not yet eighteen years of age, he wrote the first draft of *Thanatopsis*. Six years later, his father came upon the manuscript by mere chance and at once recognized the merit of the poem. Without a word, the proud father hastened to Boston and placed the poem in the hands of the editor of the *North American Review*. The story is that the editor at once left his work and hurried to Harvard College to show his fellow editors what a rare “find” he had made. One of the editors, the distinguished Richard Henry Dana, is said to have declared “that there was some fraud in the

matter, for no one in America could write such verse."

The poem was at once hailed as a masterpiece and welcomed as America's first great poem. Professor Julian Hawthorne has aptly said of it, "Its comprehensive view of death, implies an interpretation of life; what we had deemed the chief of terrors is transformed into the majestic and orderly fulfilment of the purposes of an infinite and benign God, who disposes all things for our good."

THANATOPSIS

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—

Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice:—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements;
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone,—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world,—with kings,
The powerful of the earth,—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured
round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,

The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages.

All that tread

The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings,—yet the dead are there!
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep,—the dead reign there alone!
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall
come

And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves

To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and
soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

—William Cullen Bryant.

NOTES

1. *Thanatopsis*. Greek, *thanatos*, death, and *opsis*, a view.
2. *William Cullen Bryant* was born in Cummington, Massachusetts, in 1794 and died in 1878. This poem was written in 1811 and published in 1817. Look up more fully the facts of Bryant's life.
3. *Barcan desert*. Barca is a desert province in northern Africa east of Tripoli.
4. *The Oregon*. The Oregon is another name for the Columbia River.
5. Look up the meanings of the following words and expressions: communion, visible forms, eloquence, darker musings, blight, sad images, stern agony, pall, insensible rock, rude swain, sepulchre, solemn decorations, abode, phantom, innumerable caravan, quarry-slave.

EXERCISES

1. Tell the circumstances under which Bryant wrote this poem.
2. Why should so young a man be speculating so seriously about death?
3. Explain "holds communion with her visible forms."
4. In what ways does nature speak a various language?
5. What consolation does communion with nature give "When thoughts of the last bitter hour come like a blight over thy spirit"?
6. How much of the poem is the word of the "still voice"?

7. How can one really learn all this from nature?
8. What is the first point revealed by nature?
9. What is meant by the statement that "thy image" shall not "exist"?
10. In what sense shall each one become "a brother to the insensible rock"?
11. In what sense is no one "alone" in his eternal resting-place?
12. Explain "nor couldst thou wish couch more magnificent."
13. Explain, "All in one mighty sepulchre."
14. What are the "solemn decorations" of the great tomb of man?
15. Explain fully, "All that tread the globe are but a handful to the tribes that slumber in its bosom."
16. What destiny is shared by all that breathe?
17. Explain, "Each one . . . will chase his favorite phantom."
18. How, then, should each one live?
19. Memorize the passage beginning "So live"
20. What general view of death is given in the entire poem?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

OMAR KHAYYÁM: Rubáiyát.

TENNYSON: Crossing the Bar.

BROWNING: Prospice.

DICKENS: Death of Little Nell.

GREENE: The Baron's Last Banquet.

HALLECK: Marco Bozzaris.

POE: The Raven, Ulalume.

POPE: The Dying Christian to His Soul.

EMERSON: Terminus.

STEVENSON: Requiem.

PHOEBE CARY: Nearer Home.

EDWIN ARNOLD: The Secret of Death.

LONGFELLOW: Victor and Vanquished, The Reaper and the Flowers.

WORDSWORTH: Intimations on Immortality.

The simple duty that awaits thy hand
Is God's voice uttering a divine command.

—Minot J. Savage.

THE SHEPHERD PSALM

NO more beautiful interpretation of the Twenty-third Psalm has been given than that by William Allen Knight in his exquisite "Song of Our Syrian Guest." While this "Shepherd Psalm" has "charmed more griefs to rest than all the philosophy of the world, it has not been understood as a true shepherd psalm. Until the interpretation given in "The Song of Our Syrian Guest," this psalm has usually been thought to begin with the figure of a shepherd and his sheep and to close with a banquet figure. The two parts of the psalm have not seemed to be closely related. With the courteous permission of the author, William Allen Knight, this summary from the text and notes of "The Song of Our Syrian Guest" is here published to give the oriental shepherd's interpretation. Knight's "Song of Our Syrian Guest" should be in every home and school library in the land. It is necessary to read the complete story in order to catch its more beautiful message.

SHEPHERDS IN THE FIELD OF THE SHEPHERDS—BETHLEHEM

THE SHEPHERD PSALM*

Henry Ward Beecher once voiced the universal feeling about the Twenty-third Psalm in the following words:

“It has charmed more griefs to rest than all the philosophy of the world. It has remanded to their dungeon more felon thoughts, more black doubts, more thieving sorrows, than there are sands on the seashore. It has comforted the noble host of the poor. It has sung courage to the army of the disappointed. It has poured balm and consolation into the heart of the sick, of captives in dungeons, of widows in their pinching griefs, of orphans in their loneliness. Dying soldiers have died easier as it was read to them; ghastly hospitals have been illuminated; it has visited the prisoner and broken his chains, and, like Peter’s angel, led him forth in imagination, and sung him back to his home again. It has made the dying Christian slave freer than his master, and consoled those whom, dying, he left behind, mourning not so much that he was gone as because they were left behind and could not go too. Nor is its work done. It will go on singing to your children and my children, and to their children, through all the generations of time.”

This wonderful little product of three thousand years ago has long been called the Shepherd

*This summary of “The Song of Our Syrian Guest” is used by the special courtesy of the author, William Allen Knight, and by the courteous permission of The Pilgrim Press.

Psalm. Its opening words, "The Lord is my shepherd," are followed by expressions drawn from the ways of shepherds with flocks. This amply justifies such a designation, though one generation after another has understood that the shepherd figure is dropped midway in the psalm.

But multitudes of readers are now learning to find the imagery of shepherd life continued with ever-deepening meaning to the psalm's end. "The Song of Our Syrian Guest," a little book which has been translated into many languages, is rendering this unique service to the hearts of men.

Its simple narrative is in the form of a conversation. The scene is laid at a tea-table in the author's home. A stranger is welcomed there. He has been a shepherd in the Syrian mountains, and the talk turns to memories of life in his far-away country. The host had long been studying the natural setting of the Shepherd Psalm; questions lead the stranger guest to talk of its meaning.

One by one the shepherd pictures in the fore part of the psalm are dwelt upon—food and rest in green pastures, refreshment by still waters, restoration from danger, leading in right paths, and even in the rough valley shadowed by deadly peril, the sheep fears no evil because the shepherd is near to defend and guide.

When the talk comes to the words, "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies," the narrative continues as follows:

"In the same hushed voice in which he quoted

these words he added: 'Ah, to think that the shepherd's highest skill and heroism should be lost from view as the psalm begins to sing of it, and only an indoor banquet thought of!' Again he sat a little time in quiet. Then he said:

"The word for table here means simply something spread out and so a prepared meal, however it is set forth. There is no higher task of the shepherd in my country than to go from time to time to study places and examine the grass and find a good and safe feeding-place for his sheep. All his skill and often great heroism are called for.'"

Then he proceeds to tell of the dangers from poisonous growths in the pasture lands, from snakes in hiding which will bite the noses of the sheep, and from lurking wild beasts in caves of the hillsides around. "The bravery and skill of the shepherd are at the highest point in closing up these dens with stones or slaying the wild beasts with his long-bladed knife. Of nothing do you hear shepherds boasting more proudly than of their achievements in this part of their care of flocks. 'And now,' he exclaimed, with a beaming countenance and suppressed feeling, as if pleading for recognition of the lone shepherd's bravest act of devotion to his sheep, 'and now do you not see the shepherd figure in that quaint line, *Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies?*'"

Thus scenes in shepherd life are traced to the

end of the psalm, and it is shown to be a Shepherd Psalm throughout.

The author of this story has talked with various men who have lived in the East and given similar interpretations of this psalm. He has traced a like understanding in occasional writings running back through fifteen hundred years to Augustine. Notable among these comparatively few writers who have seen the shepherd figure to the end of the psalm is Joseph Addison.

In *The Spectator*, under date of Saturday, July 26, 1712, in the paper numbered 441, this eminent writer has left a charming essay on the benefits of trusting reliance on God. At the close he speaks of how David has represented this in the Twenty-third Psalm, "which is a kind of *Pastoral* Hymn, and filled with those Allusions which are usual in that kind of Writing." He says that as the poetry is very exquisite he will give his reader "the following translation of it." Then come stanzas beginning:

"The Lord my Pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's care."

When they reach the table verse of the psalm, Addison's rendering runs:

"Though in a bare and rugged Way
Through devious lonely Wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my Pains beguile;
The barren Wilderness shall smile,
With sudden Greens and Herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around."

Clearly he is thinking of the “table” as the feeding-place of sheep in the wilds—“sudden Greens and Herbage.”

This view, mentioned now and then through the centuries, has at last reached the multitudes who know the Twenty-third Psalm by heart, through this little book, *The Song of Our Syrian Guest*, by *William Allen Knight*.

THE SHEPHERD PSALM

THE LORD is my shepherd, I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name’s sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou *art* with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the LORD forever.—*Psalm XXIII.*

NOTES

1. Read William Allen Knight’s “The Song of Our Syrian Guest,” published by The Pilgrim Press, Boston.
2. Compare with this any other comments on or interpretations of this psalm you can find.
3. Find other places in the Bible in which the shepherd figure is used.
4. *Peter’s Angel.* See Acts xii.

5. *Joseph Addison*. An English essayist. Author of *The Spectator Papers*.
6. *Augustine*. A great bishop of the early church who was afterwards made a saint because of his great influence in early church thought. He lived from 354 to 430 A. D.
7. Be prepared to give the meanings of the following words and expressions as here used: felon thoughts, dungeon, black doubts, balm, consolation, pinching griefs, imagery, illuminated, designation, banquet, table, refreshment, heroism, bravest act of devotion, quaint, Pastoral Hymn, trusting reliance, devious, lonely Wilds, beguile.

EXERCISES

1. Why is the Twenty-third Psalm called "The Shepherd Psalm"?
2. What is the common interpretation of this psalm?
3. According to Beecher what comfort has the psalm given?
4. From what little work is this summary and interpretation taken?
5. Give briefly the setting of "Song of Our Syrian Guest."
6. What pictures are given in the fore part of the psalm?
7. What is the meaning of "table" as here used?
8. How does a shepherd prepare a "table" for the sheep?
9. Explain fully the meaning of "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies," as here given.
10. What interpretation of the psalm is given by Addison in *The Spectator*?
11. Why is this psalm called a pastoral hymn?
12. Read "Song of Our Syrian Guest" and be prepared to explain the meaning of each clause of the psalm.
13. Memorize the psalm.
14. What now seems to you to be the real meaning of the psalm?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

KNIGHT: Song of Our Syrian Guest.

BEECHER: The Singing Pilgrim.

POST: Shepherd Life in Bible Lands.

WHITTIER: The Eternal Goodness, The Prayer Seeker, The Over-Heart, The Brother of Mercy.

WALLACE: Ben Hur.

VAN DYKE: The Ruling Passion, The Mansion.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

THE following beautiful version of this prayer was found at Corinth, Mississippi, by A. P. Green, of Auburn, Indiana, on the morning of May 30, 1862, just as the Confederate forces evacuated the city. These lines were printed on very heavy satin bearing the date July 4, 1828:

Thou to the Mercy Seat our souls
dost gather,
To do our duty unto Thee.....Our Father
To whom all praise, all honor, should
be given,
For Thou art the Great God.....who art in heaven,
Thou, by Thy wisdom, rul'st the
world's wide fame;
Forever, thereforehallowed be Thy name.
Let nevermore delays divide us from
Thy glorious grace, but may.....Thy kingdom come.
Let Thy commands opposed be by
none
But Thy good pleasure and.....Thy will be done
And let our promptness to obey be
even
The very same.....on earth, as 'tis in heaven.
Then, for our souls, O Lord, we also
pray,
Thou wouldst be pleased to.....Give us this day
The food of life, wherewith our souls
are fed,
Sufficient raiment and.....our daily bread,

With every needful thing do Thou
 relieve us,
And of Thy mercy, pity.....and forgive us
All our misdeeds, for Him, whom
 Thou didst please
To make an offering for.....our trespasses,
And, forasmuch, O Lord, as we be-
 lieve
That Thou wilt pardon us.....as we forgive
Let that love teach, wherewith
 Thou dost acquaint us,
To pardon all.....those who trespass against us,
And though, sometimes, Thou findst
 we have forgot
This love for Thee, yet help.....and lead us not
Through soul or body want, to
 desperation,
Nor let earth's gain drive us.....into temptation,
Let not the soul of any true believer
Fall in the time of trial.....but deliver
Yea, save them from the malice of
 the devil,
And, both in life and death, keep..us from evil,
Thus pray we, Lord, for that of
 Thee, from whom
This may be had.....for Thine is the kingdom,
This world is of Thy work, its
 wondrous story
To Thee belongs.....the power, and the glory
And all Thy wondrous works
 have ended never,
But will remain forever andforever.
Thee, we poor creatures would con-
 fess again,
And thus would say eternally.....Amen.

EVANGELINE

IN 1755, Nova Scotia, then known as Acadia, was inhabited largely by French colonists. These colonists were called "French Neutrals" because they were exempted from military service to France. For thirty years the British held control of the country, but the sympathy of these people was naturally with the mother country. For some time France and Great Britain had tried, through a European Commission, to fix a definite boundary between Nova Scotia and New France. Meanwhile, the French erected two forts at the head of the Bay of Fundy. Massachusetts soon sent out a force which besieged and captured these forts. To the surprise of the British, they found three hundred "neutral" Acadians in the French garrison. These "neutrals," having broken faith with Great Britain, were held as rebels.

Thereupon the Governor of Nova Scotia, the Chief Justice, and two British Admirals held a council and decided to remove the entire French population from Acadia and to distribute them among the English people of the other provinces. To do this it was first necessary to gather together the widely scattered people who for two

hundred years had lived peacefully, raising sheep and cultivating the soil. Hence Governor Lawrence issued an order to all males of the colony, "both young and old men, as well as all of the lads ten years of age," to assemble in the church at Grand-Pré, to learn His Majesty's pleasure, "on pain of forfeiting goods and chattels in default of real estate."

On the day appointed, September 5, 1755, four hundred eighteen unarmed men and boys met within the church. Thereupon the doors were closed, a strong military guard was thrown about the church, and the following edict was read to the men and boys assembled:

"It is His Majesty's orders, and they are peremptory, that the whole French inhabitants of these districts be removed. Your lands and tene-ments, cattle of all kinds, and live-stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the Crown, with all your other effects, saving your money and household goods; and you yourselves are to be removed from this province. I shall do everything in my power that your goods be secured to you, and that you are not molested in carrying them off; also, that whole families shall go in the same ves-sel, and that this removal be made as easy as His Majesty's service will admit. And I hope that, in whatever part of the world you may fall,

EVANGELINE

you may be faithful subjects, a peaceful and happy people. Meanwhile you are the king's prisoners, and will remain in security under the inspection and direction of the troops I have the honor to command."

When the true meaning of the edict was understood, a moan broke from the stunned Acadians, and their grief was echoed in bewilderment by the women waiting with their children outside.

On the tenth of September, the Acadians, nineteen hundred and twenty in number, were marched to the water's edge in charge of soldiers, and embarked in government vessels, which were not able, however, to receive all of the emigrants, some of whom remained until December. Then Acadia was forsaken, and the Acadians were never again gathered together. Although the authorities exercised care to see that families were not separated, in many instances families were dispersed, husbands and wives were sent in different vessels, and young women were parted from their lovers forever.

The following poem is the recital of this tragedy made more touching by the experiences of Evangeline and Gabriel, two Acadian lovers who became separated in the confusion of deporting these people.

EVANGELINE
A TALE OF ACADIE

PRELUDE¹

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines
and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indis-
tinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids² of *eld*,³ with voices sad and
prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar,⁴ with beards that rest on
their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced
neighboring ocean 5
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the
wail of the forest.
This is the forest primeval; but where are the
hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the wood-
land the voice of the huntsman?

¹*Prelude*. Introduction. The prelude to a poem is intended to give the atmosphere, the spirit, of the poem.

²*Druids*. The priests of the ancient pagan Celtic religion, concerning which little is certainly known to-day. The Druids are in literature frequently associated with the forests, for many of their rites were performed beneath the mistletoe-laden oaks.

³*Eld*. Old.

⁴*Harpers hoar*. Harpers whose hair and beard are white with age. Among the Celts, and among other ancient European peoples, the harpers, or minstrels, occupied a high place. There was no written literature, and song and story were learned by heart by the minstrels, who recited with vividness and emotion to the strains of the harp.

Where is the thatch-roofed⁵ village, the home of
Acadian⁶ farmers,—
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water
the woodlands, 10
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an
image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers
forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty
blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle
them far o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful
village of Grand-Pré.⁷ 15
Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and en-
dures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of
woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition, still sung by the
pines of the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie,⁸ home of the
happy.

⁵*Thatch-roofed*. Having roofs made of straw or reeds. This was the common roofing, even in England, a few hundred years ago.

⁶*Acadian*. Look up Nova Scotia on a map of Canada. Acadie, or Acadia, was the old French name of what is now called Nova Scotia. It became British territory by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713.

⁷*Grand-Pré*. Pronounced Grän-Prā'. A village of this name still exists on the northwest coast of Nova Scotia. The meaning of the word is great meadow, or prairie.

⁸*Acadie*. Pronounced ác-à-dē'. This is the original French name, Acadia being a Latinized form.

PART THE FIRST

I

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin
of Minas,⁹ 20

Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-
Pré

Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched
to the eastward,

Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks
without number.

Dikes,¹⁰ that the hands of the farmers had raised
with labor incessant,

Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons
the flood-gates¹¹ 25

Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will
o'er the meadows.

West and south there were fields of flax, and
orchards and cornfields

Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and
away to the northward

Blomidon¹² rose, and the forests old, and aloft on
the mountains

⁹*Basin of Minas.* Pronounced Mi'-näs. A bay on the north-west coast of Nova Scotia. It opens into the Bay of Fundy by means of Scot's Bay and Minas Channel.

¹⁰*Dikes.* Walls built to prevent the sea from overflowing the land.

¹¹*Flood-gates.* Gates in the dikes that could be opened to admit the water.

¹²*Blomidon.* Pronounced Blöm'-i-dün. A cape south of the entrance to Minas Basin, but north of Grand-Pré, which is almost at the southernmost point of the basin.

Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic 30
 Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
 There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
 Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of hemlock,
 Such as the peasants of Normandy¹³ built in the reign of the Henries.¹⁴
 Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows;¹⁵ and gables projecting 35
 Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
 There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
 Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
 Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles¹⁶
 Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs¹⁷ spinning the golden 40

¹³*Normandy*. A part of the eastern portion of France, opposite England and between the rivers Seine and Loire. It gained its name from the fact that it was settled by the Northmen, fierce Teutonic pirates from northern Europe.

¹⁴*The reign of the Henries*. The reigns of Henry II., 1547-1559; Henry III., 1574-1589; Henry IV., 1589-1610.

¹⁵*Dormer-windows*. A window projecting out from a sloping roof and having a gable of its own is called a dormer-window.

¹⁶*Kirtles*. Gowns.

¹⁷*Distaff*. The old device for spinning. It consisted of a cleft staff, with reel attached, and was held under the left arm during the process of spinning.

Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles
within doors

Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels
and the songs of the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest,
and the children

Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended
to bless them.

Reverend walked he among them; and up rose
matrons and maidens, 45

Hailing his slow approach with words of affection-
ate welcome.

Then came the laborers home from the field, and
serenely the sun sank

Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon
from the belfry

Softly the Angelus¹⁸ sounded, and over the roofs
of the village

Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense
ascending, 50

Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace
and contentment.

Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian
farmers,—

¹⁸*Angelus*. The ringing of the bell of a Roman Catholic church as a signal to the faithful to repeat the Angelus, an invocation to the Virgin Mary which begins in Latin with the Scriptural words, "*Angelus nuntiavit*," "The angel announced." The bell is rung at morning, noon, and evening. See Millet's painting, "The Angelus."

Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were
they free from

Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the
vice of republics.

Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to
their windows; 55

But their dwellings were open as day and the
hearts of the owners;

There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived
in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the
Basin of Minas,

Benedict Bellefontaine,¹⁹ the wealthiest farmer of
Grand-Pré,

Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing
his household, 60

Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride
of the village.

Stalworth²⁰ and stately in form was the man of
seventy winters;

Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered
with snow-flakes;

White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks
as brown as the oak-leaves.

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen
summers, 65

Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on
the thorn by the wayside,

¹⁹*Bellefontaine*. Pronounced Bēl-fōN-tēn'.

²⁰*Stalworth*. Stalwart.

Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the
brown shade of her tresses!

Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that
feed in the meadows,

When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers
at noontide

Flagons of home-brewed ale,²¹ ah! fair in sooth
was the maiden. 70

Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the
bell from its turret

Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest
with his hyssop²²

Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings
upon them,

Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet
of beads²³ and her missal,²⁴

Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue,
and the ear-rings, 75

Brought in the olden time from France, and since,
as an heirloom,

²¹*Ale.* A malt liquor, more commonly drunk in Europe than in this country.

²²*The priest with his hyssop.* Among the Israelites, the water of ceremonial purification was sprinkled by means of a sprig of hyssop, a bushy plant. A similar ceremony is performed in Roman Catholic churches before a sung Mass.

²³*Chaplet of beads.* The string of beads, with the cross, used in reciting the cycle of prayer known as the Rosary.

²⁴*Missal.* The book containing the service of the Mass, including the Canon and also the varying parts for the whole ecclesiastical year. The term is here used to denote an ordinary Roman Catholic prayer-book.

Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.

But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal²⁵ beauty—

Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,²⁶

Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her. 80

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer

Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady

Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.

Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath 85

Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.

Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,²⁷

Such as the traveler sees in regions remote by the roadside,

²⁵*Ethereal*. Having heavenly qualities. Look up the derivation of this word, and compare it with that of "celestial," which occurs in the same line of the poem.

²⁶*Confession*. The recital of sins to a priest, followed by absolution.

²⁷*Penthouse*. An overhanging roof.

Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image
of Mary.²⁸

Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the
well with its moss-grown 90

Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough
for the horses.

Shielding the house from storms, on the north,
were the barns and the farm-yard.

There stood the broad-wheeled wains²⁹ and the
antique plows and the harrows;

There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in
his feathered seraglio,³⁰

Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock,
with the self-same 95

Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent
Peter.³¹

Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a
village. In each one

Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and
a staircase,

Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous
corn-loft.

There, too, the dove-cot³² stood, with its meek and
innocent inmates 100

²⁸Line 89. Such boxes and images are common in the Roman Catholic countries of Europe.

²⁹Wains. Wagons.

³⁰Seraglio. Pronounced sē-räl'yō. A palace—especially the palace of the Sultan of Turkey.

³¹Line 96. See St. Matthew xxvi. 69-75; St. Mark xiv. 66-72; St. Luke xxii. 54-62; St. John xviii. 25-27.

³²Dove-cot. A box, or house, for tame pigeons.

Murmuring ever of love; while above in the
variant³³ breezes

Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang
of mutation.³⁴

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the
farmer of Grand-Pré

Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed
his household.

Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and
opened his missal, 105

Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest
devotion;

Happy was he who might touch her hand or the
hem of her garment!

Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness
befriended,

And as he knocked and waited to hear the sound
of her footsteps,

Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the
knocker of iron; 110

Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint³⁵ of the
village,

Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance
as he whispered

Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the
music.

³³*Variant.* Variable.

³⁴*Mutation.* Change.

³⁵*Patron Saint.* The saint who was regarded as the patron, or protector, of the village. His day in the Church calendar would be observed with special ceremonies and rejoicing.

But, among all who came, young Gabriel only
was welcome;

Gabriel Lajeunesse,³⁶ the son of Basil, the black-
smith, 115

Who was a mighty man in the village, and hon-
ored of all men;

For, since the birth of time, throughout all ages
and nations,

Has the craft of the smith been held in repute
by the people.

Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from
earliest childhood

Grew up together as brother and sister; and
Father Felician, 120

Priest and pedagogue³⁷ both in the village, had
taught them their letters

Out of the self-same book, with the hymns of the
church and the plain-song.³⁸

But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson
completed,

Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil,
the blacksmith.

There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes
to behold him 125

Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse
as a plaything,

³⁶*Lajeunesse*. Pronounced Lä-zhĕ-nĕs'.

³⁷*Pedagogue*. Teacher.

³⁸*Plain-song*. The most ancient and simple form of ecclesiasti-
cal music, known also as Gregorian. It is sung in Roman
Catholic churches to-day.

Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the
tire of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle
of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gather-
ing darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through
every cranny and crevice. 130
Warm by the forge within, they watched the
laboring bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired
in the ashes,
Merrily laughed, and said they³⁹ were nuns going
into the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of
the eagle,
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er
the meadow. 135
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests
on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone,⁴⁰
which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the
sight of its fledgelings;⁴¹

³⁹*They*. The sparks, which suggested to the children the picture of nuns entering the chapel, each with a lighted candle.

⁴⁰*That wondrous stone*. According to a Norman legend, the swallow went to the seashore to procure a magic stone, which had the power of restoring sight to the blind. By means of this she gave sight to her young.

⁴¹*Fledgelings*. Little birds just fledged; that is, furnished with feathers.

Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest
of the swallow!

Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer
were children. 140

He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face
of the morning,

Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened
thought into action.

She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes
of a woman.

“Sunshine of Saint Eulalie”⁴² was she called; for
that was the sunshine

Which, as the farmers believed, would load their
orchards with apples; 145

She, too, would bring to her husband’s house
delight and abundance,

Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of
children.

II

Now had the season returned, when the nights
grow colder and longer,

And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion⁴³
enters.

Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air,
from the ice-bound, 150

⁴²*Sunshine of St. Eulalie.* Pronounced ə-lā-lē’. There was a current belief that if the sun shone bright on St. Eulalie’s Day, February 12, the ensuing season would bring abundant fruit.

⁴³*Sign of the Scorpion.* The eighth sign of the zodiac, which the sun enters about October 23. Look up the signs of the zodiac in the dictionary and in an almanac.

Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.

Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September

Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.⁴⁴

All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.⁴⁵

Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey 155

Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted

Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.

Such was the advent⁴⁶ of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,

Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints!⁴⁷

Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape 160

Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.

Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean

Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.

⁴⁴*As Jacob of old with the angel.* Read Genesis xxxii. 24-30.

⁴⁵*Inclement.* Severe.

⁴⁶*Advent.* Coming.

⁴⁷*Summer of All-Saints.* So called because of the nearness of All-Saints' Day, November 1. The same season in the United States is commonly known as Indian Summer.

Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks
in the farm-yards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing
of pigeons, 165
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of
love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden
vapors around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet
and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering
tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned
with mantles and jewels.⁴⁸ 170

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection
and stillness.
Day with its burden and heat⁴⁹ had departed, and
twilight descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the
herds to the homestead.
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their
necks on each other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the
freshness of evening. 175

⁴⁸Line 170. According to Herodotus, the Greek historian, Xerxes, king of Persia in the fifth century B. C., saw on one of his marches a plane-tree so beautiful that he ordered it adorned.

⁴⁹Burden and heat. A quotation from Christ's parable of the Laborers in the Vineyard. See St. Matthew xx. 12.

Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful
heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that
waved from her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human
affection.

Then came the shepherd back with his bleating
flocks from the seaside,
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them
followed the watch-dog, 180
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride
of his instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and
superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the
stragglers;

Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept;
their protector,
When from the forest at night, through the starry
silence the wolves howled. 185
Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains
from the marshes,
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its
odor.

Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their
manes and their fetlocks,
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and
ponderous saddles,
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with
tassels of crimson, 190

Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy
with blossoms.

Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded
their udders

Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in
regular cadence⁵⁰

Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets
descended.

Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard
in the farm-yard, 195

Echoed back by the barns. Anon⁵¹ they sank into
stillness;

Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves
of the barn-doors,

Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was
silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fire-place,
idly the farmer

Sat in his elbow-chair and watched how the flames
and the smoke-wreaths 200

Struggled together like foes in a burning city.
Behind him,

Nodding and mocking along the wall, with ges-
tures fantastic,

Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away
into darkness.

Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his
arm-chair

⁵⁰*Cadence.* Rhythm produced by rise and fall of sound.

⁵¹*Anon.* Soon.

Laughed in the flickering light; and the pewter⁵²
plates on the dresser 205
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of
armies the sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols
of Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers
before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Bur-
gundian⁵³ vineyards.
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evange-
line seated, 210
Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the cor-
ner behind her.
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its
diligent shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like
the drone of a bagpipe,⁵⁴
Followed the old man's song and united the frag-
ments together.
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at
intervals ceases, 215
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the
priest at the altar,

⁵²*Pewter*. An alloy of certain metals. It was formerly much used for plates, tankards, etc.

⁵³*Burgundian*. Of Burgundy, a part of eastern France celebrated for its vineyards.

⁵⁴*Bagpipe*. A musical instrument common in the Scottish Highlands. Its large wind-bag gives it a strikingly peculiar appearance, and the strangeness of its sound, once heard, is not likely to be forgotten.

So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,

Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.

Benedict knew, by the hob-nailed shoes, it was Basil, the blacksmith, 220

And, by her beating heart, Evangeline knew who was with him.

“Welcome!” the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on the threshold,

“Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle

Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee!

Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco; 225

Never so much thyself art thou as when, through the curling

Smoke of the pipe or the forge, thy friendly and jovial face gleams

Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes.”

Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil, the blacksmith,

Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside:— 230

“Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!

**Ever in cheerfulest mood art thou, when others
are filled with**

**Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin
before them.**

**Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked
up a horseshoe."**

**Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evange-
line brought him,** 235

**And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he
slowly continued:—**

**"Four days now are passed since the English
ships at their anchors**

**Ride in the Gaspereau's⁵⁵ mouth, with their cannon
pointed against us.**

**What their design may be is unknown; but all are
commanded**

**On the morrow to meet in the church, where his
Majesty's mandate⁵⁶** 240

**Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in
the meantime,**

**Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the
people."**

**Then made answer the farmer: "Perhaps some
friendlier purpose**

**Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the
harvests in England**

⁵⁵*Gaspereau*. Pronounced Gàs-pè-rô'. A river flowing into the Minas Basin.

⁵⁶*Mandate*. Formal command. See introduction to this poem.

By the untimely rains or untimelier heat have
been blighted, 245

And from our bursting barns they would feed their
cattle and children."

"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said,
warmly, the blacksmith,

Shaking his head, as in doubt; then, heaving a
sigh, he continued:—

"Louisburg⁵⁷ is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour,⁵⁸
nor Port Royal.⁵⁹

Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on
its outskirts, 250

Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious⁶⁰ fate
of to-morrow.

Arms have been taken from us, and warlike
weapons of all kinds;

Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the
scythe of the mower."

Then, with a pleasant smile, made answer the
joyful farmer:—

⁵⁷*Louisburg*. Louisburg, on Cape Breton Island, north of the scene of this story, was besieged by the British in May, 1745. On June 28 of the same year, the fort and the island surrendered. These events occurred in King George's War.

⁵⁸*Beau Séjour*. Pronounced Bō' Sā-zhōōr'. A town on the Bay of Fundy besieged and captured by the British in June, 1755, less than three months before the issuance of the mandate mentioned in the poem.

⁵⁹*Port Royal*. Port Royal, in southwest Nova Scotia, was captured by the British on October 16, 1710, and was named Annapolis. Look up Annapolis on the map.

⁶⁰*Dubious*. Doubtful.

“Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks
and our cornfields, 255

Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the
ocean,

Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy’s
cannon.

Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no
shadow of sorrow

Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night
of the contract.

Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads
of the village 260

Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking
the glebe⁶¹ round about them,

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food
for a twelvemonth.

René Leblanc⁶² will be here anon, with his papers
and inkhorn.⁶³

Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy
of our children?”

As apart by the window she stood, with her hand
in her lover’s, 265

Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her
father had spoken;

And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary
entered.

⁶¹*Glebe*. Ground, or sod.

⁶²*René Leblanc*. Pronounced Rē-nā' Lē-blāN'.

⁶³*Inkhorn*. The old term for an ink-bottle, employed probably
because ink receptacles were formerly made of horn.

III

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of
the ocean,

Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the
notary public;⁶⁴

Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss⁶⁵ of the
maize,⁶⁶ hung 270

Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and
glasses with horn bows

Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom
supernal.⁶⁷

Father of twenty children was he, and more than
a hundred

Children's children rode on his knee, and heard
his great watch tick.

Four long years in the times of the war⁶⁸ had he
languished a captive, 275

Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend
of the English.

Now, though warier grown, without all guile or
suspicion,

⁶⁴*Notary public.* An officer empowered to administer oaths, etc. The office is of rather more importance among the French than among us.

⁶⁵*Floss.* Silk.

⁶⁶*Maize.* Indian corn—the corn commonly grown in the United States.

⁶⁷*Supernal.* Above the earth; celestial.

⁶⁸*The war.* The reference is to Queen Anne's War (1702-1713) or to King George's War (1744-1748), more probably the latter. Both wars were merely the American side of the long struggle between France and England.

Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient and simple
and childlike.

He was beloved by all, and most of all by the
children;

For he told them tales of the Loup-garou⁶⁹ in the
forest, 280

And of the goblin⁷⁰ that came in the night to water
the horses,

And of the white Létiche,⁷¹ the ghost of a child
who, unchristened,

Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the cham-
bers of children;

And how on Christmas Eve the oxen talked in the
stable,⁷²

And how the fever was cured by a spider shut
up in a nutshell,⁷³ 285

⁶⁹*Loup-garou*. Pronounced Lōō'gä-rōō'. Commonly called in English the were-wolf. A man who by his own power or the enchantments of others, might be changed into a wolf.

⁷⁰*Goblin*. A mischievous, malicious spirit. There are many superstitions concerning goblins, who fed and watered favorite horses and even rode on them by night.

⁷¹*Létiche*. Pronounced Lē-tēsh'. The ghost of a child which, according to belief, could not be received into heaven because of having died unchristened; that is, unbaptized.

⁷²*Line 284*. The talking of the oxen is a tradition associated with the fact that Christ was born in a manger. Because of the beginning of this holy life among them, oxen were, as the story goes, given the power to speak every Christmas Eve.

⁷³*Line 285*. The nutshell containing the spider was worn on the chest.

And of the marvelous powers of four-leaved
clover and horseshoes,⁷⁴

With whatsoever else was writ in the *lore*⁷⁵ of
the village.

Then up rose from his seat by the fireside **Basil**,
the blacksmith,

Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly ex-
tending his right hand,

“Father Leblanc,” he exclaimed, “thou hast heard
the talk in the village, 290

And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these
ships and their errand.”

Then with modest demeanor made answer the
notary public,—

“Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am
never the wiser;

And what their errand may be I know not better
than others.

Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil
intention 295

Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why
then molest us?”

“God’s name!” shouted the hasty and somewhat
irascible⁷⁶ blacksmith;

“Must we in all things look for the how, and the
why, and the wherefore?

⁷⁴Line 286. The four-leaved clover and the horseshoe are, of course, still regarded by many people as bringing good luck.

⁷⁵*Lore*. Learning.

⁷⁶*Irascible*. Easily aroused to anger.

Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of
the strongest!"

But without heeding his warmth, continued the
notary public,—

300

"Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice
Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often
consoled me,

When as a captive I lay in the old French fort,
at Port Royal."

This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved
to repeat it

When his neighbors complained that any injustice
was done them.

305

"Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer
remember,

Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of
Justice

Stood in the public square, upholding the scales
in its left hand,

And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice
presided

Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and
homes of the people.

310

Even the birds had built their nests in the scales
of the balance,

Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the
sunshine above them.

But in the course of time the laws of the land
were corrupted;

Might took the place of right, and the weak were
oppressed, and the mighty

Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a
nobleman's palace 315
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long
a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the
household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the
scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue
of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit
ascended, 320
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of
the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath
from its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales
of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of
a magpie,"⁷
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls
was inwoven." 325
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was
ended, the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but
findeth no language;
All his thoughts were congealed⁷⁸ into lines on his
face, as the vapors

⁷*Magpie.* A beautiful bird, which builds an exceedingly strong nest.

⁷⁸*Congealed.* Hardened, as by cold. His thoughts show in the lines of his face.

Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes
in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the
table, 330

Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard⁷⁹ with
home-brewed,

Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength
in the village of Grand-Pré;

While from his pocket the notary drew his papers
and inkhorn,

Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of
the parties,

Naming the dower⁸⁰ of the bride in flocks of sheep
and in cattle. 335

Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well
were completed,

And the great seal of the law was set like a sun
on the margin.

Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw
on the table

Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of
silver;

And the notary, rising, and blessing the bride and
the bridegroom, 340

Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their
welfare.

Wiping the foam from his lips, he solemnly bowed
and departed,

⁷⁹*Tankard.* A large vessel for liquor.

⁸⁰*Dower.* The property brought by the bride to her husband
at the time of their marriage.

While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,

Till Evangeline brought the draught-board⁸¹ out of its corner.

Soon was the game begun.. In friendly contention
the old men 345

Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful
manœuver,

Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach
was made in the king-row.

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,⁸²

Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding
the moon rise

Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the
meadows. 350

Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of
heaven,

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of
the angels.

Thus passed the evening away. Anon the bell
from the belfry

Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew,⁸³
and straightway

⁸¹*Draught-board.* A board upon which the game of draughts, more commonly called checkers, is played.

⁸²*Embrasure.* The inward extension of the sides, top, and bottom of a window opening.

⁸³*Curfew.* A signal for retiring; an evening bell. The word means literally to cover fires, the time for which duty, preceding going to bed, was formerly announced by the ringing of a bell at a time fixed by the authorities.

Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned
in the household. 355

Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on
the door-step

Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it
with gladness.

Carefully then were covered the embers that
glowed on the hearth-stone,

And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the
farmer.

Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline
followed. 360

Up the staircase moved a luminous⁸⁴ space in the
darkness,

Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of
the maiden,

Silent she passed through the hall, and entered
the door of her chamber.

Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of
white, and its clothes-press⁸⁵

Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were
carefully folded 365

Linen and woolen stuffs, by the hand of Evan-
geline woven.

This was the precious dower she would bring to
her husband in marriage,

Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her
skill as a housewife.

⁸⁴*Luminous.* Bright; shining.

⁸⁵*Clothes-press.* A piece of furniture in which clothing, etc.,
are kept.

Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow
and radiant moonlight

Streamed through the windows, and lighted the
room, till the heart of the maiden 370

Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous
tides of the ocean.

Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she
stood with

Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of
her chamber!

Little she dreamed that below, among the trees
of the orchard,

Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of
her lamp and her shadow. 375

Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feel-
ing of sadness

Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds
in the moonlight

Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for
a moment.

And, as she gazed from the window, she saw
serenely the moon pass

Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star
follow her footsteps, 380

As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wan-
dered with Hagar!⁸⁶

⁸⁶Line 381. Read Genesis xxi. 9-21.

IV

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village
of Grand-Pré.

Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin
of Minas,

Where the ships, with their wavering shadows,
were riding at anchor.

Life had long been astir in the village, and clamor-
ous⁸⁷ labor 385

Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden
gates of the morning.

Now from the country around, from the farms and
the neighboring hamlets,

Came in their holiday dresses the blithe⁸⁸ Acadian
peasants.

Many a glad good-morrow and jocund⁸⁹ laugh
from the young folk

Made the bright air brighter, as up from the nu-
merous meadows, 390

Where no path could be seen but the track of
wheels in the greensward,⁹⁰

Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed
on the highway.

Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor
were silenced.

Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy
groups at the house-doors

⁸⁷*Clamorous*. Producing clamor, noise.

⁸⁸*Blithe*. Happy.

⁸⁹*Jocund*. Jovial; gay.

⁹⁰*Greensward* A stretch of green grass, as in a pasture or
a park.

Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together. 395

Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;

For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,

All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.⁹¹

Yet under Benedict's roof, hospitality seemed more abundant:

For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father; 400

Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness

Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,

Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.⁹²

There in the shade of the porch, were the priest and the notary seated; 405

There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.

Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press⁹³ and the beehives,

⁹¹Line 398. Read *Acts iv. 32.*

⁹²*The feast of betrothal.* The feast in honor of the betrothal, or engagement of Gabriel and Evangeline.

⁹³*Cider-press.* The press by which the juice is extracted from apples for the purpose of making cider.

Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of
hearts and of waistcoats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately
played on his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face
of the fiddler 410

Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown
from the embers.

Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of
his fiddle,

Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres,⁹⁴ and *Le Carillon*
de Dunkerque,⁹⁵

And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the
music.

Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzy-
ing dances 415

Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the
meadows;

Old folk and young together, and children mingled
among them.

Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's
daughter!

Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, the son of
the blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a sum-
mons sonorous⁹⁶ 420

⁹⁴*Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres.* Pronounced Tōō lā bōōr-zhwä'dē shärtr. "All the Citizens of Chartres."

⁹⁵*Le Carillon de Dunkerque.* Lē Cär-ē-yōN' dē dün-kěrk'. "The Chime of Dunkirk."

⁹⁶*Sonorous.* Deep-toned; loud-sounding.

Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.

Thronged ere long was the church with men.
Without, in the churchyard,

Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the headstones

Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.

Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them 425

Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor

Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement,—

Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal

Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.

Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar, 430

Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.

“You are convened this day,” he said, “by his Majesty’s orders.

Clement⁹⁷ and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness,

Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper

⁹⁷*Clement.* Mild.

Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must
be grievous. 435

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of
our monarch;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and
cattle of all kinds

Forfeited be to the crown;⁹⁸ and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may
dwell there

Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable
people! 440

Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his
Majesty's pleasure!"

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice
of summer,⁹⁹

Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of
the hailstones

Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and
shatters his windows,

Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with
thatch from the house-roofs, 445

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their
inclosures;

So, on the hearts of the people descended the
words of the speaker.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder,
and then rose

⁹⁸*The crown.* The king.

⁹⁹*Solstice of summer.* June 21. The term is here used to refer to the period about that date.

Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,

And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the door-way. 450

Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations¹⁰⁰

Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil, the blacksmith,

As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted— 455

“Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!”

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier

Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement. 460

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,

Lo! the door of the chancel¹⁰¹ opened, and Father Felician

Entered, with serious mien,¹⁰² and ascended the steps of the altar.

¹⁰⁰*Imprecations.* Curses.

¹⁰¹*Chancel.* The front part of the church. It is raised above the level of the nave, in which are the congregation. The chancel contains the choir stalls, the credence table, and the altar.

¹⁰²*Mien.* Air.

Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed
into silence 465

All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to
his people;

Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents meas-
ured and mournful

Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarm,¹⁰³ distinctly
the clock strikes.

“What is this that ye do, my children? what mad-
ness has seized you?

Forty years of my life have I labored among you,
and taught you, 470

Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one an-
other!

Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils¹⁰⁴ and
prayers and privations?¹⁰⁵

Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and
forgiveness?

This is the house of the Prince of Peace,¹⁰⁶ and
would you profane it

Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing
with hatred? 475

Lo! where the crucified Christ from His cross is
gazing upon you!¹⁰⁷

See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and
holy compassion!

¹⁰³*Tocsin's alarm.* Warning given by bell.

¹⁰⁴*Vigils.* Watchings.

¹⁰⁵*Privations.* Hardships.

¹⁰⁶*The Prince of Peace.* A common title of Christ.

¹⁰⁷*Line 476.* Referring to the crucifix upon the altar.

Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'¹⁰⁸

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,

Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'" 480

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people,

Sank they, and sobs of contrition¹⁰⁹ succeeded that passionate outbreak,

While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar.

Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded, 485

Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria¹¹⁰

Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated,¹¹¹

Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.¹¹²

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides

¹⁰⁸Line 478. See St. Luke xxiii. 34.

¹⁰⁹Contrition. Sorrow for sin.

¹¹⁰Ave Maria. The Latin title of the invocation beginning, in its English form, "Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee."

¹¹¹Translated. Lifted to heaven.

¹¹²Line 488. Read II Kings ii. 11.

Wandered, wailing, from house to house the
women and children. 490

Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with
her right hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun,
that, descending,
Lighted the village street with mysterious splen-
dor, and roofed each
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblaz-
oned its windows.

Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth
on the table; 495

There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fra-
grant with wild-flowers;

There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese
fresh brought from the dairy,

And, at the head of the board, the great arm-chair
of the farmer,

Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as
the sunset

Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad
ambrosial meadows. 500

Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had
fallen,

And from the fields of her soul a fragrance cele-
stial ascended,—

Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgive-
ness and patience!

Then, all forgetful of self, she wandered into the
village,

Cheering with looks and words the disconsolate
hearts of the women, 505

As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps
they departed,

Urged by their household cares, and the weary
feet of their children.

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glim-
mering vapors

Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet de-
scending from Sinai.¹¹³

Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus
sounded. 510

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evan-
geline lingered.

All was silent within; and in vain at the door and
the windows

Stood she, and listened and looked, until, over-
come by emotion,

“Gabriel!” cried she aloud with tremulous voice;
but no answer

Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloom-
ier grave of the living.¹¹⁴ 515

Slowly, at length, she returned to the tenantless
house of her father.

Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board
was the supper untasted,

¹¹³Line 509. See Exodus xxxiv. 35.

¹¹⁴*The gloomier grave of the living.* The church in which the
men were confined.

Empty and drear was each room, and haunted
with phantoms of terror.

Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor
of her chamber.

In the dead of the night she heard the whispering
rain fall 520

Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree
by the window.

Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the
echoing thunder

Told her that God was in heaven, and governed
the world he created!

Then she remembered the tale¹¹⁵ she had heard
of the justice of heaven;

Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peace-
fully slumbered till morning. 525

v

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now
on the fifth day

Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of
the farm-house.

Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mourn-
ful procession,

Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms
the Acadian women,

Driving in ponderous wains their household goods
to the seashore, 530

Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on
their dwellings,

¹¹⁵*The tale.* The story told by the notary.

Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road
and the woodland.

Close at their sides their children ran, and urged
on the oxen,

While in their little hands they clasped some frag-
ments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's¹¹⁶ mouth they hurried;
and there on the sea-beach 535

Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the
peasants.

All day long between the shore and the ships did
the boats ply;

All day long the wains came laboring down from
the village.

Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to
his setting,

Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll of drums
from the churchyard. 540

Thither the women and children thronged. On a
sudden the church-doors

Opened, and forth came the guard, and march-
ing in gloomy procession

Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Aca-
dian farmers.

Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their
homes and their country,

Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are
weary and wayworn, 545

¹¹⁶The Gaspereau. A river flowing into the Minas Basin.

So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants
descended

Down from the church to the shore, amid their
wives and their daughters.

Foremost the young men came; and raising
together their voices,

Sang they with tremulous lips a chant of the
Catholic Missions:—

“Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible
fountain! 550

Fill our hearts this day with strength and sub-
mission and patience!”

Then the old men, as they marched, and the
women that stood by the wayside

Joined in the sacred psalm,¹¹⁷ and the birds in
the sunshine above them

Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits
departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in
silence, 555

Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour
of affliction,—

Calmly and sadly waited, until the procession
approached her,

And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with
emotion.

Tears then filled her eyes, and eagerly running to
meet him,

¹¹⁷*Psalm.* A hymn, exalted in thought.

Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered,— 560

“Gabriel! be of good cheer for, if we love one another,

Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!”

Smiling, she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father

Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!

Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his footstep 565

Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his bosom.

But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him,

Speaking words of endearment, where words of comfort availed not.

Thus to the Gaspereau’s mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking. 570

Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion

Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children

Left on the land, extending their arms, with wild-est entreaties.

So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel
carried,

While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood
with her father. 575

Half the task was not done when the sun went
down, and the twilight

Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the
refluent¹¹⁸ ocean

Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the
sand-beach

Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp¹¹⁹ and
the slippery sea-weed.

Farther back in the midst of the household goods
and the wagons, 580

Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer¹²⁰ after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels
near them,

Lay encamped for the night the houseless Aca-
dian farmers.

Back to its nethermost¹²¹ caves retreated the bel-
lowing ocean,

Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles,
and leaving 585

Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats
of the sailors.

Then as the night descended, the herds returned
from their pastures;

¹¹⁸Refluent. Flowing back.

¹¹⁹Kelp. The sea-wrack, from the ashes of which carbonate
of soda is made.

¹²⁰Leaguer. The camp of a besieging army.

¹²¹Nethermost. Lowest.

Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of
milk from their udders;

Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known
bars of the farm-yard,—

Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the
hand of the milk-maid. 590

Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no
Angelus sounded,

Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no
lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had
been kindled,

Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from
wrecks in the tempest.

Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces
were gathered, 595

Voices of women were heard, and of men, and
the crying of children.

Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth
in his parish,

Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and bless-
ing and cheering,

Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate
seashore.¹²²

Thus he approached the place where Evangeline
sat with her father, 600

And in the flickering light beheld the face of the
old man,

¹²²Line 599. Read Acts xxviii. 1-10. Melita. Pronounced
Mēl'-i-tā.

Haggard¹²³ and hollow and wan,¹²⁴ and without
either thought or emotion,

E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands
have been taken.

Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses
to cheer him,

Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he
looked not, he spake not, 605

But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flicker-
ing fire-light.

*“Benedicite”*¹²⁵ murmured the priest, in tones of
compassion.

More he fain would have said, but his heart was
full, and his accents

Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a
child on a threshold,

Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful
presence of sorrow. 610

Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head
of the maiden,

Raising his eyes, full of tears, to the silent stars
that above them

Moved on their way, unperturbed¹²⁶ by the wrongs
and sorrows of mortals.

¹²³*Haggard*. Worn-looking.

¹²⁴*Wan*. White.

¹²⁵*Benedicite*. The Latin imperative meaning, “Bless ye.” The priest endeavored to inspire the people to the praise of God whatever might be their circumstances, thus bringing out the spirit of the Biblical verse, “The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.”

¹²⁶*Unperturbed*. Not disquieted.

Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red 615

Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon

Titan-like¹²⁷ stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,

Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.

Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,

Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the road-stead.¹²⁸ 620

Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were

Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr.

Then as the wind seized the gleeds¹²⁹ and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,

Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred housetops

Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled. 625

¹²⁷*Titan-like.* The Titans, according to Greek mythology, were beings of vast strength, who piled up mountains in order to reach heaven in a war against the god Saturn.

¹²⁸*Road-stead.* A place where ships ride at anchor, some distance away from the shore.

¹²⁹*Gleeds.* Sparks.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.

Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,

“We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré!”

Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-yard,

Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle 630

Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.

Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments

Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,¹³⁰

When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,

Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river. 635

Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses

Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden

Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them;

And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion, 640

¹³⁰*The Nebraska.* The river now known as the *Platte*.

Lo, from his seat he had fallen, and stretched
abroad on the seashore,
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had
departed.

Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and
the maiden

Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in
her terror.

Then in a swoon¹³¹ she sank, and lay with her
head on his bosom. 645

Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious¹³²
slumber;

And when she awoke from the trance, she beheld
a multitude near her.

Faces of friends she beheld, that were mourn-
fully gazing upon her,

Pallid,¹³³ with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest
compassion.

Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the
landscape, 650

Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the
faces around her,

And like the day of doom it seemed to her waver-
ing senses.

Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the
people,—

¹³¹*Swoon*. A faint.

¹³²*Oblivious*. Blotting out thought from the mind for the
time being.

¹³³*Pallid*. Pale.

“Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season

Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,¹³⁴ 655

Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard.”

Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the seaside,

Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,

But without bell or book,¹³⁵ they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.

And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow, 660

Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,

Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.¹³⁶

’Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,

With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.

¹³⁴*Exile.* Banishment from one’s country.

¹³⁵*Without bell or book.* Without tolling the bell and without using the prayer-book. The latter is hardly to be taken literally, for the priest would certainly not be without his prayer-book. The idea is that the full service that would be said in church was not used on this occasion.

¹³⁶*Dirges.* Funeral hymns, so called because the antiphon in the ancient Office of the Dead begins in Latin with the word, “Dirige.”

Then recommenced once more the stir and noise
of embarking; 665
And with the ebb of that tide the ships sailed out
of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and
the village in ruins.

PART THE SECOND

I

Many a weary year had passed since the burning
of Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels
departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household goods,
into exile, 670
Exile without an end, and without an example in
story.
Far asunder,¹ on separate coasts, the Acadians
landed;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when
the wind from the northeast
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the
Banks of Newfoundland.²
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered
from city to city, 675

¹Asunder. Apart.

²Banks of Newfoundland. Look up Newfoundland on a map of eastern Canada. Banks, as the term is used here, are eminences rising from the bottom of the sea.

From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas,³

From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters⁴

Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,

Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.⁵

Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heart-broken, 680

Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.

Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.

Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,

Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.

Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended, 685

Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway

Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her,

³*Savannas*. Great plains, usually in tropical climates. They yield excellent pasturage during the wet season of the year.

⁴*The Father of Waters*. The Mississippi, this term being an Indian word meaning "father of waters."

⁵*Mammoth*. A great prehistoric animal, the bones of which have been found in numerous places. It was similar to the elephant, but much larger, probably about fifteen feet long and thirteen feet high.

Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead
and abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert
is marked by
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach
in the sunshine.⁶ 690
Something there was in her life incomplete, im-
perfect, unfinished;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and
sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and fading, slowly
descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had
arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by
the fever within her, 695
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst
of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search
and endeavor;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on
the crosses and tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that
perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber
beside him. 700

⁶Lines 689 and 690. At the time when this poem was published (1847), much of the Middle West of the United States was marked upon maps as the "Great American Desert." Travelers journeying across this then uncultivated land met with many hardships and much suffering, and not a few of the venturesome emigrants perished, their bones marking the place of their death.

Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate⁷
whisper,

Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her
forward.

Sometimes she spake with those who had seen
her beloved and known him,

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or for-
gotten.

“Gabriel Lajeunesse!” said they; “O, yes! we have
seen him. 705

He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have
gone to the prairies;

*Coureurs-des-Bois*⁸ are they, and famous hunters
and trappers.”

“Gabriel Lajeunesse!” said others; “O, yes! we
have seen him.

He is a *Voyageur*⁹ in the lowlands of Louisiana.”

Then would they say: “Dear child! why dream
and wait for him longer? 710

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel?
others

Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits
as loyal?

Here is Baptiste¹⁰ Leblanc, the notary’s son, who
has loved thee

⁷*Inarticulate*. Not spoken distinctly enough to be under-
stood.

⁸*Coureurs-des-Bois*. Pronounced Cōō'rēr-dē-bwā'. “Runners of
the forest”; hunters and traders in the woods.

⁹*Voyageur*. Pronounced Vwā-yā-zhēr'. “Traveler”; a man
employed by a trading company in transporting men and sup-
plies, chiefly by boat.

¹⁰*Baptiste*. Pronounced Bä-tēst'.

Many a tedious¹¹ year; come, give him thy hand
and be happy!

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's
tresses."¹² 715

Then would Evangeline answer, serenely, but
sadly—"I cannot!

Whither my heart has gone, there follows my
hand, and not elsewhere.

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and
illumines the pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden
in darkness."

And thereupon the priest, her friend and father-
confessor,¹³ 720

Said, with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus
speaketh within thee!

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was
wasted;

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters,
returning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them
full of refreshment;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again
to the fountain. 725

Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy
work of affection!

¹¹*Tedious.* Wearisome.

¹²*Line 715.* To remain unmarried. The origin of the expression is in the fact that St. Catherine of Alexandria was regarded as a patron saint of virgins.

¹³*Father-confessor.* The priest to whom one regularly goes to make sacramental confession.

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.

Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"

Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited. 730

Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,

But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, "Despair not!"

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,

Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards¹⁴ and thorns of existence.

Let me essay,¹⁵ O Muse!¹⁶ to follow the wanderer's footsteps; 735

Not through each devious¹⁷ path, each changeful year of existence,

But as a traveler follows a streamlet's course through the valley,

Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water,

¹⁴Shards. Fragments.

¹⁵Essay. Try; undertake.

¹⁶O Muse. The Muses, according to Greek mythology, were nine minor divinities. Several of them were the special patrons of various kinds of poetry, and were frequently invoked in Greek verse and in classic verse of other languages. Longfellow seldom refers to them.

¹⁷Devious. Winding.

Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only;

Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan¹⁸ glooms that conceal it, 740

Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur;

Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches an outlet.

II

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,¹⁹

Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,

Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi, 745

Floated a cumbrous²⁰ boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.

It was a band of exiles, a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked

Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,

Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune;

Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay, 750

¹⁸*Sylvan.* Forest.

¹⁹*The Beautiful River.* An Indian term applied to the Ohio River. Trace the course of this stream on a map of the United States.

²⁰*Cumbrous.* Awkward because of heaviness.

Sought for their kith²¹ and their kin²² among the
few-acre farmers

On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair
Opelousas.

With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the
Father Felician.

Onward, o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness
somber with forests,²³

Day after day they glided adown the turbulent
river; 755

Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped
on its borders.

Now through rushing chutes,²⁴ among green
islands, where plume-like

Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they
swept with the current,

Then emerged into broad lagoons,²⁵ where silvery
sandbars

Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling²⁶ waves
of their margin, 760

Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of
pelicans waded.

²¹*Kith.* Persons known, including relatives, friends, and
mere acquaintances.

²²*Kin.* Relatives.

²³*Line 754.* The reference is to the land about the mouth
of the Mississippi, which, being under French control, was
settled in 1765 by a number of the exiled Acadians. The term
“Opelousas” here refers to the prairie land, back from the
shore. In this region there is also a town of that name. See
a map of Louisiana and Mississippi.

²⁴*Chutes.* Falls, or rapids.

²⁵*Lagoon.* A sort of lake formed near the mouth of a river.

²⁶*Wimpling.* Rippling in a way suggesting the appearance

Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of
the river,

Shaded by china-trees,²⁷ in the midst of luxuriant
gardens,

Stood the houses of planters, with negro cabins
and dove-cotes.

They were approaching the region where reigns
perpetual summer, 765

Where through the Golden Coast,²⁸ and groves
of orange and citron,

Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the
eastward.

They, too, swerved from their course; and, enter-
ing the Bayou of Plaquemine,²⁹

Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious
waters,

Which, like a network of steel, extended in every
direction. 770

of a wimple. The wimple was a common mediæval woman's garment, consisting of silk or linen laid in folds over the top of the head and about the sides of the face, and hanging down below the neck.

²⁷*China-trees.* A tree from thirty to fifty feet high, cultivated to some extent in the South. It is sometimes called the Persian lilac, for the reason that it bears lilac-colored, fragrant flowers.

²⁸*The Golden Coast.* A region in Louisiana, south of Baton Rouge.

²⁹*Bayou of Plaquemine.* A bayou (pronounced bī'ōō) is a sluggish water-course. The Bayou of Plaquemine (pronounced Plāk-mēn') is not far from Baton Rouge, La.

Over their heads the towering and tenebrous³⁰
boughs of the cypress³¹
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air

Waved like banners that hang on the walls of
ancient cathedrals.

Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save
by the herons³²

Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning
at sunset, 775

Or by the owl as he greeted the moon with
demoniac³³ laughter.

Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and
gleamed on the water,

Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sus-
taining the arches,

Down through whose broken vaults it fell as
through chinks in a ruin.

Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all
things around them; 780

And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of won-
der and sadness,—

Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot
be compassed.

As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of
the prairies,

³⁰*Tenebrous.* Dark.

³¹*Cypress.* The tree which is the emblem of sorrow.

³²*Heron.* A wading-bird, common about lakes in the United States.

³³*Demoniac.* Wild, like that of a demon.

Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,³⁴

So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil, 785

Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.

But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly

Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.

It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.

Through whose shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her, 790

And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen,

And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure,

Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle.

Wild through the dark colonnades³⁵ and corridors³⁶ leafy the blast rang, 795

Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the forest.

³⁴*Mimosa*. The sensitive-plant, the leaves of which close upon the slightest irritation. Shelley's poem, "The Sensitive Plant," will be of interest in connection with this part, and also other parts, of "Evangeline."

³⁵*Colonnade*. A series of columns.

³⁶*Corridor*. A long, narrow hall.

Soundless above them the banners of moss just
stirred to the music.

Multitudinous⁸⁷ echoes awoke and died in the dis-
tance,

Over the watery floor, and beneath the rever-
berant branches;

But not a voice replied; no answer came from the
darkness; 800

And, when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of
pain was the silence.

Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed
through the midnight,

Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian
boat-songs,

Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian
rivers,

And through the night were heard the mysterious
sounds of the desert, 805

Far off,—indistinct,—as of wave or wind in the
forest,

Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar
of the grim alligator,

Thus ere another noon they emerged from those
shades; and before them

Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atcha-
falaya.⁸⁸

⁸⁷*Multitudinous.* Vast in number.

⁸⁸*Lakes of the Atchafalaya.* The lakes that form the con-
tinuation of the Atchafalaya, or Red River. The proper noun
is pronounced *Atch-ä-fä-lä'yä*.

Water-lilies in myriads³⁹ rocked on the slight undulations⁴⁰ 810

Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent⁴¹ in beauty, the lotus⁴²

Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.

Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,⁴³

And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,

Fragrant and thickly embowered⁴⁴ with blossoming hedges of roses, 815

Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.

Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.

Under the boughs of Wachita willows,⁴⁵ that grew by the margin,

Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the greensward,

Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travelers slumbered. 820

³⁹*Myriads*. Literally, ten thousands; vast numbers.

⁴⁰*Undulations*. Gentle waves.

⁴¹*Resplendent*. Shining brilliantly.

⁴²*Lotus*. A plant with butterfly-shaped flowers—not the lotus of Egyptian mythology, which was a kind of water-lily.

⁴³*Magnolia*. A tall evergreen tree, bearing large, fragrant flowers.

⁴⁴*Embowered*. Surrounded.

⁴⁵*Wachita willows*. Such willows as grow along the Wachita, or Washita, River, in Louisiana.

Over them vast and high extended the cope⁴⁶ of
a cedar.

Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower⁴⁷
and the grapevine

Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder
of Jacob,

On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending,
descending,⁴⁸

Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from
blossom to blossom. 825

Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slum-
bered beneath it.

Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of
an opening heaven

Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions
celestial.

Nearer and ever nearer, among the numberless
islands,

Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the
water, 830

Urged on its course by the sinewy⁴⁹ arm of hunters
and trappers.

Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the
bison and beaver.

At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thought-
ful and careworn.

⁴⁶Cope. Top.

⁴⁷Trumpet-flower. A plant with great tubular flowers.

⁴⁸Lines 823 and 824. Read Genesis xxviii. 10-12.

⁴⁹Sinewy. Muscular.

Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow,
and a sadness

Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly
written. 835

Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy
and restless,

Sought in the western wilds oblivion of self and
of sorrow.

Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of
the island,

But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen
of palmettos,⁵⁰

So that they saw not the boat, where it lay con-
cealed in the willows, 840

All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and
unseen, were the sleepers.

Angel of God was there none to awaken the slum-
bering maiden.

Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud
on the prairie.

After the sound of their oars on the tholes⁵¹ had
died in the distance,

As from a magic trance⁵² the sleepers awoke, and
the maiden 845

Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father
Felician!

Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel
wanders.

⁵⁰Palmettos. A kind of palm tree.

⁵¹Tholes. The pins, set in the gunwales of a boat, that are
used to hold the oars in place while rowing.

⁵²Trance. A state of insensibility.

Is it a foolish dream, an idle vague superstition?
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to
my spirit?"

Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credulous⁵³ fancy! 850

Unto ears like thine such words as these have no
meaning."

But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled
as he answered,—

"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they
to me without meaning.

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats
on the surface

Is as the tossing buoy,⁵⁴ that betrays where the
anchor is hidden. 855

Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world
calls illusions.⁵⁵

Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to
the southward,

On the banks of the Têche⁵⁶ are the towns of St.
Maur and St. Martin.⁵⁷

There the long-wandering bride shall be given
again to her bridegroom,

⁵³*Credulous.* Ready to believe without sufficient grounds.

⁵⁴*Buoy.* A floating object, used to indicate the position of
an anchor, a rock, or other thing.

⁵⁵*Illusions.* Unreal shows or visions presented to the mind.

⁵⁶*Têche.* Pronounced Těsh. A small river flowing into the
Atchafalaya Bayou.

⁵⁷*St. Maur and St. Martin.* The former of these names is
pronounced SăN Mōr. The two towns were founded by Roman
Catholic missionaries, and were peopled largely by the French.

There the long-absent pastor⁵⁸ regain his flock
and his sheepfold. 860

Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests
of fruit-trees;

Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest
of heavens

Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls
of the forest.

They who dwell there have named it the Eden of
Louisiana!"

And with these words of cheer they arose and
continued their journey. 865

Softly the evening came. The sun from the west-
ern horizon

Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er
the landscape;

Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and
forest

Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and
mingled together.

Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges
of silver, 870

Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the
motionless water.

Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible
sweetness.

Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains
of feeling

⁵⁸*Pastor.* The word literally means a shepherd. This meaning is of particular significance in this line of the poem.

Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and
waters around her,
Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-
bird, wildest of singers, 875
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er
the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of de-
lirious music,⁵⁹
That the whole air and the woods and the waves
seemed silent to listen.
Plaintive⁶⁰ at first were the tones and sad; then
soaring to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of fren-
zied Bacchantes.⁶¹ 880
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low
lamentation;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them
abroad in derision,⁶²
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the
treetops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower
on the branches.
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that
throbbed with emotion, 885

⁵⁹*Delirious.* Wild.

⁶⁰*Plaintive.* Mournful; grieving.

⁶¹*Frenzied Bacchantes.* Pronounced Bäk-kün'tēs. The priest-
esses of the Greek divinity Bacchus, god of wine and revelry.
As might be expected, the ceremonies in honor of this god were
characterized by wild excitement, rising to a temporary emo-
tional insanity.

⁶²*Derision.* Scornful ridicule.

Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows
through the green Opelousas,
And, through the amber⁶³ air, above the crest of
the woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neigh-
boring dwelling;
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant low-
ing of cattle.

III

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by
oaks, from whose branches 890
Garlands of Spanish moss⁶⁴ and of mystic mistle-
toe⁶⁵ flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets
at Yule-tide,
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herds-
man. A garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant
blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself
was of timbers 895
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted
together.
Large and low was the roof; and on slender col-
umns supported,

⁶³*Amber.* Of a yellowish-brown color.

⁶⁴*Spanish moss.* A kind of club-moss with toothed leaves.

⁶⁵*Mistletoe.* A parasitic plant, familiar by reason of its use
for Christmas decorating. It bears a yellowish-white berry.
It was used in the religious ceremonies of the Druids, the priests
of the Celtic paganism.

Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden, 900
Stationed the dove-cotes were, as love's perpetual symbol,⁶⁶
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow,
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding 905
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas 910
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,

⁶⁶Line 901. The dove has been commonly used as a symbol of love.

Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grapevines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,

Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,

Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters⁷⁷ and doublet⁷⁸ of deerskin. 915

Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero⁷⁹

Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.

Round about him were numberless herds of kine,⁸⁰ that were grazing

Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness

That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape. 920

Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding

Fully his broad deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded

Wildly and sweet and low, through the still damp air of the evening

⁷⁷ Gaiters. The word is used here in its old sense, for the stockings for the legs.

⁷⁸ Doublet. A doublet being a doublet.

⁷⁹ Sombrero. A broad-brimmed hat, with a high, rounded top, worn in the plains of Mexico and Yucatan.

⁸⁰ Kine. Cattle.

Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns
of the cattle

Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents
of ocean. 925

Silent a moment, they gazed, then bellowing
rushed o'er the prairie,

And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in
the distance.

Then, as the herdsman turned to the house,
through the gate of the garden

Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden
advancing to meet him.

Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in
amazement, and forward 930

Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of
wonder;

When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil,
the blacksmith.

Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to
the garden.

There in an arbor of roses with endless question
and answer

Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their
friendly embraces, 935

Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent
and thoughtful.

Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark
doubts and misgivings

Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, some-
what embarrassed,

Broke the silence and said, "If you come by the
Atchafalaya,

How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's
boat on the bayous?" 940

Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a
shade passed.

Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a
tremulous accent,

"Gone? Is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face
on his shoulder,

All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she
wept and lamented.

Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew
blithe as he said it,— 945

"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he
departed.

Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds
and my horses.

Moody and restless grown, and tired and troubled,
his spirit

Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet
existence.

Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful
ever, 950

Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his
troubles,

He at length had become so tedious to men and
to maidens,

Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me,
and sent him

Unto the town of Adayes⁷¹ to trade for mules with
the Spaniards.

Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the
Ozark Mountains,⁷² 955

Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping
the beaver.

Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the
fugitive lover;

He is not far on his way, and the Fates⁷³ and the
streams are against him.

Up and away to-morrow, and through the red
dew of the morning

We will follow him fast, and bring him back to
his prison." 960

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the
banks of the river,

Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael
the fiddler.

Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god
on Olympus,⁷⁴

Having no other care than dispensing music to
mortals.

⁷¹*Adayes*. Pronounced Ä-dä'yes.

⁷²*Ozark Mountains*. Look up these mountains on a map
showing Arkansas and Missouri.

⁷³*The Fates*. In mythology, the three women who fixed the
destinies, or fates, of every human being. The term is frequently
used to mean simply external circumstances—in this case, the
fact that Gabriel was going upstream and consequently could
not make great speed.

⁷⁴*Olympus*. The mountain in Thessaly where the Greek gods
were supposed to have their abode.

Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his
fiddle. 965

“Long live Michael,” they cried, “our brave Aca-
dian minstrel!”

As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession;
and straightway

Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greet-
ing the old man

Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil,
enraptured,⁷⁵

Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and
gossips, 970

Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers
and daughters.

Much they marveled to see the wealth of the ci-
devant⁷⁶ blacksmith,

All his domains and his herds, and his patri-
archal⁷⁷ demeanor;

Much they marveled to hear his tales of the soil
and the climate,

And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were
his who would take them; 975

Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would
go and do likewise.

Thus they ascended the steps, and crossing the
breezy veranda,

Entered the hall of the house, where already the
supper of Basil

⁷⁵*Enraptured*. Filled with deep joy.

⁷⁶*Ci-devant*. Pronounced sē'-dē-vāN'. French for “former.”

⁷⁷*Patriarchal*. Venerable; fatherly.

Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended. 980

All was silent without, and, illumining the landscape with silver,

Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within doors,

Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamplight.

Then from his station aloft at the head of the table, the herdsman

Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion. 985

Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches⁷⁸ tobacco,

Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened:—

“Welcome once more, my friends, who so long have been friendless and homeless,

Welcome once more, to a home, that is better, perchance, than the old one!

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers; 990

Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer.

Smoothly the plowshare runs through the soil, as a keel through the water.

⁷⁸*Natchitoches*. Pronounced Năk'-i-tōsh'.

All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom; and grass grows

More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies; 995

Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber

With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.

After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,

No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,

Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle." 1000

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,

And his huge, brawny hand came thundering down on the table,

So that the guests all started; and Father Felician, astounded,

Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his nostrils.

But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer:— 1005

"Only beware of the fever,"⁷⁹ my friends, beware of the fever!

⁷⁹*The fever.* The yellow fever, epidemics of which have frequently raged in the South and have occasionally reached the North.

For it is not like that of our cold Acadian
climate,

Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck
in a nutshell!"

Then there were voices heard at the door, and
footsteps approaching

Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the
breezy veranda. 1010

It was the neighboring Creoles⁸⁰ and small Aca-
dian planters,

Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil
the Herdsman.

Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and
neighbors;

Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who
before were as strangers,

Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to
each other, 1015

Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country
together.

But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, pro-
ceeding

From the accordant⁸¹ strings of Michael's melo-
dious fiddle,

Broke up all further speech. Away, like children
delighted,

All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves
to the maddening 1020

⁸⁰Creoles. A native white person—a term used in Louisiana
and neighboring states.

⁸¹Accordant. In accord; harmonious.

Whirl of the giddy dance, as it swept and swayed
to the music,

Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of
fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the
priest and the herdsman

Sat, conversing together of past and present and
future;

While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for
within her 1025

Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the
music

Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressi-
ble sadness⁸²

Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth
into the garden.

Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall
of the forest,

Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon.
On the river 1030

Fell here and there through the branches a trem-
ulous gleam of the moonlight,

Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and
devious spirit.

Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers
of the garden

Poured out their souls in odors, that were their
prayers and confessions

⁸²*Irrepressible sadness.* Sadness that could not be kept back.

Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent
Carthusian.⁸³ 1035
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with
shadows and night-dews,
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the
magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate⁸⁴ her soul with indefinable⁸⁵
longings,
As, through the garden gate, beneath the brown
shade of the oak trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the meas-
ureless prairie. 1040
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-
flies
Gleamed and floated away in mingled and infinite
numbers.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in
the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to mar-
vel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls
of that temple, 1045

^{ss}*Carthusian.* Pronounced Kär-thū'-zhān. The Carthusians are an order of monks bound by a vow of solitude, abstinence from flesh meat, and silence except at specified times. In "The Golden Legend," Longfellow uses a similar comparison:

“Silent he seems externally
As any Carthusian monk may be.”

***Inundate.* Flood.**

⁸⁵Indefinable. Vague; not capable of being defined.

As if a hand had appeared and written upon them,
“Upharsin.”⁸⁶

And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and
the fire-flies,
Wandered alone, and she cried, “O Gabriel! O my
beloved!

Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold
thee?

Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does
not reach me? 1050

Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the
prairie!

Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the
woodlands around me!

Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from
labor,

Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me
in thy slumbers!

When shall these eyes behold, these arms be
folded about thee?” 1055

Loud and sudden and near the notes of a whip-
poor-will sounded
Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the
neighboring thicket,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped
into silence.

⁸⁶*Upharsin.* Pronounced ú-fär"-sín. One of the words written by the mysterious hand upon the wall of King Belshazzar's banquet hall. The meaning of the word is "divisions," but its full significance was interpreted by Daniel thus: "Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians." Read Daniel v.

“Patience!” whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness.

And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded,
“To-morrow!”

1060

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers
of the garden

Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and
anointed his tresses

With the delicious balm that they bore in their
vases of crystal.

“Farewell!” said the priest, as he stood at the
shadowy threshold;

“See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his
fasting and famine,”⁸⁷

1065

And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the
bridegroom was coming.”⁸⁸

“Farewell!” answered the maiden, and, smiling,
with Basil descended

Down to the river’s brink, where the boatmen
already were waiting.

Thus beginning their journey with morning, and
sunshine, and gladness,

Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was
speeding before them,

1070

Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over
the desert.

Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that
succeeded,

⁸⁷Line 1065. Read St. Luke xv. 11-32.

⁸⁸Line 1066. Read St. Matthew xxv. 1-12.

Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest
or river,
Nor, after many days, had they found him; but
vague and uncertain
Rumors alone were their guides through a wild
and desolate country; 1075
Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of
Adayes,
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from
the garrulous⁸⁹ landlord,
That on the day before, with horses and guides
and companions,
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the
prairies.

IV

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where
the mountains 1080
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and
luminous summits.
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the
gorge, like a gateway,
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emi-
grant's wagon,
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway
and Owyhee.⁹⁰

⁸⁹*Garrulous*. Much given to talking.

⁹⁰*The Oregon*. The Columbia River, to which the Walleway (pronounced Wäl'-ē-wā) and the Owyhee (pronounced ö-wī'-hē) are tributary. Look up these streams on a map of the northwestern part of the United States.

Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind
 River Mountains,⁹¹ 1085
 Through the Sweetwater Valley⁹² precipitate⁹³
 leaps the Nebraska;
 And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout⁹⁴ and
 the Spanish sierras,⁹⁵
 Fretted⁹⁶ with sands and rocks, and swept by the
 wind of the desert,
 Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound,
 descend to the ocean,
 Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and sol-
 emn vibration. 1090
 Spreading between these streams are the won-
 drous, beautiful prairies;
 Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and
 sunshine,
 Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple
 amorphas.⁹⁷
 Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk
 and the roebuck;

⁹¹*The Wind River Mountains.* A division of the Rocky Mountains in Wyoming and Idaho.

⁹²*The Sweetwater Valley.* The valley of the Sweetwater River, the source of which is in the Wind River Mountains.

⁹³*Precipitate.* Headlong.

⁹⁴*Fontaine-qui-bout.* Pronounced FÔN'-tĕn-kĕ-bô. Literally the boiling spring. A place in central Colorado.

⁹⁵*The Spanish sierras.* A part of the Rocky Mountains, in New Mexico and Southern Colorado.

⁹⁶*Fretted.* Variegated.

⁹⁷*Amorphas.* Pronounced á-môrf-áz. The amorpha is the false indigo, a leguminous plant once cultivated in California for indigo, but now abandoned.

Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless horses; 1095
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,⁹⁸
Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions⁹⁹ majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable¹⁰⁰ soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle, 1100
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders;
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers;
And the grim, taciturn¹⁰¹ bear, the anchorite monk¹⁰² of the desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brook-side, 1105

⁹⁸Line 1097. The Indians, driven from their native haunts, are compared by the poet to the children of Ishmael, who with his mother, Hagar, was sent away as a wanderer by Abraham. See Genesis xxi. 14.

⁹⁹Pinions. Wings.

¹⁰⁰Implacable. Constant in anger; relentless.

¹⁰¹Taciturn. Habitually silent.

¹⁰²Anchorite monk. The anchorites, who flourished between the third and seventh centuries of the Christian era, lived in deserts and wildernesses, afflicting their bodies and keeping away from other human beings.

And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline
heaven,

Like the protecting hand of God inverted above
them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark
Mountains,

Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trap-
pers behind him.

Day after day, with their Indian guides, the
maiden and Basil 1110

Followed his flying steps, and thought each day
to o'ertake him.

Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the
smoke of his camp-fire

Rise in the morning air from the distant plain;
but at nightfall,

When they had reached the place, they found only
embers and ashes.

And, though their hearts were sad at times and
their bodies were weary, 1115

Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata
Morgana¹⁰³

Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated
and vanished before them.

¹⁰³*Fata Morgana*. Pronounced Fä'-tä Môr-gä'-nä. The reflection of distant objects in the sea, or as if suspended in the air; a mirage. The name originates from the fact that the phenomenon was formerly believed to be the work of the fairy Morgana.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there
silently entered

Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose fea-
tures

Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great
as her sorrow. 1120

She was a Shawnee¹⁰⁴ woman returning home to
her people,

From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel
Camanches,¹⁰⁵

Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-
Bois, had been murdered.

Touched were their hearts at her story, and warm-
est and friendliest welcome

Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and
feasted among them 1125

On the buffalo meat and the venison cooked on
the embers.

But when their meal was done, and Basil and all
his companions,

Worn with the long day's march and the chase of
the deer and the bison,

Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept
where the quivering fire-light

Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms
wrapped up in their blankets, 1130

¹⁰⁴*Shawnee*. Belonging to the Shawnee Indians, some of whom, at the time referred to in this part of the poem, lived in what is now Missouri.

¹⁰⁵*Camanches*. Pronounced Cā-mān'-chēz. More commonly called "Comanches." A tribe of Indians, proverbial for fierceness, who lived in what is now Texas and southern Colorado.

Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and
repeated

Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her
Indian accent,

All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and
pains, and reverses.

Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know
that another

Hapless heart like her own had loved and had
been disappointed. 1135

Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and
woman's compassion,

Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suf-
fered was near her,

She in turn related her love and all its disasters.
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when
she had ended,

Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious
horror 1140

Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated
the tale of the Mowis;

Mowis,¹⁰⁶ the bridegroom of snow, who won and
wedded a maiden,

¹⁰⁶*Mowis*. Pronounced Mō'-wēs. An Indian word meaning "man of rags." There is a legend that a young Indian, most unkindly treated by his sweetheart, was advised by his protecting spirit to make an image of rags and snow. By the assistance of Gitche Manito, the Great Spirit, the image became a perfect likeness of a young man, and was given all the appearance of life. The young woman, falling in love with the Mowis, was married to him, but shortly thereafter the sun melted the snow of which he was made, and he faded away before her. Sorrow at this brought about the girl's death.

But, when the morning came, arose and passed
from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the
sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed
far into the forest. 1145

Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seem like a
weird¹⁰⁷ incantation,¹⁰⁸
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau,¹⁰⁹ who was
wooed by a phantom,¹¹⁰
That through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in
the hush of the twilight,
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered
love to the maiden,

Till she followed his green and waving plume
through the forest, 1150

And never more returned, nor was seen again by
her people.

Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evange-
line listened

To the soft flow of her magical words, till the
region around her

¹⁰⁷*Weird.* Supernatural; unearthly.

¹⁰⁸*Incantation.* Words repeated for magical purposes.

¹⁰⁹*Lilinau.* Pronounced lē'-li-nō. According to an old Indian story, Lilinau, a beautiful maiden, frequented desert places, where she was wooed by a spirit lover and finally carried away by him on the very day when she was to be married to an earthly lover.

¹¹⁰*Phantom.* Something that appears to be, but is not, real; a specter.

Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy
guest the enchantress.

Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the
moon rose, 1155

Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious
splendor

Touching the somber leaves, and embracing and
filling the woodland.

With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and
the branches

Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible
whispers.

Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's
heart, but a secret, 1160

Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite
terror,

As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest
of the swallow.

It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region
of spirits

Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt
for a moment

That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing
a phantom. 1165

With this thought she slept, and the fear and the
phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed;
and the Shawnee

Said, as they journeyed along, "On the western
slope of these mountains

Dwells in his little village the Black Robe Chief
of the Mission.¹¹¹

Much he teaches the people, and tells them of
Mary and Jesus. 1170

Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with
pain, as they hear him."¹¹²

Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evange-
line answered,

"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings
await us!"

Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a
spur of the mountains,

Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur
of voices, 1175

And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank
of a river,

Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the
Jesuit¹¹³ Mission.

Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of
the village,

Knelt the Black Robe Chief with his children. A
crucifix fastened

¹¹¹*The Black Robe Chief of the Mission.* The priest in charge
of the mission, so called by the Indians because of the black
cassock that he wore.

¹¹²*Line 1171.* As the priest tells them of the sad and of the
happy things in the Gospel. Missionaries often tell of the
powerful emotional effect of the New Testament narrative upon
people who have never before heard it.

¹¹³*Jesuit.* Pronounced Jěz'ū-it. The proper name of this
order is the Society of Jesus. It is a Roman Catholic religious
order, founded in 1534 and devoted to missionary work, in which
its members have been exceedingly zealous.

High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed
 by grapevines, 1180
 Looked with its agonized face on the multitude
 kneeling beneath it.
 This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the
 intricate arches
 Of its aerial¹¹⁴ roof, arose the chant of their ves-
 pers,¹¹⁵
 Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus¹¹⁶ and
 sighs of the branches.
 Silent, with heads uncovered, the travelers, nearer
 approaching, 1185
 Knelt on the swarded¹¹⁷ floor, and joined in the
 evening devotions.
 But when the service was done, and the benedic-
 tion had fallen
 Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed
 from the hands of the sower,
 Slowly the reverend man advanced to the stran-
 gers, and bade them
 Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with
 benignant¹¹⁸ expression, 1190
 Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue
 in the forest,

¹¹⁴*Aerial*. High in the air. The branches of the trees are, of course, the roof referred to.

¹¹⁵*Vespers*. Evening service, consisting of several psalms, versicles and responses, and prayers.

¹¹⁶*Susurrus*. Pronounced Sū-sūr'-rūz. Whisperings (from the Latin word, "susurro," which means to whisper).

¹¹⁷*Swarded*. Covered with grass.

¹¹⁸*Benignant*. Kindly.

And, with words of kindness, conducted them into
his wigwam.

There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on
cakes of the maize-ear

Feasted, and slaked¹¹⁹ their thirst from the water-
gourd¹²⁰ of the teacher.

Soon was their story told; and the priest with
solemnity answered:— 1195

“Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel,
seated

On this mat by my side, where now the maiden
reposes,

Told me this same sad tale; then arose and con-
tinued his journey!”

Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with
an accent of kindness;

But on Evangeline’s heart fell his words as in
winter the snow-flakes 1200

Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have
departed.

“Far to the north he has gone,” continued the
priest; “but in autumn,

When the chase is done, will return again to the
Mission.”

Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek
and submissive,

“Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and
afflicted.” 1205

¹¹⁹Slaked. Quenched.

¹²⁰Water-gourd. Gourds were commonly used as drinking
vessels.

So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes
on the morrow,

Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian
guides and companions,

Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed
at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each
other,—

Days and weeks and months; and the fields of
maize that were springing 1210

Green from the ground when a stranger she came,
now waving above her,

Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlac-
ing, and forming

Cloisters¹²¹ for mendicant¹²² crows and granaries¹²³
pillaged by squirrels.

Then in the golden weather the maize was husked,
and the maidens

Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened
a lover, 1215

But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief
in the corn-field.¹²⁴

¹²¹*Cloisters*. Abodes for monks or nuns.

¹²²*Mendicant*. Living by begging. In the Middle Ages, there
were in the Church orders of mendicant friars.

¹²³*Granaries*. Storehouses for grain.

¹²⁴Lines 1214-1216. In *Hiawatha*, part XIII, lines 209-227.

Longfellow says:

“And whene’er some lucky maiden
Found a red ear in the husking,
Found a maize-ear red as blood is,
‘Nushka!’ cried they all together,
‘Nushka! you shall have a sweetheart,

Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not
her lover.

“Patience!” the priest would say; “have faith, and
thy prayer will be answered!

Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from
the meadow,

See how its leaves all point to the north, as true
as the magnet; 1220

This is the compass-flower,¹²⁵ that the finger of
God has planted

Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveler’s
journey

Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the
desert.

Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms
of passion,

Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller
of fragrance, 1225

You shall have a handsome husband!’
‘Ugh’ the old men all responded
From their seats beneath the pine-trees.
And whene’er a youth or maiden
Found a crooked ear in husking,
Found a maize-ear in the husking
Blighted, mildewed, or misshapen,
Then they laughed and sang together,
Crept and limped about the cornfields,
Mimicked in their gait and gestures
Some old man, bent almost double,
Singing singly or together:
‘Wagemin, the thief of cornfields
Paimosaid, who steals the maize-ear! ’ ”

¹²⁵Compass-flower. The compass-plant, the edges of whose leaves are said to point north and south, while their faces are to the east or the west.

But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their
odor is deadly.

Only this humble plant can guide us here, and
hereafter

Crown us with asphodel flowers,¹²⁶ that are wet
with the dews of nepenthe."¹²⁷

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter,
—yet Gabriel came not;

Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of
the robin and blue-bird 1230

Sounded sweet upon wold¹²⁸ and in wood, yet
Gabriel came not.

But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor
was wafted

Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blos-
som.

Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan
forests,

Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw
River.¹²⁹ 1235

¹²⁶Asphodel flowers. Pronounced *As'-fō-dēl*. Beautiful yellow and white flowers, which were supposed by the Greeks to cover the fields of Elysium, the abode of the blessed dead.

¹²⁷Nepenthe. Pronounced *Nē-pēn'thè*. A potion supposed to have the power of driving away all care and misfortune. The word is directly from the Greek, meaning "free from sorrow." This line (1228) is not an appropriate one, coming, as it does, from the lips of the missionary; it is rather a poet's conception.

¹²⁸Wold. Pronounced *wōld*. A plain.

¹²⁹Saginaw River. Find the stream on a map of the northern part of the United States. Observe the approximate course of Evangeline's journey, so far as you can; the details of the trip are not given in the poem. The river mentioned is on the way to the Lakes of St. Lawrence.

And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes
of St. Lawrence,

Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the
Mission.

When over weary ways, by long and perilous
marches,

She had attained at length the depths of the Michi-
gan forests,

Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen
to ruin! 1240

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in sea-
sons and places

Divers¹⁸⁰ and distant far was seen the wandering
maiden;—

Now in the tents of grace of the meek Moravian
Missions,¹⁸¹

Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of
the army,

Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous
cities. 1245

Like a phantom she came, and passed away un-
remembered.

Fair was she and young, when in hope began the
long journey;

Faded was she and old, when in disappointment
it ended.

¹⁸⁰*Divers.* Many. An old word, common in the Bible.

¹⁸¹*Moravian Missions.* The Moravians are a religious body
that has been active in foreign missionary work. Opposition to
the bearing of arms is one of their fixed beliefs. Their outpost
missions are here appropriately called tents of grace.

Each succeeding year stole something away from
 her beauty,
 Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom
 and the shadow. 1250
 Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of
 gray o'er her forehead,
 Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly
 horizon,
 As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the
 morning.

v

In that delightful land which is washed by the
 Delaware's¹³² waters,
 Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the
 apostle,¹³³ 1255
 Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the
 city he founded.
 There all the air is balm, and the peach is the
 emblem of beauty,
 And the streets still re-echo the names of the
 trees of the forest,¹³⁴
 As if they fain would appease the Dryads¹³⁵ whose
 haunts they molested.

¹³²*The Delaware.* Look up the Delaware River on a map of the eastern states.

¹³³*Line 1255.* Pennsylvania, meaning Penn's woodland, is named for William Penn (1644-1718), a prominent English Quaker, who founded the colony called by this name.

¹³⁴*Line 1258.* Numerous streets in the city of Philadelphia bear the names of trees; as, Chestnut Street.

¹³⁵*Dryads.* Pronounced Dri-ads. Wood-nymphs of Greek and Roman mythology.

There from the troubled sea had Evangeline
landed, an exile, 1260
Finding among the children of Penn a home and
a country.
There old René Leblanc had died; and when he
departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred de-
scendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets
of the city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made her
no longer a stranger: 1265
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou
of the Quakers,¹³⁶
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian
country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers
and sisters.
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed
endeavor,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, un-
complaining, 1270
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her
thoughts and her footsteps.
As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the
morning
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape be-
low us,

¹³⁶Line 1266. The Quakers, or Friends, used the old forms, "Thou" and "Thee," in conversation.

Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and
hamlets,

So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the
world far below her, 1275

Dark no longer, but all illuminated with love; and
the pathway

Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and
fair in the distance.

Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was
his image,

Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last
she beheld him,

Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence
and absence. 1280

Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it
was not.

Over him years had no power; he was not
changed, but transfigured;¹³⁷

He had become to her heart as one who is dead,
and not absent;

Patience and abnegation¹³⁸ of self, and devotion
to others,

This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had
taught her. 1285

So with her love diffused,¹³⁹ but, like to some
odorous spices,

Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air
with aroma.¹⁴⁰

¹³⁷*Transfigured.* Idealized and glorified.

¹³⁸*Abnegation.* Denial.

¹³⁹*Diffused.* Widely spread.

¹⁴⁰*Aroma.* Perfume.

Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to
follow

Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of
her Saviour.

Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy;¹⁴¹
frequenting 1290

Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes
of the city,

Where distress and want concealed themselves
from the sunlight,

Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished
neglected.

Night after night, when the world was asleep, as
the watchman repeated

Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well
in the city,¹⁴² 1295

High at some lonely window he saw the light of
her taper.

Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow
through the suburbs

Plodded the German farmer,¹⁴³ with flowers and
fruits for the market,

Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from
its watchings.

¹⁴¹*Sister of Mercy.* The Sisters of Mercy, founded in 1827 for the purpose of doing corporal and spiritual works of mercy, form one of the less rigorous of the Roman Catholic sisterhoods.

¹⁴²*Lines 1295 and 1296.* Formerly the watchman, similar to a marshal or a police officer, called out every hour of the night; as, "Eleven o'clock, and all's well."

¹⁴³*The German farmer.* Many Germans settled in Pennsylvania.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence¹⁴⁴ fell on the
city, 1300
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks
of wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in
their caws but an acorn.¹⁴⁵
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month
of September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a
lake in a meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural
margin, 1305
Spread to a brackish¹⁴⁶ lake, the silver stream of
existence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to
charm, the oppressor;
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his
anger;—
Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor
attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the
homeless. 1310

¹⁴⁴*A pestilence.* Yellow fever became epidemic in Philadelphia in 1793. This, we observe, was thirty-eight years after the destruction of Grand-Pré.

¹⁴⁵*Lines 1301 and 1302.* These signs were popularly given credence in classic Greek and Roman times, and mentioned by authors of those periods. English writers not infrequently use superstitions for the purpose of heightening the effect of their narratives.

¹⁴⁶*Brackish.* Partly fresh, partly salt.

Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands;—

Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicket¹⁴⁷

Meek in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo

Softly the words of the Lord:—"The poor ye always have with you."¹⁴⁸

Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying 1315

Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there

Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,

Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,¹⁴⁹

Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.

Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial, 1320

Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,

Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.

¹⁴⁷Wicket. A small door or gate.

¹⁴⁸Line 1314. See St. Matthew xxvi. 11; St. Mark xiv. 7.

¹⁴⁹Lines 1317 and 1318. In the reproductions of many mediæval paintings, you can observe the aureole, or circle of light, about the head of Christ or an apostle or other saint.

Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers
 in the garden;
 And she paused on her way to gather the fairest
 among them, 1325
 That the dying once more might rejoice in their
 fragrance and beauty.
 Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors,
 cooled by the east-wind,
 Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from
 the belfry of Christ Church,¹⁵⁰ .
 While, intermingled with these, across the
 meadows were wafted
 Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes
 in their church at Wicaco.¹⁵¹ 1330
 Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour
 on her spirit:
 Something within her said, "At length thy trials
 are ended;"
 And, with a light in her looks, she entered the
 chambers of sickness.
 Noiselessly moved about the assiduous,¹⁵² careful
 attendants,
 Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow,
 and in silence 1335

¹⁵⁰*Christ Church*. One of the oldest churches in Philadelphia. In Revolutionary and following times, it was attended by many men prominent in governmental affairs. It was the Episcopal Church in the churchyard of which Benjamin Franklin was buried.

¹⁵¹*Line 1330*. Wicaco (pronounced Wi-kä'-kō) is now a part of Philadelphia. Many Swedes settled about Philadelphia.

¹⁵²*Assiduous*. Diligent; persevering in effort.

Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,

Where on their pallets¹⁵³ they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.

Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,

Turned on his pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence

Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison. 1340

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,

Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.

Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-time;

Vacant their places were, or filled already, by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder, 1345

Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder

Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flow-erets dropped from her fingers,

And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.

Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,

That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows. 1350

¹⁵³Pallet. A small couch or mattress, especially one of straw.

On the pallet before her was stretched the form
of an old man.

Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that
shaded his temples;

But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for
a moment

Seemed to assume once more the forms of its
earlier manhood;

So are wont to be changed the faces of those who
are dying. 1355

Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of
the fever,

As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had be-
sprinkled its portals,

That the angel of death might see the sign, and
pass over.¹⁵⁴

Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit
exhausted

Seemed to be sinking down to infinite depths in
the darkness, 1360

Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking
and sinking.

Then through those realms of shade, in multi-
plied reverberations,¹⁵⁵

Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush
that succeeded

Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and
saint-like,

¹⁵⁴ Lines 1357 and 1358. See Exodus xii. 7.

¹⁵⁵ Reverberations. Re-echoings.

“Gabriel! O my beloved!” and died away into
silence. 1365

Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home
of his childhood;

Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers
among them,

Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walk-
ing under their shadow,

As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in
his vision.

Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted
his eyelids, 1370

Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt
by his bedside.

Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the
accents unuttered

Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what
his tongue would have spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling
beside him,

Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her
bosom. 1375

Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly
sank into darkness,

As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at
a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and
the sorrow,

All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied
longing,

All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience! 1380

And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,

Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured,
"Father, I thank thee!"

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,

Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.

Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard, 1385

In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.

Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,

Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,

Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,

Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors,¹⁵⁶ 1390

Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches

Dwells another race, with other customs and language.

Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic

¹⁵⁶Line 1390. See Revelation xiv, 3.

Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers
from exile 1395

Wandered back to their native land to die in its
bosom.

In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are
still busy;

Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their
kirtles of homespun,

And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's
story,

While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced,
neighboring ocean¹⁵⁷ 1400

Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers
the wail of the forest.

EXERCISES

PRELUDE, AND PART I TO SECTION III

Words and Expressions for Study: forest primeval, eld, accents
disconsolate, dikes, labor incessant, pitched their tents,
dormer windows, kirtles, sprinkled with holy sounds,
hyssop, missal, ethereal beauty, penthouse, wains, settle,
seraglio, plain-song, sign of the Scorpion, inclement, ges-
tures fantastic, thy jest and thy ballad, dubious fate,
glebe, night of the contract.

1. State briefly the historical incidents upon which this poem is based.
2. Locate and describe "Acadia."
3. What is told us concerning "the forest primeval"?
4. Just who are asked to listen to the "mournful tradition" that follows the prelude?
5. Describe "the little village of Grand-Pré" and its surroundings.

¹⁵⁷Lines 1400 and 1401. Compare lines 5 and 6 of the poem. What is the value of the repetition?

6. Cite passages showing that the Acadians were kind and generous, and had faith in each other.
7. Just what kind of man was Benedict?
8. Cite passages showing the qualities of character possessed by Evangeline.
9. How was she regarded by the Acadians?
10. What kind of young man was Gabriel?
11. Describe the blacksmith shop as seen by these wondering children.
12. Why was Evangeline called "sunshine of Saint Eulalie"?
13. What signs showed the coming of autumn?
14. What evening scenes are described in lines 171-198?
15. Sketch briefly the evening scenes and experiences in the home of Evangeline.
16. Why did "many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people"?
17. What more cheerful view of the situation did Benedict take?

PART I, SECTIONS III AND IV

Words and Expressions for Study: wisdom supernal, warier grown, Loup-garou, Létiche, lore, irascible, thoughts were congealed, draught-board, manœuver, window's embrasure, curfew, luminous space, precious dower, clamorous labor, blithe, jocund laugh, feast of betrothal, vibrant sound, summons sonorous, sacred portal, dissonant clangor, fierce imprecations, angry contention, tocsin's alarm, vigils, sobs of contrition, tapers, emblazoned, tenantless house.

18. What kind of man was the notary? For what purpose had he come?
19. Tell in your own words the story by which he showed that justice finally triumphs.
20. Just how was the betrothal contract made in those days?
21. Memorize lines 351-2.
22. Explain "at times a feeling of sadness passed o'er her soul."
23. Why had all labor ceased in the village?
24. Tell briefly what occurred at the "feast of betrothal."
25. Why should the men enter the church while the women waited without?
26. What decree was read to the assembled men?
27. What had the Acadians done to merit such treatment?

28. What protest did Basil make? With what result?
29. What showed the profound respect of these angry rioters for Father Felician?
30. What was the key note of the evening service? Why was not the service abandoned under such circumstances?
31. What effect was produced throughout the village by the action of the British?
32. Tell just how the incident affected Evangeline.
33. What was "the gloomier grave of the living"? Explain.
34. Explain: "the voice of the echoing thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world
he created!"

PART I, SECTION V. PART II, SECTION I

Words and Expressions for Study: ponderous wains, tremulous lips, chant, mournful procession, wildest entreaties, refluent ocean, waifs of the tide, leaguer, nethermost caves, *Benedicite*, fain, unperturbed, Titan-like, roadstead, gleeds, oblivious slumber, trance, Southern savannas, inarticulate whisper, *Coureurs-des-Bois*, funeral dirge, sharks, devious paths, sylvan glooms.

35. How had the women spent the four days since the decree?
36. Cite the passage showing in what spirit the men submitted to their fate.
37. What is shown of Evangeline in the parting scene with Gabriel?
38. What attempt did she make to comfort her father?
39. How do you account for the fact that Evangeline is hopeful when the strongest men lose heart?
40. Explain fully the meaning of: "they wept together in silence" (line 614).
41. Describe the scene which tells the extent to which the country was devastated.
42. What great bereavement came to Evangeline before embarking?
43. How widely were these people scattered?
44. How many influences helped to keep Evangeline hopeful in her search?
45. How many influences were exerted to induce her to abandon the search?

46. Give, in your own words, the substance of the priest's encouragement (lines 719-727).
47. What must have been her character to enable her to hear in the dirge of the ocean a voice that whispered, "Despair not!"?

PART II, SECTIONS II AND III

Words and Expressions for Study: cumbrous boat, turbulent river, wimpling waves, devious waters, tenebrous boughs, demoniac laughter, phantom, shadowy aisles, multitudinous echoes, reverberant branches, resplendent in beauty, pendulous stairs, vague superstition, tossing buoy, frenzied Bacchantes, love's perpetual symbol, god on Olympus, triumphal procession, patriarchal demeanor, wrathful cloud, irrepressible sadness, tremulous gleam, devious spirit, magical moonlight, measureless prairie, oracular caverns of darkness, garrulous landlord.

48. Trace briefly the course of Evangeline's wandering.
49. Explain lines 785-6.
50. Explain line 826 in its connection with what precedes and what follows.
51. How did the priest interpret the dream of Evangeline as Gabriel passed near them?
52. Cite passages showing Evangeline's ready response to the beauties of nature.
53. Contrast the southern settlement with the northern home of these Acadians.
54. What comfort did Basil extend to Evangeline when she sorrowed over the recent departure of Gabriel?
55. Why did she not participate in the evening's festivities?
56. What emotions filled the heart of Evangeline in the garden scene?
57. How could she still remain patient and hopeful? Explain.
58. Upon what further quest did she now set out?

PART II, SECTIONS IV AND V

Words and Expressions for Study: precipitate, implacable soul, savage marauders, taciturn, anchorite monk, Fata Morgana, weird incantation, subtile sense, soft susurrus,

swarded floor, dews of nepenthe, Dryads, wretched roofs, crowded lanes, gusty streets, city celestial, pallet, constant anguish of patience, accents disconsolate.

59. Tell some of the characteristics of the wild country into which Evangeline and Basil journeyed.
60. How nearly did they come upon Gabriel?
61. Explain lines 1115-16.
62. What consolation did Evangeline get from the story of the Indian woman?
63. Tell the stories of Mowis and of fair Lilinau.
64. How did these weird stories affect the soul of Evangeline?
65. What news of Gabriel did they learn at the Mission?
66. How could Evangeline still remain "meek and submissive"?
67. In what sense does the priest compare the compass plant of the prairie to faith in the human soul?
68. How long did Evangeline remain at the Mission?
69. With what result did she then follow the suggestion of the rumor "sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom"?
70. What changes had the passing of time and sorrow wrought in Evangeline?
71. Does "Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty" refer to physical or spiritual beauty?
72. Explain line 1250.
73. What was there about the friendly streets of the city of Penn that "made her no longer a stranger"?
74. In what sense was Evangeline now content to discontinue the search?
75. Explain fully line 1276.
76. How could he now be "only more beautiful" to her?
77. What is the meaning of line 1279?
78. What lesson had a life of trial and sorrow taught Evangeline?
79. To what work did she now devote her life?
80. How did the sick and dying regard her?
81. What delicate touch do you notice in lines 1337-38?
82. What in this final meeting of the long-parted lovers shows most clearly the pure character of Evangeline?
83. What seems to you to be the fuller meaning of "Father, I thank thee"?

84. Where does the character of *Evangeline* rise to its greatest height?
85. Why do not only the Acadian peasants, but Americans generally, "repeat *Evangeline's* story"?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

LONGFELLOW: *The Legend Beautiful, Hiawatha.*

WHITTIER: *The Brother of Mercy, The Eternal Goodness.*

HOLMES: *The Chambered Nautilus.*

TENNYSON: *Merlin and the Gleam, Sir Galahad, The Holy Grail.*

LOWELL: *Vision of Sir Launfal, The Search.*

BUNYAN: *Pilgrim's Progress.*

POE: *Ligiea.*

VOLNICH: *The Gadfly.*

BYRON: *The Prisoner of Chillon, Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*

SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet.*

THE BIBLE: *Book of Ruth, Song of Solomon.*

OPPORTUNITY

They do me wrong
Who say I come no more,
When once I knock
And fail to find you in;
For every day, I stand
Outside your door
And bid you wake,
And rise, to fight and win.

—Walter Malone.





